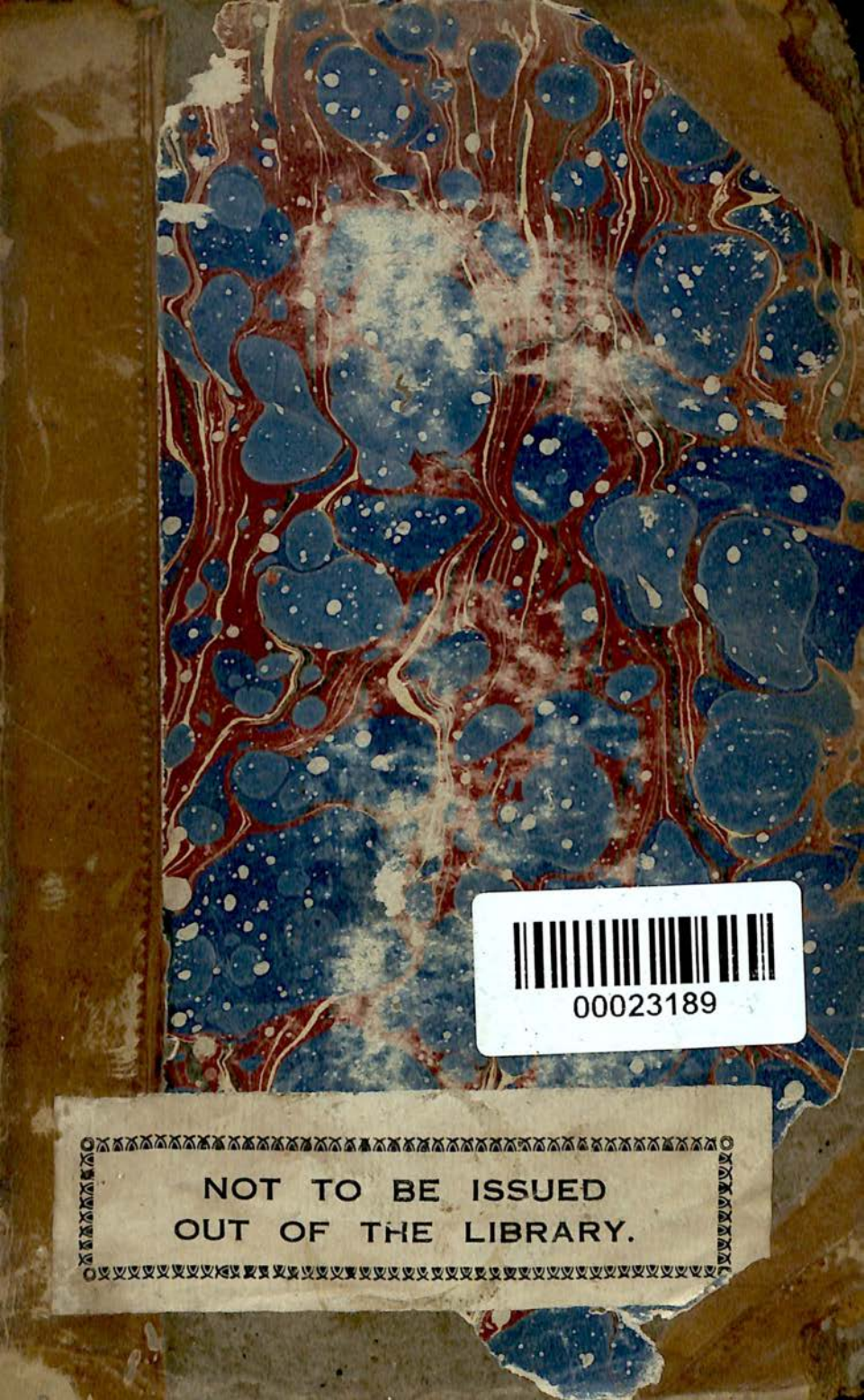
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THE

DIARIES AND LETTERS

OF

SIR GEORGE JACKSON, K.C.H.,

FROM THE PEACE OF AMIENS TO THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

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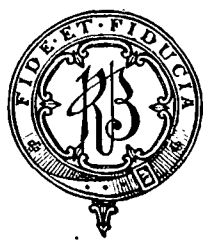
EDITED BY LADY JACKSON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.



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THE

DIARIES AND LETTERS

OF

SIR GEORGE JACKSON.

1806.

A SHORT time before Lord Morpeth was appointed to negotiate with Prussia respecting the differences existing between that country and England, Mr. Fox, in conversation with the late minister to the Court of Berlin, had spoken of the desirableness of obtaining authentic general information of what was passing in Germany, independent of that derivable from ostensibly official sources, and it was suggested that Mr. George Jackson, of whose abilities Mr. Fox entertained a very favourable opinion, was well qualified to undertake such a duty.

Though a very young man, he had already acquired active and energetic habits of business; he also inspired confidence by the frankness of his manners and the openness of his disposition—the latter quality, however, being kept in check by the reticence acquired in the course of his diplomatic training—and

he was thoroughly conversant with the French and German languages. The order for his departure for the north of Germany was signed by Mr. Fox on the 2nd of September. Mr. G. Jackson was then on a tour in Scotland with his friend Otto Löwenstern, but had been recalled to London by the following letter.

London, 26th August, 1806.

The hints I threw out in my last letter will have prepared you for the purport of this, and have induced you I hope, either to remain in Edinburgh until it arrives, or to take measures for receiving it safely and without delay. I have intelligence to communicate of a very agreeable nature, but it must also be secret, and you will, therefore, tell your companion that family concerns, or any other you please, necessitate your return. If Löwenstern inclines to return with you, there can be no objection to that, but *on no account* go to Downing Street in your way through town. Come direct to me at Tunbridge Wells.

The whole of the Prussian army is made mobile in consequence of Bonaparte having announced his intention of taking His Prussian Majesty's Westphalian possessions. The king, it seems, is really determined to resist. As a specimen of the public mind at Berlin, it was necessary that the Government should send military patrols through the street when Laforêt gave his fête on the 15th, to prevent the populace from breaking his windows. Alexander's refusal to ratify Oubril's treaty will

infuse fresh life and vigour at Berlin, and perhaps elsewhere; but I own I rather expect the present crisis will result in a peace.

Fox is in a very bad state—it is certain he cannot live long.

F. J. J.

On the 5th Mr. G. Jackson arrived from Scotland, and as his proposed continental journey was not to bear, ostensibly, an official character, his instructions respecting it were to be taken from his brother. Mr. Fox, however, wished to see him before he left England, and had named an early hour on the 7th for that purpose—probably the last appointment he made connected with the affairs of his office.

Mr. Jackson's account of the interview is as follows:—

"When I sent to announce my arrival the appointment was not put off, as I had expected it would be, as Mr. Fox was in a most critical state, and reports were afloat that he could not survive the next twenty-four hours.

"He received me at ten o'clock the next morning in his bedroom, and though looking wretchedly ill, conversed more cheerfully and freely than I had expected; but I fear I was far less impressed by the seriousness of his illness than I otherwise should have been from the ludicrous turn given to our interview by Mrs. Fox, who, on my arrival, as I afterwards discovered, had slipped into a closet, *en déshabille*. Either she feared that the subject of our conversa-

tion, on which Mr. Fox spoke with much earnestness, and at times even with animation, was leading him on to exertion his strength was unequal to, or she soon grew very weary of it; for I had not been long in the room when she began, and kept up, a continuous *sotto voce* coughing and hemming. This passed unheeded by Mr. Fox; but just as I was about to take leave of him, Mrs. Fox had become so impatient that, unable to bear her imprisonment any longer, she rapped on the door, and in a piping, complaining tone called out, 'Mr. Fox, Mr. Fox, my dear, the young man's gone, I think? Can't I come out, my dear? I'm so very, very cold.' He looked at me with a languid smile; bade me good-bye, and, in the kindest manner wished me a prosperous journey and success through life."

Mr. Fox died on the 13th of September.

This caused some delay in Mr. G. Jackson's departure; he however left London for Harwich on the 30th of September, on his way to Hamburg and Brunswick. He was to reside chiefly at the latter place, unless the fortune of war should prove unpropitious to Prussia, and he was the bearer of the following letter of recommendation to H.S.H. the Duke of Brunswick:—

Londres, ce 30 7bre, 1806.

MONSEIGNEUR,

Les bontés que j'ai tant de fois éprouvées de votre part me font espérer que votre Altesse daignera accorder au porteur de cette lettre, mon

frère unique, la permission qu'il ambitionne d'oser vous faire sa cour.

Ce jeune homme m'a accompagné dans ma mission à Berlin, et il retourne aujourd' hui en Allemagne pour ne pas perdre les fruits du séjour qu'il y a déjà fait.

S'il a le bonheur d'être apperçu de votre Altesse ce sera un ample dédommagement des privations que les circonstances du temps lui ont amenées ainsi qu'à moi.

C'est avec le plus profond respect que
J'ai l'honneur, etc.,
F. J. J.

Mr. F. Jackson to G. Jackson.

Albemarle Street, Oct. 1st, 1806.

I send this as a supplement to the information and advice I gave you before starting.

My visit to Downing Street this morning has been in many respects very satisfactory. Lord Howick entirely approved of your departure. He thinks you may be especially useful at the present moment. I went into details with him about your expenses, and the despatching of private couriers, if you should think such a course at any time advisable. The sum I named to you will be placed to your account to-morrow at Dorrien's. I recommend Reisman to you as a very safe man; he has written to me several times lately, under the idea that I was returning to Berlin; if you make it worth his while he will do you good service.

Lord Morpeth set out this morning for Yarmouth, where a frigate is waiting for him. He is accompanied by Bartle Frere, Ross, an assistant, and two or three messengers. The history of his going is this. The cabinet of Berlin, alarmed at the recent measures of Bonaparte, made overtures of *rapprochement* to our Government, re-opened the ports to our flag, and desired that the negotiation upon other topics should be carried on through Thornton, for which purpose Jacobi set out for Hamburg, and was to arrive there on the 20th ult. This proves that the Prussians wished to keep the thing snug for the present. *Here*, it was determined otherwise; perhaps in order to bring the matter to a point by a *mesure d'éclat* on our part. I wish that it may not prove an additional chance on the side of the probabilities of a failure.

I fancy you will find Frere useful to you; he will facilitate your communications with Lord M., whom you will probably meet at Hamburg, and to whom you should immediately make yourself known. Tell him the object and means of your commission, offer to send him intelligence, and to act in conformity to his wishes; but take care, while making yourself useful, not to lose your independence; it would not do to come in at the tail of Ross and his assistant. You have an independent employment; it lies with you to make the most of it. You will have nothing official to write from Hamburg, but be particular in noting down what passes there Send me the papers, and a letter when you can do so by a safe hand.

Even if Thornton, which I can hardly suppose, should be inclined at first to be *boutonné*, upon seeing that what you do is officially approved of, and that you are acquainted with the above and other details, he will open, especially now that the business is taken out of his hands.

Lord Morpeth has a letter from T. Grenville for *our* General at Brunswick. In fact, I imagine his lordship must go into those countries to find the king, who will have left Berlin. The Prussians have already talked of subsidy and general assistance. I am of opinion that Bonaparte will most likely proceed immediately to strike some blow, so do not be taken by surprise. Look out for a battle and a *victory*, get a clear and authentic notion of the result, commit it to paper, and scamper home with it *à tout prix*; but do not think of returning without some such good reason. I understand that Gentz has been sent for; if you come across him, make my best compliments to him, and tell him he owes me a letter.*

The enclosed is for E. Hardenberg. It is to desire him to continue his correspondence, and more rapidly, notwithstanding others being employed. Direct it, and put any common seal upon it, and get it conveyed to him by some trustworthy hand. Send him also fifty louis d'or made up in a parcel, *unlike*

* An abstract of the journal of the Chevalier de Gentz is given in the Appendix to this volume; its interesting details of the occurrences at the Prussian head-quarters during the few days preceding the battle of Jena, being intimately connected with the events referred to in this portion of Mr. George Jackson's Diaries.

a rouleau. I put the last remittance into a small square box. Frere would take charge of it and suspect nothing.

Tunbridge Wells, Oct. 6th.—I received the line you wrote me before embarking at Harwich. If you have had the wind that prevailed here you must at this moment be at Hamburg. I hope your stay there will be short, for the more I reflect on the present state of things, the more I am convinced that a decision of some sort must take place at the Prussian head-quarters, perhaps even before you can get so far, considering the time you will necessarily pass at Brunswick.

It is a question whether Bonaparte may not think the time come for clipping more closely the wings of the Prussian Eagle, and that he will attempt it, at all events, before the Russians can come up. Judging at this distance, and without knowing what difficulties, if any, the state of his army may oppose to this scheme, I say that he will positively follow it, and you will, therefore, be but just in time to hear of a peace or a battle.

Should Bonaparte, however, be willing, from any motive, to temporize or to knuckle down, I still do not see how he can consent to the terms on which alone Prussia will now agree to disarm. In short, every view of the subject makes it clear to me that war must sooner or later take place; and as Bonaparte—unless you suppose some very deep game in the cabinet—must know this better than I do, I again say, you will have immediate and decisive warfare.

So be on the look out how best to profit by it, and if you have any *event* to detail, put it on paper addressed to Lord Howick, though you should yourself be the bearer of your own despatch.

8*th*.—I daresay you will like to hear the current news, though it will be stale enough, probably, when it reaches you, for the wind has blown persistently from the east for the last four or five days.

Lord Lauderdale is likely to be soon in town, where people's impatience to see *all* end put to negotiation lead them to expect him before he can well arrive. I hope the country will exemplify the joy expressed so loudly and so universally, upon this occasion, by the vigour with which the war will be carried on.

Till parliament meets on the 27th of next month we shall not learn, unless it be through the French press, the particulars of Lord Lauderdale's, and the anterior correspondence.

Drummond is sent to Palermo to assist in the direction of our operations in that quarter. If they take their spirit from him they will not be very active. We are expecting Jacobi's arrival, though I do not see that he can do much good here, for the decision can take place only between Lord Morpeth and Haugwitz. We are all very anxious for the first accounts. Adieu, my dear George, and God bless you. You are now launched on your own bottom; may every success attend you.

F. J. J.

Diaries—Hamburg, Oct. 7th, 1806.—Arrived here yesterday evening, and called on Mr. Thornton this morning. He was gone to Lord Morpeth, who had just disembarked. I waited until he returned, that I might get some account of their interview before calling on Lord M. myself. I had not long to wait; for they had had but little conversation, and that of no particular interest, as it related to Hanover only; the immediate restoration of which, or at least the civil government of it was—as we already knew—to be peremptorily insisted on by Lord Morpeth, and agreed to by the Prussian negotiator, before the question of assistance from England could be entertained.

Thornton remarked that "his lordship was evidently very new, not only to the routine of business, but also to the general politics of Europe." The choice, it seems, fell on him for this business, in consequence of a recommendation from Devonshire House, while the influence of Holland House favoured Frere, who accompanies him.

8th.—I called on Lord Morpeth in the afternoon. He was entirely ignorant of the object of my trip, and somewhat surprised, when I mentioned it, that it had not in any way been made known to him. He, however, very civilly promised to keep me informed of his movements, and requested me to let him know of any circumstances I might become acquainted with that were likely to be useful to him.

We all dined together in the evening. I thought his lordship an agreeable and pleasant-mannered

man. He set off this morning for head-quarters, which, by the last reports, are at Erfurt, taking Brunswick *chemin faisant*, in order to confer with our agent, General Stamfort, to whom he has a letter from T. Grenville, stating that "it has been represented to the Government that the General is a man capable of giving his lordship much useful and valuable information."

I defer my journey for a day or two, so as to arrive at Brunswick after Lord M.'s departure, that there may be no appearance of my having any connection with him. His chief anxiety seemed to be to get to his post before news could reach the Continent of Baron Jacobi having done anything in England.

Jacobi, who had just come here, expecting to enter on the negotiation with Mr. Thornton, received instructions from the royal head-quarters to proceed to England, without a moment's delay, with a letter to the king, enclosing the copy of one that His Prussian Majesty had sent to General Knobelsdorff to deliver to Bonaparte.*

The King of Prussia, after expressing his friendship for His Britannic Majesty, and the joy he feels at again entering into correspondence with him, gives an account of the present state of his relations with France, and conjures His Majesty to make common cause with Prussia, and *by every means* to unite with him in his efforts to carry on a war that he can no longer avoid.

This indirect application is to be followed up by

* See Appendix, p. 507.

an absolute and immediate demand, on the part of the baron, for subsidy—Lord Malmesbury's Treaty of 1794 being proposed as the basis—and that, too, without anything, beyond a very distant allusion, being said respecting Hanover.

The letter to Bonaparte is a far more interesting document. It is an answer to one addressed to the King of Prussia from St. Cloud, of the 13th of September, a copy of which I have seen. In it Bonaparte expresses his satisfaction at the friendly sentiments contained in a previous letter from the king; but regrets that the conduct of Prussia for the last fortnight did not at all correspond with those sentiments. He then calls upon the king "to explain the cause of the extraordinary movements now taking place in the Prussian armies, as *he* is unable to discover to what to attribute them. He supposes some cause to exist, real or pretended." Studiously avoiding the real cause, he suggests now one thing, then another, and mentions the vicinity of the French forces in Westphalia, adding, "if that is a cause of uneasiness to the king, they shall be withdrawn."

The Confederation of the Rhine, he says, is a necessary consequence of the treaty of Presburg, and he declares that the armaments of France owe their existence only to those of Prussia, and that if Prussia will disarm France shall immediately do the same; but that "if the king continues his warlike preparations, he, of necessity, must go on with his."

The King of Prussia's answer—which, closely

written, fills nearly four sheets of the large official paper used in Berlin—after retorting upon Bonaparte the charge of want of harmony between his language and his actions, takes a retrospective view of the conduct of Prussia towards France. In the plainest and, at times, even the most petulant terms, the king gives an *exposé* of the several successive aggressions of Bonaparte, which, separately taken, have hitherto been insufficient to rouse in His Majesty the spirit and indignation that seem now to animate him. Were even the greatest enemy of the Prussian cabinet to attack its conduct for the last three or four years, and set it forth in its true light, he could not do it more effectually, nor hold it up to the world in more unfavourable colours, than is done by this its own avowal of its acts.

"How did you requite me," says the king, "for my recognition of your imperial dignity; for the many concessions I made; for the marks of condescension I then showed you? By the violation of a territory under my especial protection."

"Who stifled," he continues, "the cry of indignation raised throughout Europe at the murder of a prince, who thought himself safe in a country of whose government I again was a member?"

"Was it not I?"

"Did not I undertake to convey your proposals to Louis XVIII., and when that unfortunate prince, hoping for more favourable ones, rejected them, did not I oblige him to seek an asylum in another country, rather than give you any cause for mis-

trust or umbrage by allowing him to remain in mine?"

"Three successive times during the last three years have not I been on the point of entering into close alliance with you, and been prevented only by the exorbitancy of your demands?"

"To say nothing of Switzerland, Genoa, &c., when you chose to place the *couronne de fer* on your head, was not I the first to recognise the act, at the risk, almost, of violating a treaty?

"At the commencement of the continental war I armed, ostensibly to preserve my neutrality, but, in fact, I was no longer neutral, for all my armaments were directed against *your* enemies.

"And when, in open defiance of your previous assurances, you dared to invade my own immediate territory, and I could no longer be wholly deaf to the indignant voice of my brave and loyal people, yet I hesitated, adopted finally an armed mediation, and proposed, on your own plan, 'les traités, tous les traités, rien que les traités.'

"At Vienna, again, with the hope of obtaining better terms for Austria, I consented to forego much on my own account; but afterwards, when—taking your silence for consent to the representations I made to you at Munich—I put my forces on the peace establishment, no sooner had I done so than you took advantage of it to wrest fresh sacrifices from me; offering as an equivalent a country not your own, and which I had declared I could never take without the consent of England."

The king next accuses Bonaparte of intriguing with the German princes to prevent their entering the Northern Confederacy; and particularly with the Elector of Hesse, who, for his refusal, was to be rewarded with the dominions of another prince; "and that prince," says the king, "my brother-in-law!" He concludes his letter thus. "By such conduct as this, have you at last converted a *sincere and even partial friend* into a jealous sovereign; alarmed for the safety of his dominions, and even for his own existence."

General Knobelsdorff's orders were to deliver this letter, accompanied by a note, in which he was to state that he was instructed to present the three following conditions for Bonaparte's acceptance.

1st. The immediate evacuation of Germany by the French troops; to commence as soon as the promise to that effect should be given, and to continue without intermission until the retreat of the whole should be completed.

2nd. That no prince, or power, not already a member of the Confederation of the Rhine, should be prevented, either directly or indirectly, from joining that of the north; and

3rd. That arrangements should forthwith be made for establishing, on a permanent basis, the general tranquillity of the Continent.

The General was to "insister avec instance" on those conditions, and to declare that the non-arrival at the king's head-quarters, at latest on the 8th inst., of a categorical answer, would be considered as a

refusal to comply with them, when His Prussian Majesty would be obliged to have recourse to other measures.

Of course, nobody expects that Bonaparte will comply with these conditions; on the contrary, it is generally felt that the attitude which the King of Prussia has assumed will now only irritate and exasperate him, and that he will be more inveterate than ever against Prussia.

Such is the state of affairs at the present moment, and we are anxiously waiting for the news of hostilities having actually commenced.

According to the latest accounts, the centre of the Prussian army, commanded by the King and the Duke of Brunswick in person, with General Wartensleben under them, was stationed at Blankenhayn; the right wing, under the command of the Prince of Orange, in the neighbourhood of Eisenach and Fulda; and the left, under Count Schmettau, between Weimar and Hof. A separate corps, commanded by Lieutenant-General Rüchel, was posted between Mühlhausen and Erfurt; and Prince Höhenlohe, who had been joined by the Saxons, was advancing with all speed on the side of Hof, at which place his advanced guard, under Prince Louis Ferdinand, had already arrived.

The two grand divisions of the French army were at Würzburg and Bamburg. At the former place Bernadotte commanded, and it is supposed that Bonaparte will have taken up his head-quarters at the latter.

The whole French force in Germany, it is generally believed, does not exceed two hundred, to two hundred and ten thousand men, from which Soult's corps of observation, thirty thousand strong, in the neighbourhood of Posen, must be deducted.

The united German forces, according to the most trustworthy accounts, scarcely exceed one hundred and fifty thousand.

Brunswick, Oct. 13th.—I reached this city on the evening of the 11th, and went immediately to General Stamfort. Having explained to him the object of my journey, he promised me his best advice and assistance. He seems to have fallen into a weak state of health; and from that circumstance, as well as from the jealous eye with which he has lately been regarded here, as being blindly attached to England, and the consequent coolness that has arisen between him and the duke—which the latter had carried so far as not to have taken any notice of the General at his departure for the army—he can scarcely, he told me, be of that active use to me he could wish.

The present energetic conduct of the King of Prussia is owing, the General says, to Bonaparte's intentions towards Prussia having been discovered by M. de Lucchesini when last in Paris. He had called one day on Talleyrand, without the remotest suspicion of what was going on, and found him in a violent passion, beating his head, and talking to himself of Bonaparte's restless ambition, &c., L. inquired, with seeming indifference, what was the matter? Talleyrand replied only by vague hints, and ex-

pressions of ill-humour, then turned the conversation to other topics. As soon as Lucchesini got home, he set all his wheels in motion to learn what had so upset Talleyrand, and at last discovered that Bonaparte meditated nothing less than the seizure of all Westphalia, and—as His Majesty himself expresses it in his proclamation—"the erasing of the King of Prussia from the list of independent sovereigns," as he already had done by others.

When Bonaparte got scent of what had happened, he applied for Lucchesini's recall, and the nomination of Knobelsdorff, who was sent for the sake of keeping up appearances to the last, and as a sort of scapegoat, until the king's measures should be ripe for execution. It was not, however, until very lately that Bonaparte looked upon the Prussian armaments as anything more than a mere demonstration.

The discovery of this Westphalian project has had such an effect upon the king, and has excited such general indignation, that there is now but one voice as to the necessity of having recourse to arms.

Owing to late arrangements, there is likely, I find, to be some difficulty in recruiting the army, and it is well known that the king's exchequer is nearly empty; two circumstances which render it almost impossible for him to continue, without the aid of England, the struggle he is about to engage in with France.

But England has announced that she will leave Prussia to her fate unless Hanover be restored; and Hanover, the king declared some weeks back, in an

autograph letter, it was his fixed determination to keep, giving as a reason, the importance and necessity of that country to him for maintaining the independence of the North of Germany.

Even Baron Hardenberg had been brought to acquiesce in that view of the question. But, doubtless, the king will soon feel the necessity of retracting this determination; for "On this war," he tells his soldiers, in his proclamation, "depends not only the honour of the Prussian arms, but the very existence of the monarchy."

General Pfuhl was sent to Brunswick to request the duke's presence in Berlin, to deliberate on the state of affairs; but his highness refused to go. It was his determination, he said, to interfere no more in politics, "But," he added, "if my presence is required in the camp, I am ready at a moment's notice." His letters, recently received here, are written in the highest spirits, and represent a general engagement as inevitable. The king's army is strongly encamped between Weimar and Jena.

Talking with General Stamfort about Oubril's treaty, he told me that, before the signing of it, Bonaparte was several hours with Oubril, using every argument, both of persuasion and menace; and at last so completely worked upon him that, to use Oubril's own words, "Il n'en pouvait plus;" and he took up the pen, declaring that he put his name, with a halter about his neck, to a Treaty, which he knew would never be ratified. Such at least is the confession he made when he arrived at St. Petersburg, and the

General said, my astonishment at his conduct would cease if I were acquainted with the man. From his own knowledge of him, he believed that statement to be the true solution of the enigma.

14*th.*—News from England seems to be a long while coming now. There is, however, a report that the English have landed in great force in the Weser, which, from what Decken—who arrived at Hamburg the same day that I left it—told Thornton, I am not surprised at. The Duke of Cambridge had written to acquaint him with there being such an intention, and to require his presence in England, as the Hanoverian legion was forthwith to be embarked.

Thornton gave me the 300*l.* for General Stamfort's quarterly allowance from our Government. I sent Hardenberg's money, in a small box, by Prince Hatzfeld. An *estafette* from Weimar has just arrived. Hostilities have commenced—and commenced badly for the Prussians—Lefebvre with fifteen thousand men, attacked the advanced guard of Prince Höhenlohe's corps between Saalfeld and Rudolstadt. Prince Louis Ferdinand who commanded it, notwithstanding greatly inferior numbers—scarcely five thousand men—and the disadvantageous ground he occupied, was resolutely bent on maintaining his position. His troops, who were chiefly Saxons, fought with the most daring courage and intrepidity against the overwhelming force opposed to them, until their brave commander fell from his horse mortally wounded. The report, to that effect, spread dismay among the men. They retreated precipitately, and in great

disorder, leaving thirty pieces of cannon in the enemy's hands.

The prince had repulsed the French in their first attack, but in the ardour and excitement of the moment, he crossed the Saale in pursuit; disregarding orders to the contrary, which he had just received. He was then overpowered by the enemy's hussars, by one of whom he was cut down, and died on the instant.

15*th*—Prince Hatzfeld, whom I have just seen, assures me that throughout his journey from Dusseldorff to this place he met neither Prussian nor French soldiers, with the exception of a single company of Prussian hussars. One battalion, only, occupies Hanover and its environs.

Relays of horses have been ordered at Halberstadt, for the return of the Queen, accompanied by the Grand Duchess of Weimar.

This Court is in deep mourning, therefore sees nobody; the Princess of Orange, notwithstanding, has done me the honour to receive me. She asked much after my brother, and talked a long time with me about the old days in Berlin, as well as of the present melancholy state of things.

A courier stopped here to-day, on his way to Berlin, to announce the early arrival of the queen, and at about six o'clock Her Majesty drove into this city. She was attended by the *grande-maîtresse* Countess Voss, two maids of honour, and her chamberlain. They alighted at the Hotel d'Angleterre, where the different princesses resident in Brunswick shortly after waited upon Her Majesty.

No engagement had, up to the 11th, taken place of greater importance than the attack of Lefebvre on Prince Louis. The French have buried the prince at Saalfeld with military honours.

General Tauentzien was also attacked by very superior numbers, on the same day, but made good his retreat and joined Prince Höhenlohe; for which he has gained great credit.

When the queen left Auerstadt, news had been brought to the Duke of Brunswick that Soult, with a considerable body of troops, was advancing to the east of Jena, with the intention of turning Prince Höhenlohe. General Rüchel was therefore ordered to advance towards that place with all speed and take the French on the flank, while the king hastened to attack them in front.

It was not known at head-quarters where Bonaparte himself was; but it is certain, from information we now have, that a general battle must have taken place ere this. Violent cannonading was heard by Her Majesty and suite throughout their journey, the whole of Tuesday.

Lord Morpeth had arrived early on Monday at Weimar, where the king then was. He left the same day, for Erfurt, and thence for Halle, to await the event of the expected battle—as did also Count Haugwitz and M. de Lucchesini—it not being considered safe to remain at or near either of the former places. Lord M. did not see the king, and, as they have taken different routes, some days must elapse, in any case, before his lordship can have an audience. A spirit

of the greatest enthusiasm is said to animate the entire Prussian army, and a feeling of exasperation against the French prevails throughout the country in an unexampled degree.

When the French arrived at Saalfeld sentinels were placed at the door of the Duke of Coburg's residence, and the duke was informed that he and his family were prisoners; the reason for this act being that the prince, his son, had asked to be permitted to accompany the queen.

16*th*.—This morning Her Majesty continued her journey to the capital. She has taken this *route* on account of the numerous French strolling parties, that are scattered about on this side of Leipsic, for the purpose of pillage.

As soon as Her Majesty had left, several versions were current of the account she had given of what was going on at the seat of war. Among other things it was reported that she had mentioned, in confidence, to one of the princesses, that the king and duke were very despondent, and that the former had said to her, "Qu'il croyait tout perdu." This *confidential* communication was generally whispered about, and gave rise to the most anxious fears.

The Princess of Orange, however, in writing to congratulate us on the "première bonne nouvelle," as she termed the report of the failure of an attempt on the part of Bernadotte—who was blockaded at the entrance of the mountains about Jena by a force of forty thousand men under Prince Höhenlohe — to cut a passage through the Prussian lines, in which

attempt his loss had been considerable, added, "Je ne crois pas que la reine ait tenu* exactement le propos qu'on lui préte; du moins ne l'ai je pas entendu; mais il est vrai qu'elle était *excessivement* agitée et affectée de son congé d'avec le roi au moment qu'une bataille allait se livrer; et *entre nous* S. M. avait la tête un peu tournée du spectacle de la guerre qu'elle avait vue de si prés, et où Elle ait mieux fait de ne pas aller. Ses discours étaient confus et se contredisaient; la seule chose qui m'a parut a sa place, c'est qu'elle nous pria (*L'Abesse* et moi) de ne point divulguer qu'elle avait du faire un si grand détour par-ce-que l'autre route était infestée de petits corps Français; mais je suis sûre que L'Abesse, qui ne sait pas se taire, l'a conté à tout le monde; et je soupçonne que l'autre propos vient d'elle aussi. Si par *tout perdu* on a entendu que la perte d'une bataille nous obligerait peut-être à faire retraite, cela je crois que la reine l'a dit, mais de la il ne s'en suivrait nullement que la cause fut perdue; et je ne puis croire que le roi, *et moins encore le duc* pensent ainsi. C'est le duc qui a forçé la reine de partir. Imaginez qu'elle voyageoit an milieu de l'armée qui était en pleine marche vers l'ennemie; que l'on pouvait voir distinctement.

"C'est la dessus que le duc a fait une exclamation en y trouvant la reine et a insisté sur son départ immédiat, en lui donnant tout un escadron d'escorte pour la garantir des mauvaises rencontres. Le roi en lui serrant la main l'a enfin laissé partir en lui

* This is a literal copy of the original letter.

promettant de l'informer d'abord du succès de l'affaire, et il parait qu'il a tenu parole. Mais je m'étonne que celle-ci se soit borné au Prince Höhenlohe; mon fils, dont la reine a passé aussi la division lui a paru plus calme plus serieux qu'elle dit ne l'avoir jamais vu de long-tems, et lui et toute sa troupe se rejouissait d'aller à la fin se mesurer avec les Français. Elle paraissait tout-a-fait frappée de la contenance qu'elle avait trouvé a mon fils, et mes neveux Henri et Guillaume qui sont avec lui étaient de même. Dieu vieulle que ce soit d'un bon augure. En attendant, vous comprenez ce que cela m'a fait eprouvé.

"Lord Morpeth était arrivé à l'armée, la reine l'a vue à Erfurt. Elle le crois maintenant à Halle avec Haugwitz et Lucchesini. Il doit avoir été fort content de voir les hostilités commencés, et selon elle l'Angleterre et la Prusse sont au mieux ensembles. Sur l'arrivée des Russes Elle parait ignorante c-a-d, sur le tems on ils pourrait y être; je désire comme vous qu'ils viennent promptement.

"Selon la dire même de la reine l'affaire du Prince Louis n'a pas été une chose de consequence que par la mort de ce brave prince qui a voulu mourir lorsqu'il a vu qu'il ne pouvait plus tenir, et cela par sa faute. Si j'ai bien compris la reine l'armée du roi fait la centre dont le duc est a la tête avec Wartensleben. Mon fils, avec Schmettau et Rüchel, est à droite avec son corps; Höhenlohe à gauche, il parait que c'est contre celui-là contre lequel ils s'acharnent le plus, et qu'ils ont déjà voulut tourner. Tauentzien, qui en fait parti, doit s'être beaucoup

distingué. Le Duc de Weimar qui commande l'avant-garde doit aussi avoir remporté plusieurs avantages, et si le Prince Louis n'avait pas passé la rivière pour poursuivre l'ennemi, son affaire eut été tres brilliante aussi, et probablement il vivrait encore. Kalkreuth couvre cette armée et forme l'arrière garde et on espère que le corps du Duc Eugène de Wirtemberg pourra aussi se mettre incessamment en rapport avec lui, si cela n'est pas fait déjà. Voila à peu prés coñent j'ai compris la chose, mais *entre nous* la reine a fait promener les Français a des endroits ou je ne puis pus croire qu'ils sont, coñe entre Celle à Lauenbourg car alors il me semble qu'ils auroient tournés l'armée. Mais on voyait que l'esprit de sa majesté était singulièrement frappée de ce spectacle nouveau pour elle et cela rendois ses narrations très confuses. Vous excuserez si la mienne l'est encore plus, du moins vous y verrez ma bonne volonté de vous mettre au-fait de ce que je sait.

Mes sentimens vous sont connus,

WILHELMINE.

16*th*—*Evening.*—Would to God I had not to record that the fatal forebodings of every anxious heart have been but too fully realized! The Prussians have been completely beaten at Jena. The battle began at daylight and lasted the greater part of the day. Not less than twenty thousand Prussians were left dead on the field. The King, the Duke of Brunswick, the Princes Henry and William, are all wounded. The three brothers slightly, but the

duke's wounds are very serious. He is to be brought to Magdeburg to-morrow. The Prince of Orange, according to the official account, "s'est couvert de gloire." With his only remaining corps of from five to six thousand men, he and the Duke of Weimar made good their retreat to Erfurt early yesterday morning. It is said that the king intended to resume the engagement next day, but that seems impossible, with his army a complete wreck.

Lord Morpeth is returned. He and his party had to run for it. Hardly had they time to get out of Frankenberg on their flight hither, than the French entered it.

18*th*.—In the late melancholy *dêbacle*, almost every Prussian general was either wounded or killed. The old Field-marshal received three wounds and is a prisoner. Prince Henry was here yesterday, and Generals Pfuhl and Pritzortz, as well as Hüsenheim, and several other Prussian officers, who disgracefully quitted the field of battle, seeing, as they pretend, that everything was lost.

The king passed through Elbingserode at 6 P.M. on the 16th, on his way to Magdeburg, whither all the runaways have also betaken themselves, except Prince Paul of Würtemberg, who goes to England. Several Prussian officers came in in the course of the night. They report the Duke of Brunswick dead, and this city is, in consequence, in the greatest confusion. People are flocking *in*, in alarm, from the surrounding neighbourhood, and hardly a room, or even shelter, is to be had. A

number of the yellow dragoons have this moment entered.

On the night before the battle, Bonaparte, who commanded in person, sent two letters to Prince Höhenlohe—whose division is also beaten, and all their artillery taken—one for the king, the other for Haugwitz; they were then refused, and the king had not, on the morning of the 15th, received them.

Lord Morpeth went yesterday to Hamburg, Colonel Stamfort to Celle; I shall perhaps follow him to-day, and wait there to see which way the French turn. If Celle is not tenable I must try elsewhere, and in the last extremity go to Hamburg.

Hamburg, Oct. 23rd.—I have had a most tiresome journey, owing to the many delays and the great difficulty I experienced in getting horses. Everybody is in despair, everything is upset by the late disaster that has fallen on the country.

Lord Morpeth was not to have gone until this morning, but he was so very anxious to get away that Thornton applied for the Basin to be left open for him later than usual, and he went off yesterday evening in a Blankener. Foul wind, however, detained him, and he is now waiting at Blankensee for the tide. His extreme impatience to leave, in which he was well seconded by his companions, has made him ridiculous in the eyes of most people here. Mr. Ross, who felt some interest in the present state of affairs, did certainly express annoyance at his lordship's decision, and wished Mr. Thornton to try to dissuade him from going. His coming has been

altogether useless, for he has done absolutely nothing, and has not had a single interview with the Chancellor; indeed, saw him only once, and that at Nordhausen, where they met by chance, both very impatient for horses, and alarmed lest they should be overtaken by the French, who were just at their heels. Of course nothing official passed between them. Haugwitz promised to write to him, but no letter has yet come to hand. This leaves the field open, if peace is not made.

Reports are flowing in from all sides. The letters from Berlin speak of a state of ferment that is indescribable; for since the 15th of August, when Laforêt celebrated Bonaparte's fête, the public feeling has grown from indignation to frantic rage; and, on the whole, they seem to be more afraid of some popular tumult than of the entry of the French, who by this time are not far off, if not actually there.

It is positively asserted that Lucchesini is gone to Bonaparte's head-quarters, at Potzdam, with *carte blanche* to sign a peace; though this ill accords with the announcement that the king is gone to meet the Emperor of Russia, and that sixty thousand troops have entered Silesia.

I have an idea of going to Stettin, thinking it a good station, the king and Haugwitz both being there. A great many persons from Berlin have also fled thither, among others Lombard, who has since been arrested. Haugwitz also, it is reported, but this is doubted. I have been very anxious about Dorville, as he was aide-de-camp to the old Field-marshal. I

just learn that he was sent, *en courier*, to Berlin the evening before the battle. They write from Potzdam that General Wedel has been shot.

24*th*.—General Stamfort has been obliged to end by coming to Hamburg. He went from Celle to Lauenburg, where he found about two thousand Swedes, who had received orders from the king to defend that part. This, however, was before the sad overthrow of the 14th; as soon, therefore, as the officer sent by His Swedish Majesty to follow the Prussian army, and who passed through here the beginning of the week, *en courier*, shall have made his report, it is hoped that these troops will receive orders to retreat.

An *estafette* arrived from Wynn to-day. The Saxons, notwithstanding the assurances they at first gave of making no separate peace, are giving way, and a negotiation is probably now on foot, if not already concluded; Bonaparte having promised the elector to acknowledge his neutrality, if he will seize the opportunity now afforded him to withdraw his troops—a condition he has already complied with —in which case Bonaparte will avail himself, he says, of the present occasion to become personally acquainted with his serene highness, and for that purpose will visit Dresden. If this takes place, it is looked upon as certain that his *royal* highness of Würtemberg will be planted there, and brother Jerome console himself with a Saxon princess. *Apropos* of Würtemberg, Prince Paul has changed his mind about going to England, and has preferred

to try to make *his* peace also with the great Liliputian.

With this object the prince wrote to the Duke of Brunswick, begging him to intercede for him. The duke has sent an answer, commending the prince's intention, and announcing that he means to do likewise; but excusing himself from interceding for the prince, having, he says, enough to do to obtain terms on his own account.

The last reports of the duke's health are not so favourable; it is again apprehended that he cannot recover. He is to be removed from Brunswick, as it is feared he will be taken prisoner should he remain there.

29*th*.—The King and Count Haugwitz are both at Stettin. I was about to set out for that place when Mr. Thornton said—and in this opinion he was fully seconded by General Stamfort—that under the present critical circumstances, and in order to repair, in some measure, the precipitate step Lord Morpeth had taken, it would be more advisable that some one whose position was ostensibly official should go to Stettin. After some deliberation it was decided that Thornton should go, leaving me at his house as his *locum tenens*.

Yesterday evening, however, he received a letter from Windsor of the 23rd, from Colonel Decken, telling him how unsatisfactory the King of Prussia's letter had been considered in that quarter, and, in a word, that Jacobi's mission had completely failed. He added, that our Government had intended to

send out a large force under Lord Moira—perhaps thirty thousand men—but that the preparations had relaxed during the last fortnight; and His Majesty had declared, in his answer to the King of Prussia, that not only he would not assist him in the war with France, but that hostile measures against him would be resumed if an unconditional and frank declaration on the subject of Hanover was not forthwith made.

Thornton's resolution was staggered on reading Colonel Decken's letter; so off I posted with it across the Alster, for the gates were shut, to consult our Mentor, the General, who lives at Altona.

As the case *now* stands, he is decidedly of opinion that it is *I*, and not Mr. Thornton, who should go, and accordingly I leave for Stettin this evening; though Thornton is still excessively anxious, and even nervously uneasy, as to the course he ought really to adopt. Otto Lowenstern goes with me. He arrived here yesterday, *en courier*, with despatches from Baron Jacobi and Lord Howick, which the former had begged him to take charge of on leaving England.

General Stamfort has just told me that Bonaparte has refused, in the most brutal terms, to acknowledge the neutrality of Brunswick.

The duke sent M. de Munckhausen to try to negotiate with Bonaparte; he found him at Wittenberg, and, being admitted into his presence, delivered the duke's letter, which is said to be admirable for its dignity and simplicity. As soon as

he had read it, he threw it on the table, exclaiming, with violence, "Non!—il a cessé de regner! Ni lui, ni aucune de sa race, ne mettra jamais le pied en Brunswic—partout où je le trouve, il sera fait prisonnier de guerre. Il a voulu la guerre, qu'il en recueille les fruits." Turning then to Berthier, he said, "I thought that country had been occupied; why was it not? Let it be so instantly."

On M. de Munckhausen trying to reason with him, and saying that, "as a Prussian officer, it was impossible for his serene highness not to join the army." Bonaparte answered, "Ce serait bon pour un conscrit de dire."

Finding remonstrance and argument vain, M. de Munckhausen began to speak of the duke's pureness of intention, and said, "Let what would happen, he would always have the consolation of having acted uprightly, and according to the dictates of his conscience." Bonaparte here interrupted him with, "Que Dieu juge les cœurs, s'il le veut, moi, je juge les actions."

Thus, M. de Munckhausen was obliged to return to Brunswick, and, without stating all that had passed, report enough to induce the duke—who is in a most wretched state—to leave that city, and come to Altona.

His servants arrived yesterday. He is expected to-day, but will not, I believe, venture to continue there. Magdeburg itself is nearly surrounded; but the Prussians have succeeded in reuniting several of the dispersed corps. They have crossed the Elbe

between Magdeburg and Tangermunde, and are retreating, to the number of between fifty and sixty thousand, towards the Oder, under the command of Prince Höhenlohe.

Stralsund, Nov. 1st.—We have had a most anxious, not to say, dangerous, journey by Schwerin, Gustrow, and Trübsee. At Schwerin I saw the Princess of Orange, who told me all her news, and charged me with a letter for her son. At Gustrow we met the Duke of Weimar, who gave me the account of his having quitted *this* service, on the promise of Bonaparte, that if he would do so, and withdraw his troops—he had but one battalion—he should retain his duchy. If not, he was informed that the same fate awaited him as that with which the Duke of Brunswick was threatened.

The duke advised us by no means to risk going by land to Stettin, as we had intended. We were, however, greatly inclined to attempt it; but as he assured us he had no doubt but that we should be taken prisoners *en route*, we at length gave up our project, and decided on making direct for Stralsund, which we reached last evening, and have been received by General Armfelt with the greatest civility. The French were already at Wesenburg and Fürstenburg, and were expected at Gustrow, when we left it, from one hour to another.

The Duke of Weimar has been succeeded by General Winning. The Duke Eugene of Würtemberg has been dismissed, on the charge of inattention and misconduct while at Halle, in neglect-

ing to destroy the bridge. He has returned to Stutgard.

Prince Höhenlohe appears to be the only General who has been able to make any stand against the French. He is trying to get on the other side of the Vistula, but in his retreat is obliged to keep up a constant fight.

The French have crossed the Oder at Schwedt and Frankfort, their object being to prevent the junction of the Prussians and Russians. The latter are approaching as fast as possible, but in what force is not yet known.

Affairs are in a much worse state, I fear, than we were willing to believe at Hamburg; but as all direct communication is cut off, we can judge only by the circumstances around us.

Stettin and Custrin will both hold out, it is hoped; but the country about here is overrun with French. The king has removed to Graudentz.

The enemy is expected here daily, and the Swedes are in the highest spirits; the whole town in a bustle, which could hardly be greater, I think, were the French actually before it. Strangers are all sent to the Isle of Rügen, or if, from particular interest, any are allowed to stay, they must provide themselves with four months' provisions.

Yesterday morning the Swedish commandant at Anclam was surprised by the arrival, at full gallop, of *fifteen hundred* Prussian cavalry pursued by *nineteen* French *chasseurs*. Their officers were calling to them, for God's sake, not to behave thus, and telling

them no more *chasseurs* were following. But this had no effect. "Sie sind Französen!—Sie sind Französen!" exclaimed the men; as if that was a sufficient excuse for their dastardly conduct. It is the more to be wondered at and lamented, as some of the regiments fought like tigers at Jena. Möllendorff's, in particular, is literally reduced to fifty-six privates and eight officers.

The commandant allowed the fugitives to cross the drawbridge, and drew it up against their pursuers. Seeing this, the French threw themselves into the river, and attempted to swim over, but were shot in the water. In answer to the commandant's inquiry, what he was to do with these fifteen hundred Prussians, he has received orders to tell them that it is quite impossible to give them an asylum here; that there are only enough provisions for the Swedes, but that they should be furnished with guides to enable them to join Winning's corps, as well as with sustenance for their journey as far as Witstock.

Tolstoi, who commanded in Hanover last year, has been sent to the King of Prussia with powers as extensive as those of General Fox, that is, in the double character of general and negotiator.

Bonaparte, himself, is at Sans Souci; he has issued a proclamation declaring that Potzdam should be subject to no contribution, from respect to the manes of the Great Frederick. Davoust commands at Berlin. The French march in, in great numbers during the day, and at night proceed on towards Custrin.

There are French spies in all directions. Three, who had represented themselves as emigrants in distress, and were, in consequence, most kindly received and treated here, had got as far as the frontiers on their return, when they were discovered to be French Engineer officers. They are now imprisoned in chains, in this city.

Orders have been given to-day for demolishing the suburbs, which are very extensive.

It is quite true that the Court secretary, Lombard, was arrested at Stettin. He was himself the bearer of the order to that effect, in a letter from the king to the queen, who was then staying at Stettin. This order was communicated to the governor while Lombard was waiting in the ante-room; but, in their eagerness to execute it, they forgot to possess themselves of his papers, which his wife, on learning what had happened, instantly burnt, without exception. When the king arrived at Stettin, a petition from Lombard was presented to him; the result is not known, so far only it is certain, that he was removed under a strong escort; but whether for the purpose of confining him elsewhere, or to protect him from the fury of the populace, has not transpired.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Albemarle Street, October 28th, 1806.

I have received nothing from you but your line of the 4th, and although not very apt to imagine dangers, I own that I was fidgetty until I went to Downing Street on Saturday, and saw your No. 1.

It arrived two days before the mails which brought Lord Morpeth's. No one can account for this. We are all most anxious for the next intelligence. Lord M's report seems to be founded only on that of fugitives; and we, therefore, hope that things may have taken a favourable turn. The more so, as nothing has reached this *viâ* France, though a fortnight has elapsed since the battle of the 14th.

The old Field-marshal, I understand, refused a command, in order to fight at the head of the infantry.

If the Prussians have been obliged to retire behind the Elbe, this will find you, I fancy, in their rear; I should hope at Berlin, where it will have been good policy in you to post yourself, as being the most interesting situation whence we could hear from you, *viâ* Stralsund—supposing the straight road by Hamburg to be unsafe.

You might now even lay aside a little of your reserve, always preserving, however, a private capacity, and upon great occasions sending either *estafettes* or confidential persons. If Lord Morpeth should return—of which there is some appearance—he will probably bring away all his people with him, which will give an additional interest to everything you write. I hope, too, under the present uncertainty of the means of communication, you keep up your old journalizing habit, as there are many details that cannot find their place in a despatch, or that you may not care to risk in a letter, which I shall hope to hear, and talk over with you, hereafter. I would

not, though, advise you, if you are obliged to move quickly from place to place, to encumber yourself with papers: burn what you can do without, and if possible, leave the rest in some place of safety.

Town is of course very thin. Most people taken up with electioneering. Mr. Patel, who offers himself in the Jacobin interest, seems to think the transaction referred to in a curious letter of his, contained in the number I send you of Cobbett, can be made a stepping-stone to his return for Westminster. He will be opposed by Sir S. Hood. Sheridan expects to be at the head of the poll. Lord Percy, after all that has happened, too! declined standing for Westminster because the Duke of Northumberland did not choose that he should join Sheridan. His lordship announced his intention of standing for Cambridge University; but has given that up also. A very great change is expected to take place in the *personnel* of the House of Commons, but the ministry will not, on the whole, gain many votes. Drake comes in for Wells. Abbot stands for Oxford University, and is opposed by Richards, the counsel of Heber.

Since I began this I have been down to the Office, but my walk has not been productive of much comfort, as I find there are Dutch papers in town, confirming your, and other reports.

Nov. 1*st.*—Your letters to the 23rd ult. have been received, and are highly approved of—*Macte virtute.* Keep as near the scene of action as you can, whether military or political. Spare neither pains nor expense. Above all, rather than think of coming

back go to the North Pole, or the rising of the sun. I will take care of your business at Bucklersbury; you need be under no restraint on that account, but may depend upon it to *any* extent that may be necessary.

The mails are not yet arrived, which will show you the advantage of using *all* means of conveyance.

God bless you. Greet the brotherhood.

Nov. 4th.—I rejoice to know that you have acted with so much judgment. There is great satisfaction in Downing Street; your success affords a ray of pleasure amidst the gloom occasioned by the failure of others. I hope you may have fallen in with Löwenstern, who was in a doleful way from not knowing where he should find you. If you are together you can keep a better look out, which, if the French reached Berlin on the 23rd, will have been very necessary. They may very well have intercepted your passage across the Oder.

I have received a letter from *the correspondent* at Stettin, dated the 20th of October. I cannot say more on the subject of it, being doubtful whether this will reach you, than that I think the hopes he would raise here are premature.

Bath, Nov. 10th.—We came here this morning after six days' tour, having taken Windsor, Park Place, and Oxford in our way. Lord Hutchinson, I hear, is about to leave for your side of the water. I knew, a fortnight ago, that he was fixed upon *if anybody went*, for it has been thought that matters wore too uncertain an aspect to decide that point. His party like Lord Morpeth's, will be numerous. I had no means

of letting you know this; but the last thing I did before leaving town was to desire that you might be named to Lord H. for any protection you might want from him, or any assistance he might want from you. Having had no letters from you from Hamburg, I don't know how you found Frere; and he did not call upon me in town, I suppose, that I might not laugh at him for his runaway expedition. I wish now that our offer of assistance to Prussia may not arrive too late; in that case, I guess that this mission will end in Frere remaining at Berlin, or wherever the Prussian Court settles, as Chargé d'Affaires. From his interest at Holland House, I should not wonder if he were to go up still higher.

Nothing can exceed the ridicule and disfavour thrown upon Lord Morpeth's precipitate retreat by both official and unofficial people; and the return of Brown and of Miss B., though it does not much signify in their case, makes up a total of cowardice that is almost a national disgrace in the eyes of those who are at all affected by it.

The general opinion is that even the Russians and Prussians united, and the Austrians into the bargain, will make no stand, and it would excite little surprise if, before Lord Hutchinson can reach you, a peace were concluded upon any terms Bonaparte may think proper to grant.

I find a letter here from the Office, announcing the cessation of my appointment, as well as that of Lord G. L. Gower, of Paget, Frere, and some others.

There is but little public news. The elections are

over; that of Westminster, has been the chief object of curiosity and interest; and in truth it has, in many points of view, been a lamentable scene. It is particularly to be regretted that Sheridan's standing should have procured Patel so much success.

I found that you had not written from Stralsund, and was, for the moment, sorry for it; but you were in good hands, for Thornton had forwarded your letters to him, and the reason of your writing no others was fully understood. Nevertheless, I would advise you, when possible, to write, sending your despatch under flying seal. It would not signify on what paper, or in what form you write; the regularity of our school is too well known to require more than an apology, for form's sake, on such an occasion. I am persuaded that Government will have still further reason to be glad that you have stationed yourself so near the scene of action. I can give you no advice under the new circumstances that have arisen, and, indeed, you have acted so judiciously that you do not require it. Only cling fast to your independence, go on making yourself useful, and above all do not return, but with some *very* great news, or until absolutely ordered home.

Your correspondence, I know, has been seen by a very good judge, who agrees that it is everything that could be wished: we talked you over very much at *Park Place.*

Lord Douglas is to set out in a short time, with Mills sen. as his secretary of embassy!

F. J. J.

Diaries—Nov. 3rd.—Löwenstern and I have hired a boat at the exorbitant price of three hundred and fifty dollars to take us to Colberg or Dantzig, as circumstances may require. But the boat people start so many difficulties, and so dread to encounter either the French or a bad wind, that I much doubt whether we shall prevail on them to sail to-day.

Rügen, Nov. 8th—In spite of the boatmen's evil prognostics, we determined to get off from Stralsund on the 3rd. But, two miles was the extent of our voyage; and here we are still, and with no prospect of a favourable change in the wind, lodged in an old palace in this island.

Being anxious to learn something of what is passing, I made yesterday an excursion to Stralsund.

The French were on Wednesday within three miles of the city, and General Armfelt marched out with the garrison of Stralsund to attack them; having been dared by the enemy to do so. But the Swedes found that the French troops had retreated towards Stettin and Frankfort—the approach of the Russians, who were believed to be at Posen, being the supposed cause of that movement.

Custrin has fallen, or rather has been given up, literally, to a mere handful of men, without the slightest attempt to defend it. The French had intended to take it by a *coup de main*, but finding that project impracticable, they withdrew, leaving in the neighbourhood a party of about forty *chasseurs*, some of whom pillaged the suburbs while

the rest watched the Prussians. To these latter, M. d'Ingelsleben, the governor, sent a message, offering the keys, and desiring to capitulate. Naturally this was looked upon as a mere stratagem, and the men refused to enter the gates. But being persuaded to believe that the governor really meant to surrender, they sent for a reinforcement and took possession. In this flagrant manner has one of the strongest fortresses on the Oder been delivered up to the enemy.

Colberg, Nov. 10th—The wind changed yesterday, and we left the hospitable island of Rügen, with a fine breeze from the west, and here we are at Colberg after a twenty-four hours' passage, in the course of which we learnt the mortifying news of the surrender of Stettin. Knobelsdorff disgracefully gave it up without firing a shot!

Another piece of bad news also meets us here. Höhenlohe has been defeated near Prenslow, and is severely wounded. The king and queen are at Graudentz. The Russians under Benningsen, were a day or two ago at Ortelsburg, as we learn from an officer who came from head-quarters this morning.

The French have advanced beyond Stettin, and have summoned this place, but have not found them here so well disposed to obey as at Custrin and Stettin. A refusal was returned, and as nothing more has been heard of the enemy, he may perhaps think twice before he attacks Colberg, which is a very strong fortress. However, all communication is entirely cut off, and nobody here knows exactly

where either friend or foe is at the present moment; but we intend setting off in half-an-hour for Graudentz. We are obliged to go round by Dantzig, a *détour* of six miles, on account of the numerous parties of marauders, and the want of horses on the other *route*.

Dantzig, Nov. 12th.—We arrived here to-day, and remain until night. I have seen the Prince and Princess of Orange, and had much conversation with them. Princess Louise, who looked the picture of misery, spoke to me in so mournful a manner, that my heart really ached for her.

Prince Radzivill, also, I have seen, and Prince and Princess William, with many other Berlin friends and acquaintances. The princess came to Dantzig for her *accouchement* at a place of safety.

Our consul, Mr. Gibson, was full of complaints. He has taken down the king's arms from his door, and no longer acknowledges any connection with the English. At any rate, His Majesty's service will not suffer much from the defection of "the old baron," as he is called here, for he seemed to to me be a superannuated old dotard. Most of the princes and princesses assembled at Dantzig, are preparing to leave for Königsberg.

Head-quarters, Graudentz, Nov. 13th.—We reached this place this afternoon, and without delay I waited on Count Haugwitz; for I found it absolutely necessary —in order to gain admittance to head-quarters in a fortress, where no one, who has not some business, is allowed to remain—to depart in some degree

from the reserve I have hitherto maintained. Being personally known to his Excellency, I stated to him distinctly that I had no direct authority for the step I had taken, but thought I was justified in it, to a certain extent, from what had passed at Hamburg —which I communicated to him—between Lord Morpeth, Mr. Thornton, and myself.

The Count gave me a very cordial reception, and said, "He was much pleased, particularly at this moment, to see a subject of His Britannic Majesty at the Prussian head-quarters, and hoped I would prolong my stay." He told me that he had written to Baron Jacobi a day or two since, desiring him to state that the King of Prussia was ready to accede, in every respect, to His Majesty's wishes regarding Hanover.

I answered only, that "I felt much gratified to hear this, as every well-wisher to the good cause must do." With reference to France, he said, "great sacrifices had already been made to carry on the war against her, and the king was still firmly determined to continue it."

What I had learnt on my way hither, and I ventured to tell the Count so, had induced me to believe that a peace was on the point of being concluded. He said "some overtures certainly had been made with that object in view; but that Bonaparte had detained the king's negotiators prisoners at Charlottenburg, and did not allow them to communicate with their Government; and that since the 30th ult. no news whatever had been received from Berlin.

In fact, that Bonaparte was determined, whether the king wished for peace or not, to listen to no terms, but to follow up to the utmost the advantages he had already gained."

If the king does carry on the war it will be only because of Bonaparte's indisposition to a peace of any sort; for I know, for a certainty, that General Zastrow had authority to agree to any terms he chose to grant, provided they did not immediately affect the relations existing between the King and the Emperor of Russia. Zastrow was, in fact, about to put his signature to a treaty by which all the Prussian territory on the left of the Elbe would have been ceded to France, and the payment guaranteed of an immense sum of money as an indemnity for the expenses of the war, when intelligence was received of Prince Höhenlohe's defeat, and the surrender of Custrin and Stettin. Bonaparte then declined to make peace on those terms, and Zastrow, in consequence, despatched Major Rauch from Berlin to the king's head-quarters. The major set off again on the 7th. His instructions, as I was positively assured, authorized Zastrow to sign any terms, however disadvantageous, that Bonaparte would grant, and the answer is now waited for with much anxiety.

The ignorance of the Prussian Government of what is passing in the country is astonishing. It would seem scarcely credible that they should have learnt the infamous business of Custrin only from Major Rauch, who, returning from Berlin, passed through

that place, not having been informed that it was in the enemy's hands. The news, however, produced an indescribable effect; the king immediately retreated to this side of the Vistula—the French being masters of the Oder.

The major brought also Bonaparte's proclamation to his soldiers,* as well as an account of Prince Hatzfelt—who succeeded Count Schulenberg as governor of Berlin—having been arrested. He had made known to Prince Höhenlohe, in a letter which was intercepted, the position of the French armies, and was sentenced to be shot; but his wife went to the palace, and, throwing herself at Bonaparte's feet, implored him to spare her husband's life. After some hesitation, he yielded to her entreaties, and contented himself with sending the prince, a prisoner, to his estates near Wesel.

Notwithstanding all this, the king is as apathetic and as irresolute as ever. He is accessible only to the French party, Köchritz, Beym, and others of the same stamp, while persons whose counsels at this critical moment might counteract the baneful influence of the clique surrounding him, are received with coldness and reserve. Lately, when Baron Hardenberg hastened to join the king, on his return from Saxony, he was made to feel, and fully understand, that his presence was not desired, and he now takes no part in public affairs.

14th.—The only representative now here of the Russian Government, is Baron Krudener. But Count

* See Appendix, No 2.

Haugwitz is anxiously expecting General Tolstoi, and was a good deal disappointed to learn from Count M. Woronzow, who arrived here this morning with a letter from the emperor to the king, that nine days ago the time of Tolstoi's departure was not fixed. But a full account of the extent of the *débacle* that followed the battle of Jena has been sent to St. Petersburg, which will doubtless prevent further delay.

The letter Count Woronzow was the bearer of announced that, in consequence of the event of the 14th, another corps of sixty thousand men had been ordered to follow the like number of troops already advancing under Bennigsen, and now concentrating, it is reported, between Osterode and Soldau. This is a larger force than Prussia can muster; for the whole of the existing army, it is asserted, taking the garrisons of the different fortresses also into account, does not exceed sixty-five thousand men.

The recruiting that was ordered in South Prussia has been forcibly prevented. Dobrowski's proclamation to the Poles has been stuck up in all the streets of the towns on his march in Poland, and has had the worst possible effect on the people.* Dobrowski, himself, was met at the entrance of Posen by the populace, who took the horses from his carriage and conducted him in triumph through the city; which is now in open insurrection.

Count Woronzow told me, in confidence, that just before he left, the most satisfactory news had been received at St. Petersburg from Constantinople, and

* See Appendix, No. 3.

that in consequence it was intended, if necessary, to send hither a part of the force which had been about to enter Moldavia.

News has been brought here which, if true, is good news, that the French had been completely beaten in Italy, and that Joseph Bonaparte has been obliged to fly from Naples.

The king goes to-morrow to Osterode. General Lannes, with twelve thousand men, is reported at Bromberg.

Marienwerder, Nov. 15th—Midnight.—We were driven from Graudentz, at 4 o'clock to day by an alarm of the French having arrived nearly opposite the town, on the other side of the Vistula. The drums beat to arms, and every one was immediately on the alert. A prisoner was brought in, from whom we learnt that two regiments of cavalry were pressing hard on the Prussians, who were on the other side of the river. They succeeded, however, in escaping into the town, when orders were given for blowing up the bridge, in which occupation we left them.

The king and queen were setting off at the same time.

My old *courier-wagen*, unfortunately failed us on the road. It was hastily bandaged up, and by great care, and a renewal, *en route*, of the strings, &c., that held it together, we contrived to drag on to this place. Luckily we have found another, and have prevailed on its owner to part with it; so Otto and I go shares in the eighty louis he has consented to take, which must be three times its value at least—*Mais que faire?*

Head-quarters, Ortelsburg, Nov. 27th.—We removed

to this place on the 25th, after having for ten days experienced the full delights of head-quarters in a filthy beer-house at Marienwerder, where two miserable rooms served eight of us for sitting, dining, and bedrooms. With no beds, however, except those we extemporized with a little straw, strewed over the dirty floor, and our coats and cloaks for coverlets Yet we were well lodged, in comparison with many others, and I have passed the night as soundly in this way as in the best bed I ever slept in.

Count M. Woronzow, who is a very pleasant young fellow, and much attached to our nation, joined our party, and could we only have procured food enough to satisfy our hungry appetites we should have got on very well; as it was, we seasoned our scanty meal with abundance of mirth.

We includes, besides Otto L. and myself, the present Russian mission, consisting of Baron Krudener, Ozawirski, Holland, Lactckensoff, young Novossiltzow, and Woronzow.

At Graudentz, from the great difficulty in getting any sort of a lodging, Krudener was so good as to offer me a place in his apartment, which I was glad enough to accept, and we have made *cause commune* ever since.

What is become of the ministers, Alopeus and Stackelberg, no one knows anything more than that, Alopeus went *somewhere* with the grand duchess, and that Stackelberg *was* at Lubeck. It appears, they were uneasy and displeased at St. Petersburg at the idea of both their ministers having gone off, each

his own way. Woronzow, in consequence, was ordered to remain at head-quarters, after he had delivered the emperor's letter; for it was not then known to the Russian Government that Krudener was already there. He has gained great credit for having decided on following the king.

A M. de Paravicini has just arrived from London with a despatch from Jacobi. Our Government was not aware, it seems, of the many impediments that exist in the way of a regular or direct communication with this country and England.

Sir Harford Jones passes through Ortelsburg from Constantinople, with despatches of importance from Mr. Adair. Haugwitz entrusts him with his, and he will also take charge of my packets. The Count announces, I believe, his retirement from public affairs.

30*th*.—We consider ourselves, in some respects, gainers by our change of quarters. Though five of us are lodged in one room, yet it is clean, and has two stationary beds. Our host, too, is civil. The straw is again shaken down at night for three of us, but we take our turns with the beds. Provisions are scarcely more abundant here than at the last village. We get hardly any meat; the water is of the worst kind, and there is no possibility of procuring any wine as a corrective. Yet, taking one thing with another, we struggle on tolerably well, and have, I think, some reason to be satisfied, when we know that the poor queen—whose dignified resignation, and the nobleness of character she displays, under these trying and distressing circumstances,

render her more interesting than does even her great beauty—has, literally, only a small, scantily-furnished room, on the ground-floor of one of the wretched barns they call houses, which one can hardly step out of without getting up to the ankles in mud; for although the weather has, hitherto, been so exceptionally mild, yet it is damp, and the village is one of the dirtiest.

The king takes a morning walk while their room, which, like our own, serves for sitting and bedroom, is arranged for their Majesties' breakfast.

Since I came here, I have seen the queen only once, to speak to; she said but little, but that little in her usual amiable and affable manner. She is obliged to be very cautious, both in her words and her actions; for the king is of an excessive ill-humour, and turns a deaf ear to all she says; she, however, does not allow herself to be discouraged, and loses no opportunity of endeavouring to counteract the counsels of Köchritz and his associates.

Her lady of honour has to put up with a small closet for a sleeping room, and complains wofully of Her Majesty's rest, and her own, being greatly disturbed by the bugs with which their lodging is infested.

Prince Coburg, whom I often met at Berlin, is with the king. He is very affable and friendly with *our* party, and we generally see him twice or thrice a day. Besides the prince and his aide-de-camp, we have now Baron Schlader, late Prussian minister at Munich. Baron Krudener and I are generally

invited to dine with Count Haugwitz, when, as well as getting better fare, we have the advantage of hearing all that is going on.

The terms of the armistice, which Duroc was sent by Bonaparte to propose to the king at Osterode, were rejected by His Majesty with more regret than indignation, I am sorry to learn.

Of what is doing on the side of Hamburg nothing whatever is known here, except, that Prince Paul of Würtemberg has been arrested and sent to Stutgard.

There has already been some skirmishing between the French and the advanced guard of the Russians; seven squadrons of the former attacked three of the latter, but were repulsed.

At Plock, twenty Cossacks swam across the Vistula, and attacked a picket of French dragoons, killed fourteen men, and made an officer and a sergeant prisoners.

Dec. 5th—In the monotony that prevails here we have derived some amusement from the strange conduct of M. de Paravicini—the greatest *fanfaron* I ever met with. He has narrowly escaped being sent to the fortress of Graudentz. Count Haugwitz desired M. Le Coq to consult with me on the expediency of arresting him; for he, and most persons, thought the man a spy. He came through Holland, with no passport but that of Louis Bonaparte, countersigned at Hamburg by Bourrienne, and brought a single despatch, date, signature, everything in cipher. "Sir F. Baring," he said, "had paid him three hundred pounds, on account of

Government, to undertake the journey, which, purely out of zeal for the good cause, and to oblige his *cher ami*, Lord Howick, with whom he was on the most intimate terms, he had consented to do; and he considered that he had done the country a most essential service." I asked him what he *now* thought of doing, and he answered that "he should await the orders of the king, who had received him in the most flattering manner; but that if the answer he expected to take back should not be recommended to him by His Majesty as very important, he should return, across the French armies, by Berlin." All this was thought very *louche*. When, however, he perceived how matters stood, and that there was a probability of his being arrested, he produced a letter from Mr. Thornton to Mr. Garlike at Copenhagen.

To satisfy their doubts at head-quarters, I determined, after some hesitation, to open this letter, as Paravicini had sent it to me. It proved to be a very mysterious one, but, to a certain extent, *legitimated* its bearer, as he was mentioned in it as an officer in the king's service, which he had represented himself to be. However, I have my suspicions, and shall not put myself out of my way for him. He has been informed that they have no further occasion for his services here, and he is now going to Königsberg, having been refused, by a Russian officer, the permission he applied for, to accompany him to the Russian head-quarters.

We also were in hopes of going to Königsberg,

but it is now decided otherwise. The king has commanded Dorville to collect all the scattered troops he can find in these parts, and reorganize them at Königsberg. We are off for Wehlau.

Head-quarters, Wehlau, Dec. 9th.—Colonel Sontag came in yesterday, with despatches and letters from London, and I have the satisfaction of learning that what I have done meets with full approval. The colonel communicated the same thing to Beym and Köchritz, for Count Haugwitz has left us. The king has great difficulty in settling who is to succeed the Count. Baron Stein refuses, alleging ignorance of diplomatic affairs, and reluctance to interfere with Baron Hardenberg's right to the vacant post. But the king will not hear of the baron, so completely have his enemies destroyed His Majesty's confidence in him, by attributing all their late misfortunes to his having, in the spring, put the troops on the peace establishment, and, to the last, having given the merchants assurances which the state of affairs with England did not justify; thus, occasioning their late commercial losses.

It is thought probable that Baron Jacobi will be appointed. Beym's vanity is gratified by holding the *portfeuille ad interim.* Baron Krudener did everything in his power to prevent that nomination; he even asked an interview of the queen, which she granted, and gave him some consolatory assurances on the subject, though she said that neither she nor the king was aware that any dislike to Beym existed at St. Petersburg.

10*th*.—A messenger from General Lestocq brings the news that a corps of four thousand French have crossed the Vistula at Thorn. The blame of this is thrown on General Bennigsen, who had ordered Lestocq to quit his post and retreat towards him: the enemy took advantage of this and crossed the river immediately, whereupon a detachment of Russians was sent to Lestocq, with orders to attack the enemy. We are in hourly expectation of the account of the engagement.

Krudener has been sounded as to what place the emperor would wish the Prussian royal family to retire to, in case of necessity, and he has sent off a messenger to St. Petersburg, in consequence. No one has arrived from that Court since young Woronzow came, not even to announce the *accouchement* of the empress; an inattention which is more felt now than it would be at any other moment. In general, I am afraid there is not much more energy in the Russian cabinet than in this.

Field-Marshal Kamenskoi has arrived at head-quarters, and is to take the chief command. There have been intrigues innumerable to prevent his nomination; the chief obstacle to it was his insisting on Count Palen being employed under him. He arrives none too soon, for jealousies had already shown themselves among the Russian commanders. The march of Buxhövden's corps was actually retarded eight days, at a moment of such vital importance as this, by a dispute between him and Bennigsen respecting priority of rank.

I learn by a letter from St. Petersburg, that the principal measure adopted by the Government for checking the mischievous effect which Dobrowski's proclamation is calculated to produce on the minds of the Polish subjects of Russia, is, a summary order to hang every person that pays any attention to it, and to confiscate his estates. But it fortunately happens that many of the principal persons, whose loyalty has not been very staunch under the present state of things, have felt themselves offended by the expression of contemptuous doubt of the Poles, which is attributed to Napoleon, in the second paragraph of the proclamation.

Mr. Stuart also says in his letter:—"Whatever may be the event of the next month, you may rely upon this, that the Court of St. Petersburg places no sort of confidence either in the assurances of M. de Haugwitz, or in the feeble means which yet remain at the disposition of the King of Prussia."

"The news of a separate peace, on the part of that Government, is expected daily, and whenever it does arrive, the determination not to embarrass the movements of the army by respect for their neutrality is so far fixed, that I believe it will produce little effect. General Pfuhl meanwhile remains here, and the ministers are likely to derive some advantage from his stay, and from his local knowledge of the districts which will now be the seat of war. In his conversations, he does not spare his own Court, but a desire to discharge the bile and ill-humour he has collected together during the late events, does not

render him quite so clear as his talent and reputation entitled us to expect."

10*th*.—The torpor that reigns here, owing to the *inertia* of the king, is inconceivable. It is a subject of regret and indignation with every officer one meets. Several officers were sent to Königsberg a short time since to reorganize the Prussian stragglers, amongst them Norlitz and Dorville, with Alvensleben, who behaved so gallantly in the affair where the *gendarmes* were made prisoners, and cut their way through the enemy with thirty followers. These officers were told to wait at Königsberg for money and instructions; but to this hour they have received neither, and Norlitz would have been without a *sou* if the queen had not privately sent him one hundred louis d'or.

When Kalkreuth was replaced by Lestocq he was so desperately angry that he wrote to the king, demanding his *congé*. It was refused. He then wrote a second letter full of irony and sarcasm; talked of the *glorious reign* of His Majesty, and renewed his demand. The king took this excessively ill, and sent a very indignant reply, saying he saw plainly that General Kalkreuth sought only an opportunity of leaving the service.

The General then wrote a third letter, in which he said, "The king was quite right, he did wish to leave the service, for he no longer saw any honour in wearing the Prussian uniform.

Instead of acquiescing in his request, Kleist was sent to pacify Kalkreuth. He is now gone to

Königsberg where he loses no opportunity of sending forth his squibs against the army and its operations. General Pfuhl has entered the Russian service, and there are not wanting Prussian officers, I am sorry to say, who have not been ashamed to enter the service of Bonaparte.

The queen was much vexed the other day at His Majesty compelling her, although she was really very unwell, to go to a hunt he had ordered, on the queen having, by chance, said that she had never seen an elk. She begged the king to excuse her, but he peremptorily insisted on her going. The sport was certainly by no means famous, and this ill-timed idea of His Majesty has given rise to innumerable jests.

10*th*.—The king proposes to go for a day or two to Königsberg, whither I also intend to bend my steps. I was beginning to fear it would be out of my power to do so; for I have been obliged to lie by a good deal, with cholic, since we came to Wehlau —the water of Ortelsburg having had a very bad effect on me. Our host, an "archpriest," has done his best to cure me, and his daughter hers to inflict a more serious pain. But my insensibility, under the terribly racking bodily suffering I was undergoing, baffled her attacks on my heart; the old man, however, has had better success in his attempt, and has enabled me to set off on my journey.

13*th*.—I have been much hurt, as well as annoyed at the conduct of Wynn, which, considering the friendly terms we were on, I cannot but think unhandsome.

Having met within two or three days' journey of Vienna, Mr. Adair's messenger, whom I had despatched after General Duroc's departure from Osterode, Wynn took it into his head to come on to Wehlau for the express purpose of superseding me. He arrived on the 10th, and as soon as I knew his object, I explained to him the motives which had induced me to come to the Prussian head-quarters; the approval the step I had taken had met with from Lord Howick—as I had just learnt from Colonel Sontag, and from a letter from Mr. Thornton—and the friendly manner in which Count Haugwitz had received me at Graudentz.

As this did not seem to be enough for him, I told him plainly that, however much it might gratify me to be the medium of communicating to our Government what is passing in these parts, I should not hesitate an instant in sacrificing that, and every personal consideration, to the benefit which he had promised himself would result to the public service from his taking the correspondence into *his* hands; provided I could reconcile my doing so with certain orders I had received, and could feel that I was justified in transferring to another, whose coming here was purely spontaneous on his part, a correspondence that had been entrusted to me.

This has troubled me not a little, so that I am heartily glad to be on my legs again. I hear now that Wynn has talked of leaving shortly for England, *viâ* Copenhagen. I shall, therefore, take no further notice of this little brush between us.

Konigsberg, Dec. 16*th.*—The French are crossing the Narew and the Bug in considerable force. It is computed that there are now thirty-seven thousand men on this side the Vistula.

18*th.*—God knows what Bennigsen is about! we have not heard a word from him since the 11th. The anxiety is great and general. There is news of Lord Hutchinson's arrival.

23*rd.*—His lordship reached this yesterday, after a very unpleasant journey by land, and a most dangerous one by sea. They lay on the reef in the Cattegat from six A.M. until night, expecting every moment to be their last. He brings no letters—there seems to be a fatality as regards my correspondence. A chance line strays now and then into my hands, telling me of letters that either fall into the hands of the French or go to the bottom of the sea, for rarely do they come into my possession. It is disappointing and provoking.

Lord H. came off, it seems, in a great hurry. Much anxiety was felt in Downing Street as to what was passing here. His lordship told me that he arrived in town on the Monday, and on Wednesday Lord Howick asked him "What he was still doing in London?" My packets from Graudentz and Osterode had not then reached the office.

His lordship is exceedingly civil, and said, in general terms, that I might depend on his doing all in his power to make my situation here pleasant. Lord Howick, however, had not said a word to him of my being in this quarter. He seems to think and

judge of everything as a soldier. He applauds the Russians for acting, as they have hitherto done, on the defensive only; "by which means," he says, "and the drawing of Bonaparte still further from home, we can alone hope for any success." He has not yet seen the king, but Zastrow only, who has the *porte-feuille ad interim*. The officer who came here to announce Kamenskoi's arrival, told Lord Hutchinson that the Russians have only one hundred thousand men at Dantzig, while Bonaparte has two hundred thousand behind the Vistula. He has sent a messenger to Dantzig, in consequence, and has informed M. Kamenskoi that he intends soon to set out for the Russian head-quarters.

I could not help observing to his lordship that the Russian officer who had given him the above information, had travelled with Kamenskoi from St. Petersburg to *Ostratenka* only; that he had not joined the army before he came here, and that the Russian official statement—which I have seen in the greatest detail—named Bennigsen's corps, alone, as exceeding seventy thousand men. He replied, "That is all very pretty on paper; but military men acknowledge to each other many things which they represent in a different light to civilians." I see, in fact, that he takes no very sanguine view of affairs, and the news I gave him of the Russians having taken Chotzine did not raise his spirits.

The news of the moment is of the *congé* which Schulenberg and Hardenberg have taken of all their places. The former no longer wears the Prussian

uniform; the latter is gone to Copenhagen. The reason for not giving Hardenberg the *portefeuille* is at last declared—"With him as minister, every hope of a peace with France was lost."

Rüchel is named minister at war; Kreusemarck goes off again to St. Petersburg to-morrow. He told me to-day that it was *à son corps défendant*—the object of his mission is to sound the Russian cabinet as to their disposition to peace.

Baron Stein has the sole management of the Finance and Post.

29*th.*—Again, disheartening news from the armies. Lestocq has been driven back from the neighbourhood of Lautenberg to that of Neidenberg. One of the Russian divisions, under Osterman, has been attacked and repulsed, with the loss of nine pieces of cannon, near Soldau. No details are sent, or any mention made of the number of killed and wounded; we therefore hope that the loss of the cannon was caused by the swampy nature of the ground, which did not allow of their being removed, rather than to any serious defeat.

30*th.*—The attack on the Russians was made, it appears, on several points simultaneously. We are in the utmost anxiety as to the issue.

No one, who is not himself on the spot, can have any idea of the state of ignorance in which this Government allows itself to be kept of what is going on at the armies. The king's fatal apathy—I had almost written pusillanimity—seems to be infectious. There is, too, no *empressement* shown to conclude any

arrangement with Lord Hutchinson, which makes him very far from being satisfied. Everything, indeed, tends to confirm the idea that since Duroc's departure from Osterode, a peace with France, on any terms, has been the prevailing wish of the king.

Lord H. is very civil, but by no means communicative; when he talks with me at all, on business, it is always as a military man. He says, the Prussian ministers confer with him "in his double character of General and diplomat, and that as such he is better able to judge of things than any mere diplomatist could be." For the present, he gives up the idea of going to the Russian army.

A confidential note from our minister at Vienna was brought here yesterday, which it was desired I should communicate to the Prussian minister. Its object was to ascertain from him how far the King of Prussia might be disposed to allow the fortresses in Silesia, on the borders of the emperor's territory, to be occupied by Austrian troops. His lordship, to whom I communicated it, determined to make no use of this note; for he knows, he says, "as a military man, that such a proposal would not be listened to, and that even to broach it might put an end to all negotiation."

Mr. Adair said that he wrote entirely without the knowledge or concurrence of the Austrians; but that he wished to know the King of Prussia's sentiments on the subject, because it was evident that, although Austria had hitherto adhered to her neutrality, she would ere long be forced to abandon that system.

Lord H.'s numerous suite form a pleasant addition to our party. Sir R. Wilson, Colonels Hougo and Eustace I have met before. Young Lord Gower, who is on his travels, has also joined us, and we get on as merrily and comfortably together as the present uncomfortable state of things will admit of.

M. Drusina, our consul, though he receives no pay from Government, entertains us with great hospitality, and is never so happy as when he has his table surrounded by our countrymen. Lord Gower lives in his house, and he was good enough to offer me a room also, but Löwenstern and I lodge together in a small apartment we were lucky enough to secure, which affords us greater independence.

31*st.*—Contradictory reports from the army have been flowing in fast the last few days; but, yesterday morning while we—an English and Russian party—were sitting round M. Drusina's breakfast table, we were told that the postilions were preparing to trumpet forth a great victory! gained by the Russians over the three corps of Murat, Lannes, and Davoust, near Pultusk.

The sensation produced by so *novel* a piece of news was intense; we jumped up from the breakfast table, and sallied forth to ascertain the truth. We found that a *chasseur* actually had been sent to inquire whether the postilions could not be despatched to meet a Prussian officer, who was bringing an account of a great victory gained by Bennigsen. The whole town, we amongst the rest, accordingly ran with all our might towards the Brandenberg gate, and ushered in

the courier, for whom one of the king's horses had been sent, and proceeded with him to the palace, where he dismounted amidst the uproarious shouts and hurrahs of all Königsberg; handkerchiefs waving, hats flying in the air, and every possible noisy demonstration of joy.

All the royal family came to the windows, the queen also, with her children, though Her Majesty has been confined to her bed for the last fortnight with a nervous fever.

An *estafette*, however, brought an alloy to the joyous news, namely, that Kamenskoi, who commanded the left wing had been beaten on the 24th and 25th. As this was news of an older date than that of the victory, it was not allowed to damp the joy which the later intelligence had so generally diffused; but hardly was the crowd dispersed, than people began to whisper doubts and fears, and to say they hoped it might not turn out that we had been a little too hasty in our rejoicings.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Bath, December 2nd, 1806.

I sent you on the 24th ult. a letter enclosing one from our mother, who is anxious at never hearing from you, and only occasionally of you. The last accounts that mention you were from Stralsund of the 8th ult. I imagine that the winds have now wafted you to the eastward; that you have landed at Dantzig or Königsberg, and that your first reports will arrive before Lord Hutchinson can have reached those parts.

We have received in the course of the past week, a succession of afflicting accounts, which tell of the complete destruction of every means of resistance to the west of the Oder, and give *me* reason to expect that all these horrors will be followed by a still more horrible catastrophe under the name of a peace. All this, in the end, may perhaps occasion your return, but my general opinion of the propriety of *sticking* to your employment until you have absolutely no pretext for continuing it, remains the same. If you do come, I would have you take the opportunity of first visiting the northern Courts, Petersburg, and Stockholm, if not Copenhagen. But you must go on acting according to circumstances, and your own judgment of them. Hitherto you have done vastly well, and as your expenses must necessarily be great, when I return to town, I will look to a fresh supply being placed to your account at Bucklersbury.

16*th*.—Before this time the *route* you will hereafter pursue is probably determined. It must depend on the issue of a battle, which I doubt not has been fought within a short distance of Warsaw. The events that are taking place in Germany, occupy most persons' thoughts. Lord Hutchinson will, I daresay, receive copies of the state papers relative to our negotiation with France. The "Moniteur" of the 26th ult. contains all we yet know of it.

A very extraordinary pamphlet has been published by Stockdale, assuming an official character and authority, and professing to give a ministerial account of that same negotiation. It will be much noticed in

Russia, but I hope justly appreciated as an attempt of the enemy to embroil us with that country. A more mischievous performance I have seldom seen; I think it must have been written by one of Bonaparte's emissaries.

Nothing could be better judged than your announcing yourself in the way you did to M. de Haugwitz, and I do not think that Lord H.'s mission need prevent your continuing upon the same sort of footing on which you thus placed yourself. Perhaps, too, you may more easily settle matters with his lordship, from your not being accredited Chargé d'Affaires. But if the state of affairs should admit of it, for I expect we shall have very decisive intelligence in the interval, I will urge your wish, when I go to town at the beginning of January, to whoever may then be our principal. The papers say, and my private letters confirm the news, that Mr. T. Grenville will succeed Lord Howick, who goes to the Home Department, and Lord Spencer to the Admiralty again.

When not pressed for time, or in the hurry of an *expedition*, do not fail to note down details; they will be interesting to talk over when we meet.

Remember me to Dorville and Löwenstern. Tell the former that he cannot do better, *post tantos casus post tot discrimina rerum*, than pay us a visit before he recommences clodhopping in the neighbourhood of Glogau.

F. J. J.

1807.

Diaries—Königsberg, Thursday, January 1st.—The history of Bennigsen's victory, as we now know for a certainty, is this. Kamenskoi was attacked and supposed to be wounded. He then left the army "in a huff," after conferring the command on Buxhövden, with orders to retreat as far as their own frontiers. Bennigsen had similar directions, which he executed as far as Pultusk, but there made a halt, declaring that he would retreat no further, but would await there the enemy's attack; which soon after commenced, under Murat, Lannes, and Davoust. Nothing, however, can be more unsatisfactory than Bennigsen's letters; for at the same moment that we are congratulated on a great victory, we are informed that the victor is in full retreat, and that Lestocq has been beaten back from village to village!

2nd.—Colonel Sontag arrived here from Ortelsburg yesterday evening. He reached the Russian headquarters on the 21st ult., but Kamenskoi, who had joined the army only the preceding night, refused him permission to remain there without an order from St. Petersburg. Sontag, therefore, proceeded on towards Lestocq's corps, but had hardly reached Mlawa when he learnt that the French had forced the post of Soldau. He then returned to Pressnitz,

whence he struck off to Ortelsburg, which he left on the 30th, hearing, he said, that Lord Hutchinson had arrived; but he had got tired of head-quarters, I fancy, for the Prussians hardly pass a day without fighting. To all appearances, they are left entirely to their fate by the Russians, of whose movements Sontag knew nothing since he left Pultusk.

A letter from Buxhövden, brought here to-day by a Russian officer, says that Kamenskoi had gone off *sans dire gare*, that he had ordered Lestocq to retreat to Johannisburg, and that he himself intended gaining the Bug. This has caused as much consternation as displeasure; for all this part of the country is thus left at the mercy of the enemy, and everybody is hastening to get off. The poor queen, owing to her illness, will wait till the last moment. The Radzivills stay here *en tous cas*. For my part I shall wait till the last. When the officer left Buxhövden he was at Novogorod, but he knew nothing of a second supposed victory gained by that General.

It is now ascertained that the loss of the French in the battle of the 20th, at Pultusk, was very considerable. Bennigsen and Buxhövden were separated by the overflowing of the Narew, which obliged the former to go eighteen German miles about, by Tycoczyn, to re-effect a junction. Upon the news reaching St. Petersburg, orders were sent to Kamenskoi to remain at Grodno. Buxhövden was recalled, and the entire command given to Bennigsen,

who, by the last accounts, was at Novogorod, Lestocq being at Drengfurth.

3*rd*.—My intention is *now* to follow the king. I had an idea when the first account of the victory was brought of being the bearer of it, but I no longer flatter myself with the hope of anything of that sort from hence. Hitherto I have been more sanguine than most persons, but if Lestocq's army be annihilated, and at present it seems almost impossible that it should be otherwise, a peace, if peace it may be called, will doubtless be the instantaneous result—that is, if Bonaparte should be inclined to grant any terms at all.

Yet in Russia they seem to be making some stir, and one man in every hundred is obliged to serve. The formation of a militia is ordered in Courland and Livonia; but the experience of the past month is so striking, that the most hopeful person cannot look for much advantage from these measures.

The jealousies, the personal piques that exist among the Russian commanders are most discouraging. But for these squabbles, Bennigsen's affair might really have acquired some right to the name of a victory.

4*th*.—General Zastrow told me to-day that Kamenskoi had not entirely quitted the army, but that he went about from division to division, without any settled plan, and that his behaviour, generally, was so extraordinary that, unless he was insane, it could not be accounted for, especially after the

flattering assurances he had given the king on his first arrival.

The General was very unreserved in his conversation, and went so far, even, as to say that it would have been much better for Prussia had Russia said plainly, "Arrangez vous comme vous pouvez," than to promise her assistance and then leave her in the manner the Russian generals were now doing "Had she not," he said, "given us the assurances she did, we should, at least, have known 'à quoi nous en tenir, et tant bien que mal,' should have settled things at once."

5th.—The enemy's advanced posts were at Heilsberg on the 3rd. The General apprehends that our stay at Memel will be but of short duration, as he doubts not that while the French detach a sufficient force towards this city, they will, at the same time, march with their main body direct to Memel.

5th.—Evening.—The queen left two hours ago, and the last minute is at hand for me. Sageburth has sent, urging me to depart, and saying he cannot give me horses if I delay any longer. As soon as they arrive I am off.

Memel, Jan. 9th.—Immediately after my packets for England, *viâ* Pillau, were made up, Otto and I left Königsberg. Half way on the road we overtook Lord Hutchinson, who left forty-eight hours before us. The passage along the Strand, which had been represented to us as most disagreeable, if not dangerous, proved to be the best part of our journey. The head of the barouche was down, the weather

being remarkably mild and fine, the sun shone out brightly, and our drive by the seashore was a most enjoyable one. All this was, however, a piece of unusual good luck, and Lord H.'s party would tell a very different story; for when they came to one of the narrow parts the sea was rolling up furiously, the wind being very high, and had united with the troubled waves of the Haff on the other side of the road, which obliged them to wait a whole night in their carriages before they could pass. We reached the ferry about six in the evening of Tuesday, when it began to blow so violently that no boat would venture to put off, though the distance across is not more than half an English mile. We had, therefore, in our turn, to pass the night in the carriage, but succeeded the next morning, after being driven down considerably by the current and the ice, in setting foot in this town.

There was an immense number of carriages and horses, and a throng of anxious people, waiting at the ferry. Numerous boats were going to and fro. The scene was one of great bustle and animation, and under circumstances less depressing than those of flying before the enemy would have been a very amusing one.

Memel is the very reverse of Königsberg. The latter is a large, and dirty city, affording only very bad accommodation; the former is a small town, of about six thousand inhabitants, but it is very clean, and things seem to me a good deal *à l'Anglaise*, which, besides that it is the last town in the King of

Prussia's dominions, would make us well content to stay here for a time.

There was a fine English vessel in the harbour when we entered, which acquired an additional interest in my eyes when I learnt that it was only six days from London. However, there were no letters for me. Lord Hutchinson fared no better than myself, and we are both at a loss to explain the non-arrival of either letters or messenger. But we have the king's speech, and papers to the 6th of December.

The *tone* of the speech has raised doubts in Lord H.'s mind, and he is very anxious for further instructions. Not a word that he has written since he came has yet left the country, the wind having been so persistently contrary and violent. I suggested to him the expediency of sending duplicates *viâ* St. Petersburg, but he says they would be so much waste paper, therefore, not worth the trouble.

The newly raised and *raising* troops, amounting now, they tell us here, to thirteen thousand foot, and ten thousand horse, for which, by the way, there are but about fifteen hundred horses, are to be under the command of the king's two brothers. These troops, whatever be their force, are in the neighbourhood of Tilsit and Insterburg. Dorville is gone to assist in the organization of this new army.

16*th.*—Notwithstanding our many perplexities and anxieties we contrive to keep up our spirits and to have a little amusement. Her Excellency Madame

de Voss, *la grande-maîtresse*, is exceedingly amiable and gracious to us all. We see her almost daily, and so much does she expect our visits, that when we called the other evening, none of us having been to her on the previous one, she told us she thought we were all dead.

Since then, Lord Gower and Sir Robert have never failed to pay their respects to her. Little did I think, when making her a formal visit at Berlin, that I should ever be admitted to her morning *toilette*; but so it is, and it is droll enough to see her under the hands of her *friseur*, while she is laughing and flirting, especially with the above mentioned gallants; for, strange to say, Lord G., who is a handsome minor, and Sir Robert are both deeply smitten with the ample charms of the *grande-maîtresse*. One day they send her a present of wine, another of tea, and so on; and all these offerings are graciously accepted, from her love of everything *English*.

The poor queen, I rejoice to say, is mending daily. The journey, so far from having had the unfavourable effects apprehended, has done her much good. A few days ago Lord Hutchinson and Wilson dined with the king, and were afterwards admitted to see Her Majesty; a very great compliment, for though she is no longer confined to her bed, she can yet scarcely walk across the room. Wilson, whom the more I see of him the more I like him, was as much pleased with the compliment she paid him in asking him for a copy of his book, as he was enraptured by

her beauty. If I were in the confidence of the Countess Voss I should certainly advise her not to allow her chevalier to have a second audience, if she values her conquest.

17*th.*—A *Feld-jager* is just come from Bennigsen, whose head-quarters are at Arys.

In consequence of the strange conduct of Kamenskoi during the short time he had the command, he has received orders to remain at Grodno. Buxhövden has also been recalled, and the entire command conferred on Bennigsen.

21*st.*—There is nothing new here. The French are very busy and very quiet, from which his lordship augurs not very favourably. He has for the present, I believe, given up his intention of going to the armies, for the Russians have been so completely thrown out of the right track by the misconduct of their leaders, that hitherto it has not been possible for them to begin the attack, which Bennigsen, now that he has the sole command, talks of making as soon as practicable. At all events, we hope he will cover Königsberg.

28*th.*—A treaty with Prussia was signed last night by Lord Hutchinson. I set off with it to London in a day or two.

30*th.*—Just as I am about to embark, I hear that the French are retreating towards the Vistula. They lost four thousand men, killed, wounded, and prisoners, in an engagement that took place on the 25th, at Saalfeld and Mohrungen.

Mr. Francis Jackson to George Jackson.

London, January 5th, 1807.

Your few lines from Wehlau, though without a date, and in Löwenstern's handwriting, were very welcome to me, as I learn from them that you were fully employed and about to leave for Königsberg. I should have been glad if you had thought of telling me who, amongst our Berlin friends, are alive and who dead. A letter from Berlin, which I have seen since I came to town, mentions that few officers were killed in the battle, but that most of them were taken prisoners; if this is consoling to their friends in one sense, it is not very satisfactory in another.

We are expecting that this easterly wind will bring advices from Lord Hutchinson, and I shall perhaps then learn something of your situation and probable future motions. However, I shall write when an opportunity offers, as I hope you will somehow or other maintain your ground.

The debate in the House of Commons takes place to-day on the subject of the late negotiation with France. I hear there will be no division, only some observations on the king's declaration that the *Uti possedetis* had been agreed to as basis, and on the first overture made by the French Government not being substantiated. It is not doubted, however, that this *was* well understood between Talleyrand and Lord Yarmouth; but it was wrong not to have obtained a written declaration to that effect, and Talleyrand has taken advantage of that circumstance to put forward a principle—which is nothing tangible, but a

mere abstraction—as having been settled, instead of a basis that means something real. Again, it is clear that Lord Yarmouth was not much less imposed upon than Oubril, or he would not have produced his full powers, and least of all for the reasons he gives. This is the general feeling. As to the necessity of cheerfully continuing the war, and the propriety of breaking off all negotiation, there is but one voice.

An ugly business has happened in India. Sir John Craddock gave orders for a corps of natives to cut off a distinguishing lock of hair they were accustomed to wear in a certain fashion on the forehead. This order they resisted; murdered their own officers, and those of another corps in the same garrison, at Vellore, and were themselves, in the end, *all* cut to pieces by some squadrons of English light cavalry.

If you are not all driven further eastward, I suppose you will visit the Löwenstern family in their Livonian estates; but bear in mind, if it comes within the range of possibilities, not to lose the opportunity of seeing St. Petersburg and other Northern courts.

I find that you have drawn very moderately on Bucklersbury, and I am glad of it; it is judicious.

6th.—I have been in Downing Street; there are letters from Dantzig from Colonel Sontag to the 17th ult., but nothing from you, later than the despatches brought by Sir H. Jones.

I found them anxious at the Office to know whether you could cipher and decipher!—Lord Hutchinson having taken nobody with him as civil secretary, and it was thought you might be useful to him in that

respect. I engaged that you could render him every service in that way, and would be only too happy to do so. It was a question, it seems, of B. Frere going again, but they gave him no positive orders to accompany the mission, and you know he does not put himself forward. Another man, whom the Duke of York had recommended, came up post haste from Edinburgh, but arrived only to hear that his lordship had just sailed. This shows that they felt the want of an official person, and did not think the officers competent. Rolleston says he was wishing the ciphers back again when he found no one went but the colonels to take care of them. I hope you will get upon as good a footing as possible with Lord H. He is a great favourite *at present*. But combine this as well as you can with the preservation of your independence. I dine with Lord Howick next week, and, if I see that the mission is likely to last, shall talk to him more about you.

To-day has produced nothing more than the report in all the papers of the very long debate in the House of Commons, the principal feature of which is, that Whitbread moved an amendment to Lord Howick's address, disapproving the mode in which the negotiation was carried on, and urging the acceptance of any future proposals to negotiate. This was not supported, and of course occasioned no division.

9*th*—Half-an-hour ago I heard that a messenger was to be sent off to-night at the desire, so Decken tells me, of Jacobi, who wants to send despatches and has nobody he can entrust them to. However, I

have nothing new to say, except that Pierrepont has given up his mission, and is in such a hurry to get home that Stratton will be sent out immediately. From your head-quarters nothing has arrived; but Sontag has written from Königsberg reporting the increase of sickness amongst the French troops, and that Bonaparte has left Warsaw for Paris; he seems to think this favourable for the allies, but here, we have no faith in either of these notions.

I am anxious to know if, as the papers report, Gentz is to replace Lombard, as no letters received here have even mentioned him. I have imagined that he is not *dans vos contrées*, but should he be with you, get into communication with him; you may acquire better notions of things from him than from any man I know. Say everything that is kind and flattering to him from me, and tell him what value I set on his correspondence, though circumstances have of late made it a very irregular one.

Jacobi will not be received till Lord Hutchinson has signed his Convention.

16*th*.—Burrel arrived yesterday, and disappointed all those who had been led to expect the confirmation of the important intelligence of a battle, said to have been fought on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of December, between the Russians and the French, in which the former were completely victorious. This news came by the Husum mail, in the shape of a proclamation by General Manstein, and was forwarded *indirectly*, I believe, by Alopeus, whose appointment as ambassador to this Court you are probably not

aware of. The Government had no doubt of the truth of this report, and we have all been in a state of constant fermentation since its arrival on the 11th, expecting every hour to have it confirmed, and *I* thinking you perhaps would be the bearer of it. But now all our hopes are extinguished. We have Bennigsen's report of his action of the 26th, but no subsequent one is mentioned. Still, I am convinced there has been more fighting on the left of the Russians, probably by Buxhövden's army, and I am therefore not quite without hope that we may yet hear something good, though perhaps not to the extent at first believed. The *Sparrow* sailed from Dantzig on the 30th, on which day Gibson sent word on board, that they had been singing a *Te Deum* by mistake. However, they may not have known at Dantzig what was passing at Ostratenka on the three preceding days. Burrel, as usual, *ne sait rien de rien.*

Lord H. will probably join the army; he will not like to kick his heels at Königsberg, where I suppose the Prussian Court will remain till the spring, as the French have taken up their winter quarters. But do *you* stick to the Court, wherever they go. I lament much Hardenberg's departure.

An interview is to take place to-morrow or next day between the King and the Princess of Wales, and on Thursday sennight her royal highness will appear at the drawing-room. You know probably that Lord Hutchinson is a particular friend of the *Prince.*

F. J. J.

Diaries—London, February 25th.—I reached Copenhagen from Memel in nine days; landed yesterday, after a week's passage from Husum, at Harwich, and got into London this morning at 2 A.M.

To my great surprise, between seven and eight, and before I was up, a visitor was announced—the head of Rothschild's firm—anxious, he said, for the latest news. He probed me dexterously to elicit any secrets I might possess relative to Prussian financial difficulties, and state affairs generally.

26th.—My reception in Downing Street has been most gratifying to me. All I have done has met with unqualified approval.

28th.—Rumours of a battle, with victory on the side of the allied Russian and Prussian armies, have been rife here for some days, I hear; but no trustworthy accounts have yet reached the Government.

March 5th.—A letter from my Russian friend, giving me the account of the battle fought on the 8th ult. at Preus Eylau, has come to hand to-day. What is Lord Hutchinson about, that nothing but chance reports have yet been received at the office!

Translation. The day following the battle of Pultusk, the French took prisoner a Russian courier, who was on his journey to our *corps d'armée* with an order from Kamenskoi to retire as far as Grodno. Intelligence of this being brought to Bonaparte he determined not to pursue us, but to take up his winter quarters between Elbing and Warsaw. Bernadotte and Ney were detached in order to station themselves in that direction, but Ney, having encountered and

repulsed Lestocq at Soldau, advanced towards Heilsberg, informing Bonaparte of it, and asking for reinforcements to enable him vigorously to follow up offensive operations. Ney's letter, however, never reached Bonaparte, the officer who was the bearer of it having fallen ill on his journey, while Ney, unaware of this *contre-temps*, was waiting in vain the arrival of the expected reinforcement.

Meanwhile, Kamenskoi was replaced in the command of our army by Bennigsen, who was ordered to advance *coûte que coûte*. This he did, eluding observation by passing through the wooded country near Rastenberg; and Bonaparte, who believed our troops to be at Grodno, was greatly surprised when the information reached him that they were closely pressing Ney and Bernadotte.

Immediately he resolved to advance with his whole army to crush these Russian corps, not suspecting that the whole of the Russian army was also advancing; and nothing could exceed his astonishment when he found himself in front of it at Allenstein. Up to that moment the Russians had been everywhere successful.

These details were given by Bertrand, of whom I shall presently speak further. At Mohrungen, the Russians surprised the *equipages* of Bernadotte, and his *caisse*, containing half a million *d'écus*. His secretary barely made good his escape. At Liebstadt they took four hundred prisoners, and on the 3rd Bennigsen and his army occupied Mohrungen, Liebstadt, Guttstadt, and Allenstein, while Bonaparte con-

centrated all his troops in the direction of Guttstadt, threatening Bennigsen's left, which was almost turned.

Being already weakened by having given the division of Sedmoratzki to Essen, and as a disastrous engagement would have deprived him of the opportunity of retreating, Bennigsen wisely determined *then* to withdraw his troops. His rear-guard, under the brave Bagration, continually attacked and always victorious, fought for five successive days. The retreat was made in the direction of Königsberg; but when Bennigsen reached Preus Eylau he resolved to make a stand there, and await the arrival of the enemy. He took up an excellent position behind the town, and fortified it with three hundred pieces of cannon. On the 7th his army was already ranged, and ready for battle, and the town of Eylau was taken and re-taken three times that day.

On the 8th of February—an ever memorable day—there began at daybreak the most bloody battle that has, perhaps, ever been fought.

Our army, placed on a hill with a ravine before it, occupied an extremely advantageous position. Our artillery worked with good effect, making constant use of the *métraille*, which the French could not do, owing to the lowness of the ground they held.

Throughout the morning, the French attacked our centre with the bayonet, but were constantly repulsed, with immense loss. At about two, P.M., they endeavoured to break through our left centre. They

advanced in two columns, concealed from our troops by driving snow; but chance led them to the strongest part of our line, where they were exposed to a cross fire of sixty pieces of cannon, which nearly exterminated the two columns—composed of Bonaparte's guards—the bayonet completing the work.

The same fate awaited a *corps d'élite* of *grenadiers à cheval* who had passed behind our infantry, through a space in our right wing. They were surrounded, and but sixteen of the corps escaped.

Bonaparte, in despair at his want of success, detached a part of his army for the purpose of turning our left wing, and succeeded in placing a few cannon on the heights, which disquieted our troops exceedingly.

An unfavourable change in the fortunes of the day seemed imminent, when Lestocq arrived with his corps—this was at about five o'clock. Lestocq had encountered on his march, and had had to fight, a detachment of Bernadotte's division; for at the commencement of the battle he was at a considerable distance from Eylau, and, therefore, had been unable to take up the position assigned to him until the very moment that it was attacked by the French. But he repulsed them, and captured their cannon.

Night put an end to this sanguinary combat, and Bennigsen, seeing that his army was worn out with fatigue, that he was destitute of ammunition, and that the strength of the enemy was unknown to him, considered it prudent to retreat.

On the 9th, he fell back two miles, and on the

10th took up his position, with the whole of his army, before the walls of Königsberg—his right wing supported by the citadel.

Bonaparte, on the night of the engagement, also retired to a distance of two or three miles from the battle-field, while Lestocq remained to succour the wounded; but as soon as he quitted Eylau, Bonaparte returned. The French prisoners, taken after the battle, say he was much surprised that the Russians did not pursue.

This battle may be said to be a repetition of what took place at Pultusk, but on a much larger scale, as our loss in killed and wounded amounted to eighteen thousand men, of whom nine hundred were officers. We took from the French, sixteen eagles, twenty-two pieces of cannon, and one thousand four hundred prisoners, nearly all of whom were taken by the Cossacks, during the action.

If reinforcements had reached us, it is probable that the whole of Bonaparte's army would have been destroyed; but the Russian troops, after a bivouac of eighteen nights, marching and fighting incessantly, were utterly exhausted, and could with difficulty move, or drag their wearied limbs from the scene of slaughter. The French were in no better condition.

It is calculated from the position of the two armies that the French could not have lost less than thirty thousand men, an incredible number, if the nature of the battle—which was one of continual assault and repulse, without any attempt to manœuvre—did not account for it.

You will find that the letters of Hutchinson and Wilson testify fully to the bravery of our troops. They were both with Bennigsen throughout the action. Wilson's cheek was grazed, and his horse was wounded in two places by the bursting of a shell. Eight of our Generals were wounded, all of them slightly, except Barclay de Tolli whose arm was fractured by a ball. All that I tell you is derived from official sources.

We have duly celebrated this victory, for it is the most fortunate event that could have happened to us. The result, especially, has proved how decisive a battle it was. For, three days after, Bonaparte sent General Bertrand to Memel to negotiate with the king, and to use every means to detach him from our side. But he has not succeeded, though his proposals were extremely advantageous to Prussia, and very different from those of the armistice at Osterode.

Bonaparte offered to restore to the king *all his dominions*, as possessed by him before the war, without restricting him in any way as to the alliances he might wish to conclude, provided there was no question of either Russia or England in this Treaty. But who could put any faith in the promises of this *grand coquin!*

The king himself is now more decided than are his ministers not to make a separate peace. You will be pleased to learn that Baron Hardenberg has, to a certain extent, lately recovered his influence, and that he and Rüchel had very little difficulty in

getting Bertrand sent back on the same day that he arrived. As soon as he rejoined Bonaparte the French army began its retreat; harassed continually by our Cossacks and light troops, and so precipitate was it that they did not carry off their wounded, and they left part of their baggage and heavy artillery also behind them. The utter failure of provisions completed the *découragement* of the French army. Ours, on the contrary, with Königsberg in its rear, was abundantly supplied.

While we were negotiating, several skirmishes took place with serious results to the French. Bagration killed and took prisoners nearly three thousand men, and in an engagement between the French cavalry and our Cossacks, the former lost three whole regiments, four hundred of whom were made prisoners.

During the week that our army has been at Königsberg it has been reinforced by twenty-six thousand men, of whom five thousand are Cossacks. These troops distinguish themselves greatly on all occasions, and are the admiration of every one. Wilson says of them, "They are all heroes." We expect seven thousand more in three days, and in a short time considerable reinforcements of infantry will arrive.

Bonaparte's proposals prove clearly that he is greatly embarrassed just now, and I am glad to tell you that there is every appearance of a determination to profit by it, and not to let him escape as he did at Lauban and Austerlitz. It is

supposed that he is now at Thorn, as he retreated in that direction.

Deserters have been numerous; they make their way chiefly to Galicia. For the most part, they are old soldiers, who wish to enjoy there the booty they have made; there are not less, it is computed, than twelve thousand of them in Galicia. Our troops engage very readily in this war, as they find considerable sums of money on the French prisoners.

We have received to-day very satisfactory news from St. Petersburg. All the imperial guards, the Finland division, and that of St. Petersburg, are to begin their march immediately. It is expected that the emperor will come to Riga, and probably to this place. He has just sent to Bennigsen the Order of St. André, and granted him a pension of twelve thousand roubles.

OTTO LÖWENSTERN.

Diaries—March 29th.—Mr. Canning has expressed himself very favourably towards me, and I have hopes of accompanying the special mission it is intended to send to Russia, taking Memel by the way.

But this is at present a great secret, and who is to go is not yet decided, though the most likely man is Lord G. L. Gower; but this, like many other things, depends on the event of the expected division on the 9th.

The emperor, it seems, has taken great offence at Lord Douglas having delivered to the Russian minister, as an official note from himself, the transla-

tion of a memorial he received from the merchants at St. Petersburg, which contained expressions not very flattering to the Russians. The marquis must, therefore, probably have come away even had there been no change of ministry. Both he and Lord Hutchinson will return to England, it is expected, as soon as they hear of this extra mission.

April 1st.—Ministers have a very good expectation of the House of Commons. Two hundred members have not voted at all, consequently have not committed themselves; many will vote with the ministry to avoid a dissolution, having so recently paid the price of their seats; many because they think the king's government must be supported; and several great families have joined them. However, the opposition will form a very strong minority; but it begins to be understood that matters will go on well this session without a dissolution. The Prince of Wales, dissatisfied with what the *late* ministry did in the princess's affair, will not support *them*. He orders his secretaries to vote with Government, and leaves his other friends to do as they please. To this effect he has written a letter to Lord Moira.

4th. — *En attendant mieux*, Mr. Canning sends me back with the ratification of Lord Hutchinson's Treaty.

On board "Princess of Wales" cutter, April 13th.— I left London and Harwich on the 6th. The vessel was ready to get under way, and waited only for Colonel Bathurst and myself. The colonel goes out

to join the Russian army. As the wind shifted to the N.N.E. soon after we got on board, we determined to make for Tönningen, which we reached on the 10th. The next day we again set sail, and are now within four miles of the Baltic, thanks to the very great exertions made by our commander, for a more difficult, tortuous, and tedious navigation one can hardly imagine. From Tönningen to Rendsburg, eighteen miles, the Eider is all the way like a corkscrew, and not half a mile could we run in a straight course. For hours we lay with the wind fair, but wanting water, and got aground half-a-dozen times. At last we were obliged to land and run about the country for horses to tow us, and by the aid of six miserable rat-like animals, and as many of the crew as could be spared, we succeeded in making five miles in as many hours, and eventually we got to Rendsburg, where the canal begins, and runs a distance of six miles to the sea.

I have just sent a line to Mr. Canning, to tell him that, with my destination, the shortest way is to go by land from Tönningen to Kiel, and there embark, also to let him know where I am.

I saw Prince Frederick last night at Rendsburg; he told me that a reinforcement of seven thousand Russians had actually arrived at Dantzig, and that Fairwater was again in the hands of the Prussians. The enemy's head-quarters are at Osterode.

The Swedes have made a most successful sally from Stralsund, and have completely beaten the French, under Grandjean. He had a great number

of Dutch troops with him, who threw down their arms and would not fight.

Copenhagen, April 18th.—On Wednesday night a furious gale from the N.E. overtook us within a few hours' sail of Bornholm, and drove us, in spite of our zealous commander's exertions, back to Falster lighthouse, where we lay at anchor for two days, and in so thick a fog that we could not see the ship's length from us. This morning the fog cleared off and the gale abated, so that we contrived to get to Drago, about a German mile from this, where we landed, and came up to Mr. Garlike to learn the news, especially any that might affect our own proceedings. The passage of the emperor and grand duke, through Memel for the army, was all we heard of from that quarter. From Dantzig, it was reported that the enemy was within half a mile, but that no fears were entertained for it, as it was garrisoned by twenty thousand men.

We, however, have determined to risk nothing by touching there, but to shape our course direct for Memel.

As the Prussians, I find, are loud in their complaints against us, and say that if they *do* make peace it will be England's fault, I am rather curious to see what kind of a reception I shall meet with. It was understood that, when the emperor got to the army, no time would be lost in giving battle before Bonaparte could receive his reinforcements.

The Swedes are doing their utmost; they have passed Uckermünde, and some persons venture to

hope that Stettin will fall. "Will not these successes insure the arrival of a British force?" is the question in everybody's mouth.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to G. Jackson.

London, April 11th, 1807.

The wind has blown so fresh and so fair ever since your departure, that I have no doubt you have by this time made the land.

The division of the 9th was as strong as could be expected. The resolution moved by the Opposition was, that it was contrary to the duty of ministers to give a pledge, &c. Hereupon the order of the day was moved, and carried, at half-past six in the morning, by two hundred and fifty-eight to two hundred and twenty-six. About forty paired off, so that more members were in the House in the course of the day than have been known to be for a very long time. Nevertheless, it is still thought there will be a dissolution.

17*th*.—The division in the House of Lords on Monday's debate was one hundred and seventy-one to ninety; that of Wednesday, in the Commons, increased the majority in favour of Government to forty-six. Lord G. L. Gower is appointed ambassador to Russia, and the Earl of Pembroke, an old lieutenant-general and colonel of the 6th regiment of Dragoons, goes on a special mission to Vienna.

The American President is said to have flung our Treaty into the fire when he had read it. Pierrepont is going back again to Sweden, Stratton being

wanted here to give evidence in the case now pending between Lord and Lady Elgin.

20*th.*—All our measures, military and political, will depend on the news which in the course of a week or ten days we may expect from your quarter.

It is evident that Bonaparte, as well as his opponents, is preparing for the conflict, and that it will be a severe one. The consequences may be more important than those of any event that the history of modern times has recorded. God grant that they may be such as we wish. Besides these expectations, the incomprehensible business of Constantinople is the chief subject of conversation. In justice to our commanders, we must suspend our judgment as to the cause of the mischief; but it is difficult not to admit that much mischief has been done, and probably an opportunity of doing much good thrown away. It is understood that five thousand of our troops have been sent from Sicily to take possession of Alexandria, so that we may owe the advantage of having secured Egypt to the prevalence of French influence at Constantinople.

At home party runs very high, as you may suppose. Opposition very sore, and very violent wherever they put in a blow. But the country is unequivocally pronounced against them, which, when the present parliament is dissolved, will be seen still more clearly. The 16th of May is named for the dissolution. The new Government demurs to some of the pensions, and there is a good deal of hesitation about the 5130*l.* allowed by Lord Howick to Wynn

for *indemnification*. Your 500*l*. for bringing home the Treaty is ready at the Exchequer.

I have just heard from our mother. She has been greatly interested in your journal, and will carefully deposit it, she says, according to your wish, in the "Bath Archives." Do not omit to continue it; it will always be interesting to look back to.

I looked in at the Deanery the other day. The Doctor was much gratified, he told me, with the dish of politics you and he had together when you called to take leave of him. Poor man, I cannot think how he manages to get on since the death of his commanding officer. Miss Newcombe is to reside with him, but she will be a very weak substitute for the authoritative Mrs. Vincent. I did not attempt a word of condolence. The Dean has been so long held in with a tight rein that I am convinced he can scarcely believe in his freedom.

May 12*th*.—I shall write to you but shortly, not knowing whether you are in Poland or on your return home. The two lords are still here, and continue to be "about to set off in a week."

I rather wish you may be coming home, for this reason. Canning has resolved to give his friend, J. H. Frere, the mission to the King of Prussia, as he informed me on Monday evening last, in a letter conceived in very civil and considerate terms. He concluded it by saying that he meant to offer you the situation of secretary of legation to the Prussian Court, if I thought it would be agreeable to you. I answered him in the terms I thought

right, respecting my part of the concern, and accepted without hesitation, in your name, his proposal respecting yourself.

It is therefore a question whether Frere should take you up at Memel, or you should come here to join him. I rather wish the latter, as I have many things to say to you before you settle abroad *tout de bon*. Otherwise, I must write to you in detail by the first safe opportunity.

Burdett is at the head of the Westminster poll; Sumner has turned out Lord W. Russell for Surrey. The Princess of Wales was yesterday at the drawing-room. Bartle Frere replaces Stuart at St. Petersburg.

Nothing has been heard of you, except through a Russian messenger despatched from Bartenstein, who told us he left you there.

F. J. J.

Diaries—Memel, April 25th.—We made this port to-day. The emperor and the king had both left for Bartenstein; Lord Hutchinson is gone to Königsberg, and thence will follow their Majesties. The Queen and Princess Solms are at Königsberg, the rest of the royal family remain here. Hardenberg is again in power.

Königsberg, May 4th.—I set off for Bartenstein immediately after my arrival at Memel, and returned here to-day. I found everybody at headquarters anxiously expecting news from England—their latest being of the middle of March. My

reception was, therefore, such as might be expected from that circumstance, and from the favourable nature of my accounts. I dined that day, and every succeeding one during my stay, with the emperor and the king.

Party has run very nearly as high at Memel, I find, as with us; Zastrow, and his set maintaining the necessity of a peace, and even justifying the armistice of the 16th of November; Hardenberg and Schladen as strenuously opposing it.

The king first consulted Hardenberg upon the recent mission of Bertrand, and though he had but little difficulty in getting him speedily sent off—for Bertrand stayed at Memel, I hear, scarcely longer than was necessary for change of horses—it is yet doubtful whether the baron would have been so successful on other points but for the opportune arrival of the Emperor Alexander on the 2nd of April. This, however, completely turned the scale in Hardenberg's favour. The emperor was closeted with him for nearly three hours each day; and during his short stay at Memel everything was arranged, and the basis laid for a very different line of conduct from any we have lately seen pursued by the Prussian Government. We may now fairly hope that the Beym and Lombard system is finally banished from the councils of their betrayed country.

Bertrand came primed also with a message from Bonaparte to the queen; but Her Majesty was by no means the dupe of it. The General said that "*the emperor*," "Napoleon, had been most com-

pletely deceived respecting her; that no one was *now* more ready than he to do justice to her many virtues, and that nothing would give him so much satisfaction as to pay his court to her at Berlin, and to assure her of his sentiments in person, &c., &c."

Baron Hardenberg and General Zastrow both received orders to accompany their Majesties to head-quarters; but the General, piqued at what was passing, feigned illness, and declined to do so, which had only the effect of rendering the business more complete. He has not yet asked for, or received, his *congé*, but he intends to resign; indeed, when I called on him to deliver Jacobi's despatches, he refused to receive them, saying, "they should be taken to Baron Hardenberg, as he had the ciphers."

A Convention was signed at Bartenstein—to which, by the way, Lord H., when invited, refused to accede—by the emperor and the king, binding themselves to make *cause commune*; neither party to entertain any terms of peace that may be proposed to the exclusion of the other. At the same time the king wrote to Bonaparte—the only reply his letter by Bertrand has ever received—announcing these engagements, and his fixed determination to abide by them, though, conjointly, he was informed, the two sovereigns would be ready to negotiate.

Readiness to negotiate, coupled with such a condition, will doubtless be considered by Bonaparte rather as a defiance than as a step towards conciliation. This letter was sent by a *Feld-jager* to the French outposts. Kreusemarck is about to set off for

London to communicate these engagements, together with the plan of operations to be pursued, and to invite our Government to accede to it. He has *carte blanche* to enter into any treaty or convention, conjointly with Jacobi, that may be judged to be expedient.

The King of Sweden has come forward in so noble a manner that he is considered to have amply atoned for his conduct last summer. A Prussian force of near seven thousand men will be sent, at his request, to Pomerania immediately, and Tarrach is ordered to resume his functions at Stockholm. Such, *en gros*, is the present situation of politics; and, in the opinion of persons not apt to be over sanguine in their expectations, it affords a foundation on which, *if the materials at our disposal be but properly employed*, we may fairly hope to see the Prussian monarchy re-established; whilst it also presents an opportunity for effectually resisting, and restraining within due bounds, that impetuous torrent which now threatens to overwhelm and lay desolate the whole of Europe.

When, however, the military part of the general position of affairs is considered, it is to be regretted that it cannot be contemplated with as much satisfaction as the political one.

As regards the disputed question, whether the Russians gained the victory they claim at Preus Eylau; not being a military man, I venture no remark of my own. Lord Hutchinson says "No," and that the most that can be conceded is, that it was

a drawn battle. This, however, is certain, that if the question of victory is not more clearly resolved in favour of the Russians in the next engagement, the consequences will be very serious, if not actually ruinous. Some advantages they undoubtedly gained at Eylau; but they were not in a position to follow them up, or resume the offensive, the next day, the next week, or even the next month. Had they been, few people—none, I believe, but men so determinedly despondent as Lord H. and his party, Wilson excepted—deny that the result would have been unequivocal success. As it was, there is no doubt, that when their left centre was attacked, the Russians fell into the utmost confusion, and when night closed in Bennigsen could not muster forty thousand men on whom he could depend.

On both sides the armies have since remained quiet, and, though nearly three months have elapsed, the Russians have turned the interval to no good account, while Bonaparte, on the contrary, has taken advantage of this breathing time, to draw reinforcements from every quarter. He has made also such vigorous advances on the side of Dantzig, which is invested by about twenty-two thousand men, besides a corps on the Nehrung, that it is much feared that the detachment of seven thousand Russians, under Kamenskoi, the marshal's son, now at Pillau, and which, it is calculated, will arrive at the first French ports on the 7th inst., will prove to have been sent too late.

The Russians account for their inactivity, by saying

it was necessary to recruit their strength; that their object has been, *reculer pour mieux sauter*. I trust it may prove to have been so; for on the events of the next week or fortnight, I fear, the success of the whole campaign depends.

With the view of concealing the Dantzig expedition—though there is too good reason for believing the enemy fully aware of, and prepared for it—the Russians, on the side of Braunsberg, are to make *feint* attacks, which will bring on, it is supposed, a general engagement along the whole line. If they succeed in raising the siege of Dantzig, which is garrisoned by sixteen thousand men, under Kalkreuth, and its magazines plentifully supplied, it is said, with every means for carrying on the war for some months—the want of which forms one of the enemy's greatest difficulties—there is hardly any success we may not look for, as, on the other hand, if the Russian corps should become a victim to the tardy measures that prevented its earlier despatch, incalculable mischief is likely to ensue.

Our anxiety, therefore, is at this moment extreme. We are convinced that all that individual bravery can accomplish will be done by our allies; but I must *here* acknowledge—though I should feel it right strongly to combat the assertion if *openly* expressed by another—that in their military operations very little either of energy or capacity is shown by the Russians, and that their leader does not appear really to be that great General he has lately been represented. Indeed, there are those who should know,

and who are also unprejudiced, who pronounce him "much under par." He is, however, naturally brave, but the fear of hazarding the reputation he has recently acquired, acts as a very considerable check upon him, and, as an independent commander, makes him less resolute.

On the other side, the French are represented by the deserters, who literally flock in by dozens, to be in a most deplorable and discontented state. If we could believe them we might be very hopeful in our expectations. But these numerous deserters are mostly Italians; they are very little watched, and I am often inclined to look on them as spies rather than deserters.

Bonaparte himself is at Finckenstein, a château about a mile to the left of Deutsch Eylau, and his army, amounting to seventy thousand French and thirty thousand auxiliaries, occupies a more or less uninterrupted line from the mouth of the Passarge to the Bug.

The Prussians under Lestocq, are at Heilegenbeil, and the Russians, computed at one hundred and ten thousand men, are scattered about between Braunsberg and Ortelsburg, so that the two armies are in nearly two parallel lines, the French extending somewhat lower down than that of the allies.

5th.—When I returned from Bartenstein, I found Lord Hutchinson much upset by the news of our late change of ministry. But the Prince of Wales has written to tell him he had given up taking any part in politics, while from the manner and tone in which the orders I brought him are conceived, his position

is not so much affected by it as he might have expected. His lordship is still deep in "the Slough of Despond," and as loud as ever in depreciating our resources and magnifying those of Bonaparte. He is very jealous and uneasy at having anyone near him, and has strictly forbidden Wilson, whose language and conduct are directly contrary to his, to write on matters of business to any person.

As for poor Bathurst, who, though an excellent fellow, affected to take very high ground on coming out, and talked boastfully of the many letters he had brought to the king and the Generals, he had not been five minutes in the room when his lordship told him, before the whole company, that he could not allow him to remain at head-quarters. With difficulty, he at last obtained leave to join Colonel Sontag at Lestocq's corps.

As regards myself, his lordship received me in a very friendly manner; told me he was glad I had returned, and that, as he wished me to stay here, the counter-ratification would be taken back by Major Morgan.

6*th*.—The king will shortly leave the royal head-quarters; but whether he will remain here, or go to *his* army, is not yet settled.

Baron Hardenberg has just told me, that he considers the letter I brought him from my brother, of so much importance as to justify him in laying it before the king. I begged him, however, to regard it, on my brother's part, as strictly private and confidential.

He then inquired whether I thought it likely Lord Hutchinson would return, or could give him any hopes that my brother would resume his former post; a question put to me by almost every one I have conversed with, the king and queen amongst the rest.

7th.—The language now held by the Prussian Government is very concise, and that of Kreusemarck, in London, will correspond with it. "Our faults," they say, "ought no longer to be remembered, for we now make all the atonement in our power by the most unreserved communication of our present engagements, and the most solemn assurances of our determination to act up to them most scrupulously. We trust, therefore, that our misfortunes and our present conduct will disarm your resentment, and preclude distrust, and that you will assist us to the utmost extent of your means. The present moment, which promises so much, once lost, all hopes for the Continent are gone for ever."

When all this was said to me, I could only answer, having no official authority to say anything, by expressing my own private opinion, and firm conviction, that England would do all she could for Prussia. And I observed that, "If at the time of my departure such dispositions were evinced by the British Government as those contained in the despatches of which I was the bearer, and which had given so much real satisfaction here, with what confidence might not Prussia, in the present state of things, look for those dispositions to be strengthened

and confirmed; especially as one of the greatest desiderata, the dismissal of the French party from the Prussian councils, was now gained."

The Prussian minister in London will, it is hoped, be seconded by an extraordinary mission from the emperor.

8*th*.—Hardenberg told me to-day, that they have the best grounds for believing that Austria would soon declare herself. I, however, have heard elsewhere that she is more likely to await the result of the next battle.

The Frei-corps, raised by General Marwitz, is about to embark for Pomerania.

10*th*.—We are anxiously waiting the arrival of Lord G. L. Gower, whose nomination we have learnt by a letter to Lord Hutchinson. The news we have also, that our troops may very shortly be expected, has caused much satisfaction.

We have received a great accession of strength to our party by the presence of Blücher, who came here a few days ago, after having been detained by every possible means.

He was a fortnight alone at the French head-quarters, and during that time Bonaparte worked, or rather tried to work, upon him as he did upon Oubril. He told Blücher, that fighting against the king was to him as if his right hand was warring against his left. As for Russia, he said, "I want no war with her, and, if she chooses, am ready at once to ratify the Treaty of last July. But," he added, "with England it is not possible to come to

any terms. A war *à outrance* is all I can hope for, or expect from her duplicity."

Blücher does not speak a word of French, and his orders to his son, who acted as his interpreter, were, never to translate to him anything that Bonaparte might say which had the slightest allusion to a Prussian peace. He is just now appointed to the command of the Pomeranian expedition, from which much is expected. There is an immense number of men, they say, Prussian prisoners of different regiments, in that country who have arms concealed, and who wait only the arrival of a friendly force to come forward. This is all very well, but I dread to hear that these efforts are paralyzed by the fall of Dantzig.

There is one thing in our favour, the troops employed in the siege are mostly Germans, and they desert whenever opportunity offers. Eighty made off in one night, when it was known that our vessels in the roads would receive such deserters on board.

The *Sally*, armed ship, had a sharp affair the other day with one of the French batteries commanding the passage from Fairwater to the town. Unfortunately, she ran aground and lost half her crew.

Lord H. has detained the cutter that brought me, and some other vessels, to assist in covering the troops along the Nehrung; but they are still as snug at Pillau as they seem to be at Bartenstein, yet the anxiety that prevails respecting their operations it is difficult to express. If they do not succeed his lordship cannot, in justice, accuse them, for he spends

nearly the whole of the day in looking over the map, and consulting with Bennigsen. Consultation follows consultation, but nothing is done. I confess I should be sorry to see an English army again under Hutchinson's command, for a spirit of procrastination, such as one can scarcely conceive or understand, rules him on all occasions. A pretty strong instance of it was given after the battle of Preus Eylau. His brother's first thought after the event was to send the account of it immediately to Memel, which he succeeded in doing even, I believe, before Bennigsen had prepared his; yet, strange to say, his lordship suffered a whole fortnight to elapse before he forwarded that or any other account to England, which fully explains the ignorance they so long lingered in respecting that battle, even after the private letter, containing the report of it, reached me, and which, for certain reasons referring to the writer, I could not produce.

Colonel Hutchinson, and Sir Robert Wilson, have made themselves much liked here. Both of them behaved so gallantly on the 8th, that they are to have the Order of St. George, of the third class; and the emperor has asked for Wilson—who rattles away with him at a great rate, as if laughing and joking with a fellow comrade—to remain with him as military resident, in the event of Lord Hutchinson leaving. All this suits Wilson exactly, and makes him very happy here. I am heartily glad that it is so, for though it cannot be denied that he is one of the most harum-scarum fellows that

perhaps ever existed, yet there is an immense deal of good in him, and much sound judgment at bottom. Better tempered it is hardly possible to be, and, I must say, he has full need of good temper, for the more he gains ground with the Russians, so much the more do Lord H.'s attacks on him increase in severity. We know that nothing is seriously meant by them, and, as Wilson parries so well his lordship's thrusts, to bystanders, the spectacle is amusing enough; but it seems to me that anybody's goodwill would be dearly bought at the price Lord Hutchinson makes Wilson pay for the emperor's. Colonel Hougo, who remains at Memel, has got himself into a sort of a scrape, in a way I should not have suspected in him, by one day taking Lord H. seriously to task, and exposing to him, pretty unreservedly, what people say of him and of his manner of viewing, and talking of, the present state of things.

His lordship's usual *sangfroid* and good temper forsook him on that occasion, and he is now very desirous of disencumbering himself of his candid friend.

12*th*.—Kreusemarck, I regret to say, is not off yet. Prince Radzivill made an application to be entrusted with his mission, but was unsuccessful. The Prince of Orange is here, with no chance, it seems, of being exchanged. Several subaltern officers, prisoners on *parole*, go with Blücher, who is fully authorized for that purpose, for the chance of being exchanged for any prisoners the Prussians may make on this expedition.

Colonel Bathurst accompanies General Kamenskoi, as interpreter between his troops and our ships. I wish he had been attached to a more promising expedition, for he is clever and deserving, though full of eccentricity. With an outward show of humility, his pretensions, as regards interest and influence at home, are greater than one often meets with. Then he sports the philosopher, views everything in this life with a happy indifference, and has a great contempt for mankind in general. On our passage from England, when the captain and I used to turn in, Bathurst would betake himself to the jolly boat to ruminate for an hour or two on the perversity of human nature. On the subject of Boney, whom he exalts, after the style of Lord H., at the expense of our own country, I have frequent battles with him; for though with the former I can only listen and lament, with my friend Bathurst the case is different.

19*th*.—Our worst fears respecting Dantzig are fully confirmed. The expedition, after many delays, from contrary winds as well as from mismanagement at Pillau—where, owing to the novelty of that kind of service, much precious time was lost—at last reached Fairwater on the 12th. Twelve hundred of the best troops were on board a large Swedish ship, the captain of which, though urged by General Kamenskoi in the most pressing manner to weigh anchor when the other ships, and particularly our small men-of-war, sailed, refused to do so, on the plea that the wind was too strong.

The 12th and two following days were employed

in disembarking the men. But it is to be regretted that, as the French had already been allowed so much time for preparation that a day or so more could have been of but little further advantage to them in that way, General Kamenskoi could not be induced to postpone his operations until the wind allowed of our ships assisting him, by running up the river to the attack of the small island called the Holm—where very strong batteries were erected—which the shallowness of the water over the bar made it impossible for them to effect, though they spared no effort to do so, lightening their vessels, &c.

This, however, General Kamenskoi, impatient of further delay, and, perhaps, unaware also of the almost indispensable necessity of naval co-operation to the success of his enterprise, could not be prevailed on to consent to.

The twelve hundred men, from the Swedish vessel, being arrived, he determined to attack the enemy on the following day. He intended to commence the attack on the side of Oliva, but receiving advice that the French had been joined on that side by a corps from the main army, and that General Kalkreuth—with whom regular telegraphic communication is kept up—was unable to co-operate with him in that quarter, he gave up this plan, and the troops on the evening of the 14th began to cross from Fairwater to Weichselmünde, in order to attack the enemy's redoubts on the Nehrung. The passage of the troops was an affair of difficulty and danger. But no precautions were taken, nothing was pro-

vided for, and so few boats were employed—though our vessels offered every assistance—that the whole of the troops had not passed over before daylight.

When landed, they had still to cross a narrow bridge—over which only four men, at most, could walk abreast—in front of the enemy's cannon, and, in consequence, numbers were taken off, without coming into action.

It was agreed between the Russian and Prussian Generals that the besieged should make a vigorous sally, simultaneously with the commencement of the attack. But the sally, for reasons best known to General Kalkreuth, never took place.

The troops under General Kamenskoi amounting, Prussians included, to not more than seven thousand men, having formed into three columns; the battle began at four in the morning—the Russians storming and carrying the redoubts in the most gallant manner, and pursuing the French through the wood in which they had posted themselves, about half an English mile in the background.

On the further side of the wood is a wide plain, and there the Russians, who, of course, were not in the closest order, on issuing from the wood were instantly charged by a large body of cavalry, and, after a desperate resistance, driven back and completely put to the rout; abandoning the redoubts, and the cannon they had just before taken. Three times the Russians returned to the charge, and were as often repulsed. But nothing could exceed their bravery; they fought desperately, as men deter-

mined to conquer or to die. Though so often driven back, and exposed to the most terrible fire of musketry, yet each time they rallied to a man, and would have fought on until they were exterminated had not their General, seeing the immense disparity of his force with that he had to contend with, given orders to retreat. The French did not pursue them.

The Russian loss was fifteen hundred killed and twenty prisoners. They carried off their wounded, and took thirty prisoners from the French, one of them an officer of the Gardes de Paris. The enemy's loss must have been very considerable.

Bathurst is returned from Dantzig, more dispirited, and with a worse opinion of our allies than ever; somewhat disgusted also with Kamenskoi's disregard of the naval support, and thoroughly disheartened by his own unfavourable *début*. He has written a *corresponding* account of the affair to Lord Fitzharris.

Even he, however, pays a due tribute of praise to the bravery displayed in an engagement which, he says, was "the hottest, for the time it lasted," that he ever was in. Russian valour is, indeed, generally regarded as untarnished, notwithstanding the unfortunate result of the attacks; but at the same time it is as generally deplored that the lives of so many brave fellows should have been sacrificed in an undertaking in which success was hardly possible. For even at the moment that the enterprise was determined upon, it was well known, and acknowledged, at head-quarters, that the force was inadequate to the service it was sent upon. In a word,

the enterprise was commenced, and was conducted throughout, with neither judgment nor ordinary precaution.

The French prisoners own that their force was from fifteen to twenty thousand men. The expedition of the allies was certainly intended to be a surprise; but owing to the numerous delays, the enemy was prepared for it at every point. How far in this state of things the General was justified in executing, at all hazards, orders that no longer applied to the situation in which he found himself, others must determine.

Another misfortune was, the enemy's discovery, through some secret intelligence, of the telegraphic signals, by which he became aware of the change in the Russian general's plan of attack.

The fall of Dantzig may now daily be looked for; Kalkreuth has telegraphed that he has powder for only three more days. One of the cutters is going to make an attempt to get up to the town with ammunition, but it is not likely she will be able to pass the Holm.

General Bülow, with a corps of near three thousand Prussians, also failed in an attack on the French who were posted higher up the Nehrung. He lost a considerable number of his small force; but at all points the French repel the attacks of these handfuls of men with overwhelming numbers.

20th.—Lord Hutchinson came here yesterday on his way to Stralsund to meet General Clinton. He said, in his usual hurrying, incoherent way, that

things did not wear at all a favourable appearance; that the Russians had lost their moment—meaning after the battle of Eylau—but that he was going to give the Prussians another hundred thousand pounds.

22*nd*.—To my surprise, on coming in last night, I found Lord H. returned. The wind had shifted, but it veered round again this morning, and his lordship got off at noon. I had been to the queen's evening reception. We go there two or three times a week, and Her Majesty generally, for a certain time, employs herself, and her ladies, and those who have the honour of being invited, in making lint for the use of the wounded. I own that I, like some others, am not very expert at this sort of labour; but we do our best, and Her Majesty is good enough to smile encouragingly on our humble attempts to assist her in her benevolent work. I fear, however, that the smiles of the royal beauty stimulate the efforts of most of her *employés* much more than do the sufferings of the poor fellows whose wounds she would bind up, and whose wants she is so anxious to do all in her power to supply.

23*rd*.—The news from Dantzig causes the greatest depression, both here and at head-quarters. Surrender is inevitable. When the emperor read the despatches he was quite overcome by his feelings. He will, I believe, move to Tilsit. His leaving the army is in itself a good thing, but just at this moment it rather tends to increase the general feeling of discouragement. It is feared, also, that the army will retire behind the Niemen, which would indicate an

unwillingness to risk a battle, and lead, I doubt not, to a disgraceful peace.

The king has returned to Königsberg.

25*th*.—Our cutter is taken. The last faint ray of hope for Dantzig is gone.

26*th*.—Austria's offer of her mediation, and the French acceptance of it, though it has the effect of still keeping up a sort of communication between the King of Prussia and Bonaparte, would, nevertheless, if the military preparations were vigorously pursued at the same time, have no other result than the salutary one of sooner convincing the Austrian Government—or rather the Archduke Charles, whose opinion is decisive in the question of peace or war—that there is no hope of salvation, either for their own country or the rest of Germany, but in cordially uniting their efforts with those of the allies. But should such a relaxation of their military operations appear, as the step above alluded to would make manifest, it would paralyze what little spirit may exist at Vienna—and letters received thence state positively, that, in the event of her mediation proving abortive, she will declare herself—and become a further means of facilitating Bonaparte's object; the bringing about of a disgraceful peace.

Unfortunately, there is a great scarcity of provisions, and the Russian army is so distressed that the men actually pass whole days without a morsel of bread. Just now, as an amazing effort, the contractors have promised provisions for three days.

As regards *our* conduct both the Russians and

Prussians will stifle their resentment until the arrival of Lord G. L. Gower; but should he bring nothing more than mere consolatory assurances, the language that was rife among the Prussians when I first came out, will then resound on all sides, and may lead to consequences I dread to think of. But, on the contrary, should his lordship's mission prove to be of a decisive and *weighty* nature, then their satisfaction will be as great as was the feeling of an opposite kind which the conduct of our late ministry excited, and both Russians and Prussians will be found very *coulant*. *En attendant*, Lord H. keeps up the same offensive strain of mingled despair and contempt. He is, of course, treated by both the emperor and the king with invariable attention, but with their ministers he is not on very cordial terms. Colonel Eustace, who is at once the suggester and the echo of his sentiments, is even less disguised in his language than his lordship. In a sort of argument I had with Eustace the other day, his warmth got the better of the reserve that he has ever especially observed towards me in all matters of business, and he asserted, by way of justifying his unfavourable opinion of Baron Hardenberg—whose political principles formed the subject of our discussion—that he possessed a memoir in the baron's own hand, recommending the king to take possession of Hanover last year, *coute que coute*. He has half promised to show me this paper, until when I suspend my judgment.

27*th*.—It appears that Budberg has applied to Lord H. for 100,000*l*., which at first, he refused,

but afterwards consented to give, on condition that Budberg should write him a letter, that would serve for his justification, stating the urgency of their wants. Budberg, however, wrote to Hardenberg, representing the Russians to be so much in need of money, that he had been obliged to draw on the Prussians for 200,000 thalers. This letter Hardenberg enclosed to Wilson—who rather likes intrigue, and also aims at the Red Eagle—requesting him to use his influence with Lord H. to induce him to advance the money. Wilson has succeeded. His lordship has given 30,000*l.*, the amount advanced by Prussia, with a promise to give the remaining 70,000*l.* if a letter, such as he at first asked of Budberg, be written to him.

Lord Hutchinson's object in going to Stralsund, is to come to an opinion with General Clinton upon the best means of employing the force *we* are to send out. Lord Castlereagh says, "Thirty thousand men, at the utmost, can be spared."

28*th.*—Dantzig surrendered on the 25th. The garrison of the ill-fated city was to march out yesterday with arms and artillery, engaging not to serve again for a year. Baron Hardenberg told me to-day, he had not yet seen the written capitulation, but I have since learnt that it is saddled with some heavy pecuniary stipulations; something to the tune of a million of dollars directly, and five hundred thousand in the course of a short time.

The commandant of Fairwater insisted on remaining, until General Kamenskoi and Lord Hutchinson,

who, by the way, returns thence without going to Stralsund, remonstrated with him, and signed, conjointly, a paper recommending him to embark his troops with those of the Russian general, when he consented to leave, and the men are now all at Pillau. The eight hundred troops who were in the fortress of Weichselmünde, having refused to follow the same advice, are made prisoners.

From Vienna the accounts are not cheering. The invitation pressed on that Court to accede to the late Convention between the Russians and Prussians, has brought the question of Austria joining the allies to a premature issue, I fear; and she will probably take advantage of that circumstance to draw in her horns entirely. But she has already thrust them too forward to hope for pardon from Bonaparte, should the event of the campaign leave him at liberty to wreak his vengeance upon her.

Besides this business of the Convention, from which Austria may choose to hold aloof, a most destructive principle is gaining ground at Vienna, encouraged, no doubt by the French agents, namely that the two great powers now engaged are equally dangerous to the Austrian empire. The inference drawn from this is, that the policy of Austria must consist in suffering those powers mutually to weaken and exhaust themselves, in order to insure her own preponderance hereafter.

From these considerations, coupled with the loss of Dantzig, and the state of inactivity in which the Russians remain, I fear we must give up all hopes on

the side of Austria, unless, indeed, a *decisive* battle in favour of the allies should take place. But in this case, the accession of Austria would lose much, if not all, of its utility; for however Bonaparte, from the want of vigour in his opponents, be able for the present to hold up his head, and however distressing and discouraging the prospect around us, yet I am convinced, in my own mind, that he could not bear up against another battle lost.

The breathing time that has been allowed him could alone have enabled him to appear again in the field, in the manner in which we shall shortly see him. A victory, and a decisive one, is now the only chance we have left, for it must be neck or nothing with the allies.

We cannot well have a greater proof of the insincerity, or unmeaningness, of the hopes hitherto held out by Austria than the little impression which either the appointment of Hardenberg or this said convention has made upon her. The former has ever been insisted upon by the cabinet of Vienna as a *sine qua non* of Austria coming forward, which may surely be understood to imply, that this condition being fulfilled she would, at least, be induced to be *more ready* to act in concert with the allies, if not actually to side with them. But the fact is, the little advantage taken of the battle of Eylau, of which the Austrians as well as ourselves were at first led to form so high an opinion, has now produced a contrary effect, and caused her to depreciate an event which, properly followed up, would have been productive of consequences at least

as important as those that followed the commencement of the Prussian war.

It is not impossible, though I fear not very likely, that the armies are at this moment on the eve of engaging. Under this idea, Lord Hutchinson's brother and Wilson left this in a great hurry at twelve o'clock the night before last.

The king is still here. When we leave, or where go, is not yet decided.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to G. Jackson.

London, June 5th, 1807.

You see I practice what I preach, my dear George. I begin writing to you now though my letter will probably not be sent off for many days. I still hope for your return, as I should be very sorry if my fate carried me in a different and perhaps very distant direction, without my having seen you again, and settled some plan for our future communication. However, in the present uncertainty of our arrangements, I will from time to time, as things occur to me, set down what I chiefly wish to say. Frere's appointment and yours were announced in last Tuesday's Gazette. I was glad to see it, because I like to make surety doubly sure, and in these times so much may fall out between the cup and the lip. On Wednesday I saw Canning; our interview was such as I used to have in the good times of the most friendly and confidential of his predecessors. And I think he has rather improved upon them in tone and manner, which is indeed all I can yet judge of. It

is evident that he feels he has done me an injustice, and he talks, therefore, very pleasantly of his intention of repairing it. He gives me the most positive assurance that I shall have a mission on the first opening, and, by way of specifying something, says that I may have America, which he will put, in all respects, upon the same footing of emolument as Berlin. Erskine will be recalled in the winter. You may suppose that I am in no hurry about it; for, as I frankly told C., it would be a question of prudence with me whether or not I should accept his offer, which he even said he felt to be one I should not very eagerly grasp at. The period of Erskine's recall depends on the President ratifying or not our late Treaty. He will be left there until that point is settled. The American secretary of legation is hourly expected in a sloop of war with instructions to Monroe on the subject, and it is rather thought that the Treaty will be ratified; but this can hardly be known here till next spring. By that time a peace will have been made. I wish you to see Hardenberg purposely to beg him in my name to express to the king my regret at not returning to his Court, and to thank him for the goodness I have on various occasions experienced from him. I really believe, from what I know from Hardenberg, and from what Jacobi and Witgenstein have said to me, that this regret is reciprocal.

8*th*.—Ainslie goes with Frere, and they talk of setting out next week. Both Frere's salary and yours will begin from the day on which he kissed hands.

This is an unusual piece of economy, as the preceding quarter-day is the proper time. I shall send you a detailed account of all I know and expect, by A., in preference to his friend; for you will find out, if you do not yet know it, that Frere is one of the *absent* class; and he might perchance leave my packet on his table or deliver it to Hardenberg, or to somebody more objectionable.

10*th*.—The mismanagement of our Generals in the Levant has kept pace with that of our Admirals and negotiators. Nothing can be worse than all that has happened at Alexandria; Stuart is in despair about it. When Parliament meets the campaign will be very hot and very short.

12*th*.—The first division of our expedition is to sail on the 16th—a small one—the remainder on the 25th, and they will disembark at Stralsund. The loss of our troops in Egypt has been very great, and is attributed to the ill-advised plans of the late cabinet, and to the still worse conducted execution of them by the Generals. Never have our arms been so disgraced as in that affair, and in the business of the Dardenelles. Sir J. Stuart described to me Froberg's regiment in such terms as to make it seem very probable that they would be guilty of any excesses. When under his command, he was obliged to put a guard over them; and yet Government paid sixteen guineas a head for every man of them—Jews, Turks, &c.—the very scum of human nature.

I suppose Frere is anxious, before he starts, to see what passes in Parliament on the first day of

business, which will be the 26th. This will give me full time to put my story upon paper.

Your packet has just come to hand, and has afforded me much satisfaction. It was a good idea to send off the sheets of your journal instead of a hurriedly written letter, and I will take care that they are laid by for you at Bath with the rest. They will be no less gratifying to our mother than to me, for they convey a very rational and comprehensive idea of the present state of things.

Lord Hutchinson, without going to Stralsund, sent his messenger home with letters, as I understand, of the 28th of May. Indeed none, but yours, have been received of a later date than the 3rd or 4th. Alopeus and Jacobi are in hot water, and complain bitterly at the delays of their respective chiefs. They are dissatisfied, too, at the idea of the extraordinary missions, and are at a loss to account for the delay of them; particularly Jacobi, who greatly criticized Goltz for allowing himself to be given for colleague a *galopin* like Kreusemarck, and said "*he* never would sign a public instrument with any extra missionary under the rank of a minister of state."

14*th*.—The next accounts will probably come from one of the lords; in the meanwhile we continue as usual to get news through the French papers, and even for these the Office is still indebted to the editor of the "Times," as again to-day, for the 77th bulletin, and the capitulation of Dantzig.

15*th*.—The affair of Dantzig has produced here as much sensation as with you; indeed it is so easy

to feel the consequences of it, that the most ignorant on general subjects are learned on this. Your account of the matter shows me clearly what we may further expect.

It is but justice to tell you, that I rejoice to see you accustom yourself to view men and things in so impartial and dispassionate a light. In these times of party rage, when so many personal considerations distract people from what ought to be their paramount sense of duty, it may not, however, always be safe, especially in you who are young, to rely too much upon this quality, so valuable in itself. For I am sorry to be obliged to tell you, with a view to your own success, that you must, at least, shade your picture according to the sentiments of your employers; it will be as much as you can expect to gain in favour of truth and your own character, if you leave the principal features undistorted. I say this, of course, with reference only to public correspondence; for you justly feel that in sending for my perusal the private statement of your views and sentiments, respecting what is passing around you, no such *ménagement* is necessary.

This leads me to observe that I have not heard of your writing to Canning since your arrival at Memel, and I suppose from what you say of Lord H.'s orders to Wilson, that he may in some way or other have intimated the same thing to you. Nevertheless, I wish you had sent the substance of your journals in the form of despatches, because I am persuaded they contain better and more interesting infor-

mation than Lord Hutchinson has transmitted, and as despatches would have done credit to your judgment and penetration. I have not, however, thought it advisable to communicate to Canning what you have written, because, although he might be very glad to see the observations you make, they would not be confined to himself. Frere would read them too, and that, *pour cause*, I do not wish. On the same account, I have also been guarded in my conversation, relative to the subjects on which you have written, by not appearing to know more than the readers of the newspapers. Indeed, when I reflect how much pleasure I may derive from the regular receipt of such portions of your diary as you can safely and conveniently forward to me, I think I cannot take too much pains to ensure the certainty of it. You, my dear George, from various motives, will agree with me in this, and will therefore, I am sure, take similar precautions. It may be a good lesson to you for the practice of a little reserve. The openness of your character might otherwise, in this or in other cases, especially when you come to be domesticated with your principal, lead you to communications of which he might take advantage. It is so natural to be unrestrained in our conversation with those who are our daily associates, and indeed on no other subject but this do I know that you need show Frere any reserve; on the contrary, you may be useful and recommend yourself to him by communicating intelligence which, from his indolent habits, might escape him. But, if I mistake not, he

will himself set you a good example of reserve. Whether this proceed from reserve, properly so-called, or from that absent-mindedness which forms part of his character, you must yourself discover.

17*th*.—If I had not the confidence I have in your judgment, I should find a confirmation of what you say in the now prevailing apprehension for the sequel of the war in Poland. With such failures, and failing in the means of execution, it is in vain that the wisest plans and the strongest resolutions to adhere to them are formed. I believe all the parties concerned, to be so likely to be affected deeply by the event of a battle, that, unless I knew how the chances of success stand as to such an event, I should not feel at liberty to form an opinion of their ultimate conduct. I am, however, very much biassed by the knowledge of the late imperfect change in the Prussian councils. I adhere to what I wrote to Hardenberg. It is not sufficient that he should be minister; his system and his inclination must be uncontrolled, and I doubt whether this can be the case for any length of time if Beym maintains the communication, and consequent influence, which he still has with the king. He has written a long letter to Witgenstein, of which I am to see the copy, the original having been sent to Hardenberg. The object of it is, to read his recantation, and to profess himself an adherent of the present minister. Now, I believe this to be much the same sort of compliment as that Bonaparte paid to the queen through Bertrand; and I consider the author of it

much more dangerous than if he had persisted in his former opinions, to which I feel sure he will not fail to revert if any further disaster should happen. After what we saw in 1805, it would be infatuation to doubt of it. I understand that the emperor did make an attempt to displace Beym, but desisted on the king intimating that any further application for that purpose would be offensive. This is endeavouring to cure a fester before the thorn or splinter is extracted.

I am sorry to say that *we* have our thorns and our splinters, under this as well as the former administration, and they are not the less hurtful from being under a less palpable disguise than that of false principles.

That unfortunate coincidence of circumstances by which our foreign affairs are made but a secondary concern, and are subjected to all the consequent difficulties of execution, would suffice to darken the brightest gleam of prosperity: how little then can it be calculated to retrieve the common cause from the almost desperate condition into which it has fallen.

The procrastination, which I so much lamented before and after the battle of Auerstadt, has been no less a subject of regret since the accession of the present ministry. In both cases, the public interest has been made to yield to that of individuals; in the first case, in the delay of Lord Hutchinson's appointment and departure; in the second, in the departure of Lord G. Leveson Gower.

I know that Lord H. was not in England, and

that afterwards, owing to some mistake, he did not arrive in London so soon as he might have done; I know, also, that it was material to Lord G. L. Gower to get over his election before he left England; and perhaps it may be thought that such great personages could not move without having taken due time for preparation. But should one moment have been lost, beyond the time necessary for receiving and digesting their instructions? Are such considerations allowed to control Bonaparte's appointments? Have we not seen his great officers and his Generals, who, in their own, and, in such cases, in the public estimation, are in nowise inferior to ours—travel, *en courier*, to the place of their destination, and learnt the first news of their appointment by their arrival? You will remember Duroc having twice come to Berlin in this way, and from your present position you must particularly feel the advantages that would have resulted from sending away a negotiator in the last days of October, and the last days of March. In our insular situation the favour of the elements must also be attended to. The failure to take advantage of a propitious opportunity has been productive, in both the above-mentioned cases, of a very detrimental delay in our communications with the Continent.

But I speak of disadvantages that are, I am afraid, inherent in our Constitution, or, at least, form an unavoidable appendage to it. I think so, because during the twenty years I have served, I have always seen the same cause more or less

actively opposing the energy and zeal of our best negotiators.

It is subject only to the different characters of the different chiefs of the Foreign Department, of whom I have known six in that space of time, Lord Grenville having himself held the seals for ten years. He was, upon the whole, the most resolute and active, because the most independent of his colleagues in his proceedings; but even he often allowed parliamentary interest, family interest, and other personal considerations to interfere with, and even to frustrate, his own views.

I imagine that our present chief has his full share in the government, and that, especially in the execution of his own duties, he is very little straitened by those with whom he acts. Yet *he* has often difficulties to encounter. In the first place, it is evidently an object with him to employ persons of a certain description, who should, as Lord G. L. Gower, and Lord Pembroke, throw in different ways some sort of *éclat* on his administration, that it should not be said they are wanting in men of birth, &c. In the next, it is impossible, notwithstanding all his talent, that he should be master of the various bearings, and the different details of our foreign policy. He must, therefore, consult others, as I know he sometimes does, with the most praiseworthy attention to the opinions of men of experience. Still, this requires more time than if he could act upon every emergency by himself, and independent of every personal consideration above alluded to. This, however, will perhaps hardly ever be the fate of any man in his situation. The defect

in our system will probably continue under every change that we can foresee or wish for; it will often delay the appointment of a minister, and still oftener will delay the despatch of instructions to him, when at his post; but it will depend much upon himself, whether, in this latter respect, the consequences prove so destructive.

A minister is very frequently, from the nature of things, a better judge of the instructions applicable to his situation, than the person from whom he receives them. Not losing sight, therefore, of the possibility of there being circumstances at home, of which he is not apprized, he must, in general, act to the best of his judgment, and upon his own responsibility, in the supposition that he had such instructions as he could wish.

This maxim it may be dangerous to prescribe to you, as a beginner; but, after all, it must depend upon each man's discretion. I think it holds good in most cases, short of committing your country to a positive engagement. There are extreme cases in which I should even do that, by signing, as it is called, *sub sperati*, by which the responsibility is, in a manner, divided between yourself and the country. Circumstances must determine which should bear the greater share in the odium of a failure.

The acme of perfection in a foreign minister is the faculty of distinguishing what is right on such occasions, and of applying it appropriately.

17*th*.—You must consider what I have said, thus far, as an introduction to what I shall now say, as to

our future prospects. You will easily perceive, my dear George, how our personal interests are involved in the subject. I state my sentiments with a view to guide yours, and to have them corrected by the more exact information of which you will be in possession.

We must in all cases, where our party acts on the defensive, take the impulse from our enemy, and, to judge of what we shall do, consider what are his views. It is the first article of my political creed, that Bonaparte, ever since he has been at the head of the French Government, has entertained the intention of attempting the conquest of this country. I believe that he still entertains it, and, moreover, that it is an object to which, in his mind, every other pursuit, whether of interest or ambition, is subordinate. In fact, it must be so, for England is the only obstacle in his way to universal empire. To overcome her, he must begin by separating her from the Continent, not only by interrupting her commerce, but by neutralizing the strong interest which the continental powers take in her fate, so as to feel sure, while engaged in attacking us, that they will not molest him on the opposite side. As no person, perhaps, even of those most in his confidence, knows the exact sentiments of Bonaparte on this subject, it must, after all, be a matter of conjecture; yet I think we know enough to put our Government on their guard, *certainly* enough to direct the most active attention of all our foreign agents to this point. It is one you should never lose sight of. Follow it up with the utmost vigilance. You have not forgotten, I should hope, some information relative

to it, which I gave you, on making my first report from Berlin. How nearly connected, then, with our best interests is this question—how far can we rely upon the constancy of our allies? The emperor's character is our surest guarantee. But is that proof against all the impressions which it is attempted to make upon him? We have seen in the affair of the commercial treaty, as well as in other matters, that the Gallican party is ever at work, and I do not know whether the Czartoriskis, or the Novossiltzows, form a party strong enough either for the support of themselves, or the measures in favour of this country, which they might be disposed to recommend. They appear to have been frightened out of their places after the battle of Austerlitz, and I should fear that their adversaries would take a similar advantage of any subsequent disaster. However, they form our chief hope; we must therefore cling to them.

As for the Prussians, I am persuaded that, if left to themselves, they would to-morrow make peace with Bonaparte, and join the Rhenish confederacy; Hardenberg would be overpowered, and might think himself fortunate if he made as good a retreat as he did two years ago. I own, greatly as I esteem him, that I should feel less for him now, because he ought never to have accepted a place until Beym was completely and irrevocably set aside. It was probably with a view to this that he showed the king my letter, and if he got anything by it I shall not regret what, otherwise, I should not have wished. The last entries of your journal, under date of 20th May, convey a better

insight into what is to be expected from Vienna than I could have before.

Upon the whole, I think one of the three following cases most likely to occur. There will be no general engagement, or, if so, either the Russians will be beaten, or there will be another drawn battle, such as that of Eylau. The last is the utmost I dare expect. The defeat of Bonaparte seems much too improbable; but I agree with you that he would suffer most from another such victory as he says he gained, whilst the Russians, near their own frontier and their resources, might still give him a great deal to do.

From each of these three results of the present position of affairs, it appears to me that peace is the most likely to ensue. I think so with reference to what will probably be the prevailing opinion on your side of the water, and to what I believe to be the views of our ministry; for, although they will have a good majority in Parliament, they cannot be said to be a strong ministry. They will, therefore, wish for peace, and think it *acceptable* if they obtain the same terms as were proposed last year by their predecessors, —*good*, if they can conclude upon terms in any degree better. According to the opinion above expressed, you will, of course, infer that *I* should see in such a transaction nothing but a precarious suspension of hostilities. Yet, in the working of the different wheels of this intricate machinery, much will depend on the skill of the workmen employed. I have not, I confess, much confidence in them, yet from what I know of your chief he seems to me to be the most promising.

He has, certainly, an abundance of talent, but whether it is just the talent of uniting by his activity, vigilance, and perseverance, as well as by other qualifications, parts of a whole which must necessarily be often disjointed, you will discover for yourself.

19*th*.—If the war continues, I shall probably have no alternative but that of going to America. As I before told you, when the time for decision is come, it will be a matter of serious consideration with me how to act. There are many inconveniences and *unpleasantries* to be looked for in such a situation, especially by a family man, and by one, too, who has so long been used to the sort of life and society in which Elizabeth and I have lived. There is, moreover, little to be gained in the way of professional advantage. At the same time, I cannot but feel the disadvantage which, in a general official sense, it might be to me to have refused a situation that, considering the relations of this country with America, is certainly one of great importance. I am, it is true, of sufficient standing to justify the refusal, but I want that sort of personal support and influence which might ensure me another mission in a reasonable time, after having refused one that was placed at my option.

On the other hand, if I adhere, as I must do, to my opinions respecting the state in which Europe is likely to be left at a peace, I should be at a loss to say to which Court I should prefer to be accredited. With the exception of St. Petersburg, all the Courts will be more under the influence of France, whilst,

from the direct influence we must always have over America, a British minister may perhaps stand upon higher ground there than elsewhere.

Our mother talks of her regret at the prospect of my going to such a distance at her time of life, otherwise, she seems to think it not an ineligible thing. But, in truth, she appears to me to be as likely as most people to live to an advanced age, and in case of her death I cannot see that the being a fortnight's or three weeks' voyage nearer would be of any moment; and as to the time of our absence, it would probably be shorter if we went to America than elsewhere.

23*rd*.—They have been expecting to hear from you in Downing Street, and are none the less inclined to find fault with you if your silence proceeds from any orders that Lord H. may have given, as it is thought you might have broken through them, so far as to write privately to Canning or to Lord Fitzharris.

Lord Malmesbury, to whom, in confidence, your private budget was entrusted, regrets that its contents cannot be communicated. He says, "It elucidates matters much more than any statements I have seen from the official people, and, indeed, the false impressions conveyed by those said official statements are clearly accounted for in it." This makes me the more regret that you did not think of writing to Lord F., who has been particularly in expectation of hearing from you. Lord M. dined with us yesterday, it was our christening dinner; and we had, besides, Jacobi, Witgenstein, the Bentincks,

Mrs. Robinson, Paget, and Merry. I had intended to ask Kreusemarck, who was expected to disembark the day before at Hull.

26*th*.—It seems, if Lord Hutchinson wishes to remain at the army as military commissioner, he will not be recalled. This is a *ménagement* for the prince, for his lordship is estimated by ministers at his proper value; but, even if the operations of the armies should continue, he will not, I should say, remain long after the arrival of all the negotiators.

Lord Douglas has declined availing himself of the frigate to come home in. He stays at St. Petersburg, as I learn, under the idea that the present ministry will shortly be overturned. I can see no probability of that happening. The Opposition is, no doubt, formidable, and begins its operations with all the vigour which, from being suppressed at the close of the last parliament, acquires now a sort of additional elastic force.

In these first moments, and on the topics which will be brought forward to-day, it is supposed it will be supported by some members who will not join in a systematic opposition. The Government division will increase as the session progresses, and it is thought that the Opposition will divide in the Lords between sixty and seventy, in the Commons about one hundred and fifty, and that there will be on the ministerial side about one hundred and twenty peers and three hundred commoners.

Perponcher dined with us yesterday. He arrived three days ago with a requisition from Blücher for arms.

Witgenstein showed me to-day the copy of Beym's letter, which I am half inclined to think is a copy without an original. However, he says it was sent to Hardenberg. In it Beym writes, that he has made it up with that minister, and that if the Russians are beaten in a general batch he still should have good hopes for Prussia. This letter may come from him, but, on the whole, there is something very *louche* about it. It is dated 14th of May, and came in a letter from Madame de Voss, with whom Beym would seem to be on the most cordial footing. You may be able to elucidate all this.

The Alopeus family do not get on very famously here. They find everything so different to what they have been accustomed, and do not seem to care for society. They live chiefly at Richmond; she has not been to Court, and he, as usual, is indefatigable in business, and is as right-minded as ever.

28*th*.—Kreusemarck made his appearance yesterday, about noon, and went immediately to the Office with Jacobi and Alopeus. The accounts brought by him and Engelman come very apropos to discredit the report received the day before of an armistice having been concluded between the hostile armies. This report, although not authenticated, occasioned the suspension of the signature of our Treaty with Prussia, which was to have taken place on Friday. To-morrow is now named for it.

The letter from the emperor to the king, brought by Engelman, will also set everything smooth with the Russians.

Kreusemarck sat with us for three hours last night; his language quite corresponds with yours, and does not offer a very hopeful prospect. I see that his king is, as usual, *null*, and the emperor the only person in his Court or army on whom we can rely. His Imperial Majesty's intentions are excellent, and it is certainly no reproach to him if he is unable fully to execute them for want of proper support from his ministers and Generals. Bonaparte would not be where he is, or what he is, if it had not been for the advice and support of Talleyrand, and his marshals, Berthier, Augereau, &c.

Upon the whole, looking on the accession of Austria as hopeless, I expect nothing to result from the present state of things but peace; and I think the only question is whether it shall be a good or a bad one. I call a good one anything that will leave the territorial situation of the Continent, as to possession, such as it was before the Prussian war; for as to more than that, it would require greater success than the Russian operations lead us to expect to build any such hope upon, and I do not know that we can, in justice, expect so much, if they are unsuccessful, or even retire from their present ground.

Our Government may now do what they please; they are well seated in their places by the parliamentary divisions of yesterday morning. I was in the House of Commons until six o'clock. The Opposition had not the best of the debate, and they had very much the worst of the division. Five hundred and sixty three members had been sworn in,

a number unprecedented on the first day of a session. Many paired off, leaving, on a division, three hundred and fifty to one hundred and fifty five. However, enough passed to show that there will be warm work for the whole of the session, and the more or less efficacy of it will turn upon which party can best bear the warm weather.

Go on writing; the mode you have adopted is much better than hurried letters, written at the moment of a messenger's departure with all the world about you. I much approve of your style and sentiments, and especially of the temper and equanimity with which you write of yourself and your relations with Lord H. and others. It is a source of comfort to be able to take a cool and dispassionate view of objects that are personally interesting to oneself.

Kreusemarck brought me a very kind letter from Hardenberg.

There is no news from America, and Merry thinks we shall have none till after the meeting of Congress in December, when, if no material change takes place in the state of affairs in Europe, the Treaty will be ratified. Accounts that have been delayed were received from you last night.

30*th*.—A messenger leaves to-night. Frere's departure, which was fixed for to-morrow, is again postponed on account of the news just received, through the Hamburg and Hague papers only, of a battle on the 14th. There would seem to be some room for hope; but I have been talking it over with Kreusemarck, and he is very apprehensive of the

result. We are most anxious for the reports from your quarter. God bless you.

F. J. J.

P.S. Burdett's procession yesterday was most contemptible. Hardly one person of the character, and not one of the appearance, of a gentleman attended it. I must send off my budget; take every precaution for the safe transmission of yours.

July 3rd.—No messenger was sent on the 30th but your packets having arrived with favourable accounts to the 12th ult., one will be despatched to-night. Much satisfaction at your writing,—great anxiety for a report of the battle. I enclose a *despatch* from our mother.

Mrs. Jackson to George Jackson.

Bath, May 29th, 1807.

In expectation of Mr. Frere's early departure, your brother recommends me to put a letter on the stocks for you, and I begin it by congratulating you, my dear George, on your appointment, the news of which afforded me the very greatest pleasure. You are soon to be gazetted, I hear, and when your commission is made out, which, with its great seal, is a most cumbersome affair, I am to have the satisfaction of adding it to the archives; as in your present unsettled situation, moving from place to place, it is as well to have with you as few impediments as possible.

Francis tells me he met Mr. Canning at a dinner at Lord Malmesbury's on Sunday, and that an appoint-

ment was made for the middle of this week, but that C. was taken the next day so exceedingly ill, that he has not since been out of his room. It pleases me well to know that Mr. C. is so friendly disposed towards F.; and as he is certain of America, or perhaps some more desirable mission for himself, I think he has made no bad bargain by getting you placed in so eligible a situation, which, however deserving you may be of it, my dear, I know there are many sons of peers and M.P.'s who would jump at it.

June 7th.—F. was at the drawing-room of the 4th, and dined afterwards with Mr. C., which, though none of those not *in activity* were invited, he desired, it seems, as an earnest of F.'s continuing in the line. I am heartily glad of this, as F. is much too young to be laid on the shelf in the event of his not accepting America.

The Princess of Wales was at the last drawing-room. Her worthy husband gave directions before the birthday that the princess should not dress at her daughter's, Warwick House, as she had done the first time she went. On hearing this, the king sent her word that she should have an apartment at Kensington Palace, but, unfortunately, he forgot to give the necessary orders to Lord Dartmouth, and so the rooms could not be got ready for the 4th. Her royal highness was, therefore, obliged to dress at Lady Townsend's.

The prince did not speak to his wife, and the Duchess of York followed his example. She, poor thing, as Francis tells me, was evidently much

embarrassed; for the prince affectedly placed himself between her and the queen, and, with his back to her, remained during the whole time she was present, in conversation with his sisters, thereby preventing them from saying a word to the princess.

The Douglas faction are publishing novels without end, containing, under feigned names, their version of the Princess of Wales's history. The last, and, as I am told, the most infamous, is called "The Royal Eclipse." It appears that the authors of these shameful productions have had access to the report of the commissioners, and have extracted, of course, only such parts as in any way make for their employers.

12*th*.—You do not get, F. tells me, the allowance it has always been the custom to make to ministers and their secretaries, that they might go out with something in their pockets. But these are reforming times, and we must be content. *I*, indeed, am more than that, I am thankful, and think Canning has behaved in a handsome manner to you, though of course he thought he could do no less, to sweeten the pill he has made your brother swallow.

15*th*.—I felt a little disappointed yesterday at F's saying that Mr. Frere was going this week, and he thought you would not come home, which I have flattered myself you would do. He sent me some further pages he had received of your diary, which takes us gradually through your career.

I grieve for the failure of the enterprise you so well describe, as I do for every loss our friends sustain, and every advantage gained by our enemies.

But alas! every thing seems to go so much against us, that I should not wonder if you are all driven to St. Petersburg. Remember, if you are, I bespeak a good bearskin muff and tippet.

I suppose you know that you have not written to me since you left England. You cannot write, you say, for want of time, the same thing twice over. But I do not want more of politics and battles than I get from your private notes, but now and then something of your domestic matters, if I may use that term. For instance, I have not heard of the Queen of Prussia for ages; even the papers never name her, and but for your mentioning that you were returning from the queen's, I should not have known where she was.

I hope, my dear George, that your thoughts are not so much engaged by business or by the terrible scenes enacting around you, as to forget that duty which it is so important ever to have in our mind—our duty to our God. You are in the midst of those who think, I fear, but little upon the importance of religious duties, even in quiet times, and are still less likely to do so in the din of war and jar of politics. Yet in peace and in war, individually, and as a nation, we should ever trust in our God, and cast all our care upon Him who careth for us.

Your last packets were found in the pockets of M. Bedersee, the officer who brought them over and was drowned while landing from the vessel in a heavy sea.

30*th*.—I had discontinued writing, for Mr. Frere's

departure was continually put off, and no messengers were sent because no news was received from you. But now that parliament has met, and the first debate of the session is over, doubtless he will soon be on the wing. Your brother tells me he saw the Princess of Wales, attended by Lady Sheffield, in the House on the 26th. The result of the division was favourable to the ministry.

Reports of a dreadful nature have reached this country. A battle is said to have been fought on the 14th, and to have produced scenes of horror that make one's hair stand on end.

July 2nd.—In the midst of our distress at this fresh misfortune, and the further triumph of the wretch Bonaparte, a ray of comfort comes to me in the news received from Francis, of an account of the armies, to the 12th of June, having reached Downing Street, as well as a fresh packet for *our* perusal. Mr. Canning, I understand, is so well pleased with you for writing, no other accounts having been received, that Lord Fitzharris is to write you word to that effect. It is well known, F. says, that you have laboured under some difficulty from Lord Hutchinson's *oddness*, and in order to remove it, and to serve as an encouragement to you, a messenger will be sent off to-night with a despatch expressly and strongly approving your conduct. I hasten to close this with, &c., &c.,

CH. JACKSON.

Diaries—Königsberg, June 2nd.—I have availed

myself of the departure of a Russian messenger to send home some details of the late unfortunate business at Dantzig. Löwenstern was good enough to forego a night's rest to help me, for without his aid I could not have got through my work. As it was, I could do nothing more for the information of my brother and my M. than send them my own private notes. Lord Hutchinson returned not long after we had despatched our packets. The news from Dantzig had prevented him from continuing his journey.

4th.—His lordship is off again to-day. Dantzig having fallen, a great battle, he thinks, must shortly follow, and that, in that case, his presence at head-quarters may be of more use than in Pomerania. He will be back, he says, in four days to join the king at Tilsit.

5th.—Several slight skirmishes have recently taken place along the Bug and the Narew. Our anxiety is intense. The fate of Europe hangs, as it were, upon a thread. God grant that the result of the conflict, which I feel convinced will be as severe as it is important, may be such as we wish; decisive it must be—the fine weather and the goodness of the roads will not allow of its being a disputed one.

6th.—On the 1st and 2nd the army moved forward to Heilsberg; the head-quarters were pushed on as far as Reichenberg, three German miles beyond.

Wilson promised to keep me *au courant*. Lord H. and party are, however, so jealous that they do not like his keeping up a correspondence with me. His letters are, certainly, too wild and enthusiastic to

swear by, but they serve as a key to what is passing, until more precise reports reach me by which to correct his confused data.

The king will go to Tilsit on Monday. Hardenberg has written to invite me to leave at the same time. I have sent his note to Lord Hutchinson, and for the present I remain here, not wishing to go without consulting him. But should his lordship, with his usual dilatoriness, delay giving a reply, I shall go to Tilsit without his authority. I think it very important that some one should be with the king and his minister at the present moment; the more so as Kalkreuth, having terminated his military career, not without honour, it must be confessed, may adopt that of negotiator, for which he has always had a hankering, and may probably be employed in that character at the French head-quarters. He sets off for Tilsit to-day—rather a suspicious circumstance—as he told me, when I first saw him, that he should wait to go with the king. I only hope that the battle may have taken place before anything can be settled if, which, after all, is not impossible, my suspicions should prove unfounded.

I called on Kalkreuth on his arrival last Monday, and found him *tout glorieux*, first, at the noble defence which he is himself foremost to proclaim that he made; secondly, at the receipt of a very gracious letter from the king, naming him Field-marshal. All this is droll enough after what passed in the autumn, but very characteristic of both.

I was quite annoyed with him, for the contemptuous

way in which he spoke of the exertions of our ships; and the Russians are outrageous against him for the blame he has thrown upon them.

People here begin to think that our promises are *vox et praeterea nihil*; and at the army they are flung continually into the teeth of our countrymen who are there. Of the two lords who have been promised us neither arrives, nor the much desired successor to Lord H. Both the king and Hardenberg again asked me whether there was any hope of my brother being appointed. News has arrived from London to the 8th of May; they seem to know nothing but from chance reports and the accounts of merchant captains. I should be glad to report regularly to our Government all that is passing; but while Lord H. is here, I do not consider myself on sufficiently sure ground to take upon myself to supply his shortcomings.

I have lost at Dantzig the greater part of my wardrobe, regimental coat, and other things, which were forwarded there after me. As nothing is to be procured here, for either love or money, the inconvenience is great. Fifty-five ducats, however, have been brought to me by an unknown hand for a carriage, which I supposed to have fallen, with the rest of my belongings, into the hands of the French; it was bought, it seems, by Prince Scherbatoff, who commanded the Russians at Dantzig, but refused to be personally included in the capitulation.

An account is just brought of an engagement that has taken place at Guttstadt, in which a large number of French—a thousand, it is reported—have

been made prisoners; about two thousand were killed, and some pieces of cannon were taken. A General Rauger and several field officers, were amongst the prisoners. They took also a magazine, well supplied with bread and liquor, at Guttstadt, which place, with Quetz and Glottau, formed the Russian position when the advices came away.

Generals Osterman and Woronzow are both slightly wounded. The Russian losses are stated to be inconsiderable.

7th.—This attack was not expected by the French; but on finding the Russians serious they will, no doubt, have concentrated their forces, and a general battle will shortly ensue; the more so as Bennigsen intended on the morrow to attack Allenstein, where Davoust was strongly posted.

12th.—On the 8th General Bennigsen, apprehensive of an attack on his right wing at Braunsberg, retreated to Heilsberg, and took up again his former position, extending from that place to Mehlsach, letting Guttstadt fall once more into the enemy's hands. On the 10th, at about noon, the French attacked this line at four different points, and at all four were completely repulsed, after a most bloody engagement, which lasted until night.

Yesterday, at day-break, the attack was renewed, and continued until about nine A.M., with the same obstinacy, and sanguinary results, as on the preceding day. The French then gave up the attack, and both armies remained on their original ground.

The slaughter has been most fearful. On the

Russian side the losses in killed and wounded are computed at eight thousand; two Russian generals are wounded. The French losses are supposed to be greater. Bernadotte is wounded.

13*th.*—The alarm here is great and general. This city is not safe. The queen is gone to Memel, and so is Lord Gower; Princess Solms has left for the Baths in Bohemia.

Lords G. L. Gower and Pembroke landed on Monday at Memel, and are gone direct to Tilsit. No doubt they will be much surprised to find no one there to give them, a little, the *carte du pays.*

Memel, June 17*th.*—The French own to the loss of twenty thousand men in the battle of the 11th. On the following day a very strong corps, under General Victor, turned the right wing of the Russian army and penetrated, unperceived at first, between the Prussian force, commanded by Lestocq, and the main army. On the 13th they had arrived within three German miles of Königsberg, before Lestocq—who had but from twelve to fifteen thousand men to oppose the greatly superior force of the enemy—could effect a junction with Kamenskoi, who had about three thousand men with him, a part of the corps that formed the expedition to Dantzig. Consequently, he was obliged to retreat upon the town, and before noon the French were already in the suburbs.

To get the latest intelligence, I determined to remain in Königsberg to the last moment, and I was sitting down to write when a messenger came to say

I must immediately depart; they would not answer for my safety if I did not, and there was not a moment to lose.

I left that afternoon for Mühlsen, the first stage on this side of Königsberg; but being assured, by an officer who arrived there shortly after me, that the French were retreating, and that Bennigsen was marching up to the relief of the town, I returned to Königsberg the next morning, in order to ascertain the precise situation of affairs. What, then, was my mortification to find that there was no foundation whatever for the officer's statement. Nothing was known of Bennigsen, and the French, so far from retreating, were before the town with thirty thousand men. They had thrown several shells and bombs into it, and had set the suburbs on fire. Such was the lamentable state of things at three o'clock on the 15th. The enemy was crossing the Pregel at various points, and no hopes were entertained of an effectual resistance being possible but in the event of the immediate arrival of Bennigsen. Yet it had been determined to defend the city to the last.

At that moment a messenger arrived from Bennigsen. He briefly informed the Prussian generals that a battle had been fought at Friedland on the preceding day; that he had been defeated; that he had lost thirty thousand men, and was retreating towards the Memel; that he could afford no relief to Königsberg, and advised them also to retreat, and leave the city to its fate.

They acted immediately on this advice, and retreated

towards Labiau; General Rüchel, with the garrison of Königsberg, at the same time commencing his retreat along the Nehrung. He will remain there to oppose the French, should they advance towards Memel: they took possession of Königsberg on the evening of the 15th.

There is no news whatever from Lord Hutchinson. Bennigsen's head-quarters are at Insterburg, and the French, I just learn, have advanced beyond Mühlsen.

The emperor is gone to Wilna to hasten the march of fifty thousand fresh troops. We are all ready to depart, but do nothing until we hear from Bennigsen. Lord Pembroke has set off for Vienna, Lord G. L. Gower will be here to-morrow.

18*th*.—It has been my fate to have to write here the account of two most unfortunate battles, both on the 14th. The event of the last is doubly distressing, because we know that the means of victory were in our hands. However great the loss sustained by the allies at Friedland may have been, and it cannot be put at less than twenty four thousand in killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing, yet everything that valour and bravery could effect was achieved by them, and had the activity and ability of their leader borne any proportion to the courage of his troops, this battle, as disastrous as that of Austerlitz or Auerstadt, would have been as glorious for us, and as important in its consequences, as those were for the French; but these reflections are now as useless as they are sad. On the night of the 11th Bennigsen,

crossing the Alle, began his retreat from Heilsberg, which, with little intermission, he continued until he arrived on the evening of the 13th opposite Friedland. There he found a few squadrons of the enemy, who were driven across the river without much difficulty. He himself followed, and took up his quarters that night in the town, in front of which is a plain flanked by a wood; detaching a few regiments, just before Friedland, to secure the safety of his quarters.

At between three and four in the morning, the enemy, masked and covered by the wood, began his attack on the right wing, supported by troops that came by degrees from the other side of the river; over which there was but one bridge and two pontoons. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the Russians each time successfully repulsed the attacks of the French, both on their right and centre, with great loss to the enemy—with the one exception of a battery, carried in the first instance but immediately retaken—until seven in the evening, when Bonaparte came up with ten thousand fresh troops against their left. This decided the fate of the day. The Russians, worn out, as well by their late hard marchings and want of food, as by the fourteen hours of incessant fighting they had sustained, could not make a stand against this new shock, and in less than an hour began a very disorderly retreat. The general confusion was increased by the difficulty of recrossing the Alle, and the necessity of again passing through the town, which was on fire in several parts from

the enemy's shells. Numbers were drowned in fording the river; being hardly pressed by the French.

The extent of our losses both in men and cannon should be attributed to these circumstances rather than to any decided superiority of the French in the field. Their effect, too, on the troops, who had fought and borne up so bravely through the day, was discouragement and dismay, and converted what might still have been, under abler leadership, a well-conducted retreat into a disorderly rout and precipitate flight.

The Russian officers are unaminous in their reprobation of Bennigsen, who has betrayed the army, they say, if not by downright treachery at least by the grossest ignorance and utter want of energy. "If he is not removed," says every military man, even the warmest of the war party, "we had better make peace to-morrow; for to attempt to fight a battle with him as their leader, is only to sacrifice the lives of brave men without any possible chance of success."

As nearly as can be ascertained the forces of the contending parties were about equal, sixty thousand more or less on each side. The loss of the French is estimated at about ten thousand, and it is supposed they were much enfeebled by fatigue, if not by actual loss; for after the passage of the Alle had been accomplished no attempt was made to attack or harass the Russians as they fled, and they pursued their way unmolested, but without stopping, to Wehlau.

Thence, to Tilsit, which they quitted early yesterday morning, destroying the bridge, and are now at a small village on this side the Memel.

The French entered Tilsit yesterday afternoon, and commenced firing at the Russians across the river. The fate of Europe is probably decided. Bennigsen declares that he will defend the passage of the Niemen; but as he made a similar declaration with regard to the Pregel, and more than all, publicly said on the 19th of April that, provided Bonaparte allowed him only a few days further quiet, he would forfeit his reputation as an officer if he did not relieve the ill-fated Dantzig, we do not place implicit confidence in his promises or, indeed, ground any hopes upon them. As the French, assuredly, will not remain idle, Bennigsen will soon be put to the test, unless it be true, as Wilson has just sent me word, that an armistice is concluded. If so, doubtless, it will end in a peace. Even Hardenberg, who has hitherto kept stout, now begins to waver; for at the same time that he expresses his conviction that the emperor will listen to no terms, he admits that the door of conciliation should not be quite shut. How long it is thus to remain on the jar will soon be decided.

20*th*.—His Imperial Majesty having met part of the reinforcements on their march, is gone to Srawle, the famous estate of Prince Zouboff, where he has invited the king and Hardenberg and the foreign ministers, to consult with them as to what course, in the present state of affairs, it is expedient to pursue. The two former set out this morning. Lord G. L. Gower and

Brinckman follow to morrow. What Lord H. will do, he has not yet decided.

Colonel Clinton, tired of waiting for his lordship at Stralsund, came here last week.

The "London Gazette" of the 2nd announces, I see, the appointment of Mr. John H. Frere as our minister at this Court, and my own as his secretary of legation; but no official information of it has yet reached me.

23*rd*.—An armistice has been concluded between the Russian and French armies. An *indefinite* one, not to be broken without a month's notice, but before half that time has elapsed a general peace will, I fear, have been signed.

Our troops are probably landed by this time. A second edition of what took place last year.

24*th*.—What a strange character is a certain lord. And how far do his unfortunate prejudices carry him! When war was proposed, he told them they were unequal to it and advised negotiation; when his advice was followed, and this unfortunate armistice was the fruit of it, he hesitated to believe it; said that "Bonaparte would never consent to it," and only now that the official account is actually arrived does he gives credit to it, and with as much reluctance as I do, though from opposite motives. The armistice was first proposed by Bennigsen, and Bonaparte immediately acceded to it. Young Talleyrand was sent to the Russian head-quarters, but still great difficulties arose. Duroc was also employed, and it was his opinion that it would be much easier,

and better to treat for peace. A separate one was proposed for Russia, but was rejected.

We are unable to send despatches to England, for it is blowing so terrible a hurricane that no ship has dared venture to sail.

26*th*.—The furious hurricane continues; nothing has yet left Memel.

We are all in the most inconceivable state of suspense and uneasiness as to the result of the present negotiation. Every hour we are tortured by some fresh act of condescension or submission; some fresh step towards conciliation. My suspicions of Kalkreuth have proved to be but too well founded. He and the Grand Duke, aided by Bennigsen—to whom Bonaparte paid many compliments, and who probably hopes to stifle the indignation of his injured country by contributing towards procuring for it the *blessings of peace*—have been so far successful in their object, that an interview took place yesterday between the Emperor of Russia and the upstart Corsican.

The bridge of Tilsit having been burnt, a sort of flying one was constructed in the middle of the Memel, which is there nearly half a mile broad, and while the emperor went off in a boat from this shore, Bonaparte left in another from Tilsit. Their meeting took place in a little wooden hut, run up for the occasion, on the bridge, at which they arrived at the same moment. They remained together for upwards of an hour, when the Grand Duke, Bennigsen, and Kalkreuth—who had been waiting

all this time in boats—were called in, and the conference lasted two hours longer. The king did not assist at it, nor did he see Bonaparte at all, except, indeed, from the shore, where he remained, in spite of the rain that fell in torrents, riding up and down during the three hours that the interview lasted.

The result is not yet made known. But the *two emperors*, on parting, embraced each other, and waved their hats in the air as long as their boats were in sight. Bonaparte, on landing, was received with the shouts and acclamations of his army. After this, it would be idle to say that peace, if peace we may call it, will not take place. Yet it is asserted that nothing more passed at the interview than mutual expressions of a desire to put an end to the calamities of war, and that the arrangement of this important business will be referred to a Congress, at which England will be invited to assist.

Lords Hutchinson and G. L. Gower are both still here, the former exulting in the proof of the accuracy of his prophecies; the latter not a little dismayed and out of humour. He has not seen the emperor on the subject, but has written to Budberg requiring an explanation, or rather an account, of what is passing. The answer is, that "nothing is settled but the armistice, and that the emperor is so uncertain as to his movements that he cannot ask his lordship, for the present, to join him." When they went to Srawle they were met half way by a messenger, telling them His Majesty had left for

Tauroggen. The emperor and the king are now at Pinkopöhnen.

July 2nd.—Every day furnishes fresh proofs of the fatal ascendancy that Bonaparte has gained, and is gaining, over the mind of Alexander. He and the king have put themselves under the protection of Bonaparte, and live with him at Tilsit in as friendly a manner as they lived with each other a few weeks ago. I say, under his protection, because although the town of Tilsit is declared neutral, and is garrisoned by three battalions of Russians, Prussians, and French, yet the bridge is not reconstructed, so that while Bonaparte has the whole of his army within immediate call, no troops can pass from this side.

It is said that the Russians are to retire to their own frontiers, and the French behind the Pregel, during the negotiation.

The two sovereigns and Bonaparte repair every day to the floating bridge to discuss their affairs; afterwards, the *two emperors* may be seen walking about arm-in-arm. The other day Bonaparte gave a grand *fête*, and invited the emperor and the king to a review of his troops.

3rd.—Bonaparte declared to His Imperial Majesty, at their first meeting, that he could refuse *him* nothing that he asked, but, after conceding some points, he suggested that, for fear of wronging himself, recourse should be had to plenipotentiaries. Prince Labanow and Karokin are therefore appointed to treat for the emperor, Kalkreuth and Goltz for Prussia.

It is quite evident that no flattery, no art is left untried to win over the emperor and his subjects. The French officers take the Russians by the hand when they meet in the street, address them as their *chèrs amis*, and hopes are mutually expressed that this delightful harmony may never again be interrupted.

This, from the Russians, was scarcely to be expected; but it shows how little either their professions of friendship, or their bluster and clamour, are worth regarding. A month ago, no epithet was too bad for Bonaparte and his followers—even the English papers were not more violently abusive in their language—now our turn is come, and certainly we are not spared.

An order came here the other day for the supply of the French army with provisions. This is doubly distressing, as many of the troops of the allies are almost perishing for want.

Their labours at Tilsit will doubtless be facilitated by the news we have just received of the Janissaries having suddenly deposed the Grand Seigneur, and placed his nephew, Mustapha, on the throne, in their indignation at his attempt to introduce the French tactics among his troops. The deposed sultan was the first to do homage, and swear allegiance, to his successor. The French officers had been sent away, and several of the sultan's chief officers executed.

4th.—I fancy Lord G. L. Gower's despatches will not prove very satisfactory. He has written several

times to Budberg, but the answers have always been very vague.

Sweden is, evidently, to be included in the negotiation, that is, if the king will consent. Brinckman went to Tilsit on an invitation to that effect. Nothing of a similar kind having been received by us looks as if no thoughts were entertained of including England, though we are assured that a messenger has been sent direct from Tilsit to London.

The account put about here is, that the emperor has declared that he will *force* Great Britain to make peace; but I fancy they will rather complete their work of disorganization, and *then propose* peace to us, which, if not accepted, we may see another attempt at a northern neutrality, which I hope and trust another Nelson may arise to dissolve.

As to the general question of peace, there certainly is but one voice. Even Czartoriski and his party insist on its necessity, though they blame and lament the disgraceful manner in which it is attempted to obtain it. Letters from the interior of Russia describe the misery and want that reign there as beyond all conception, thus proving to us that not only the strength and resources of the country have been greatly exaggerated, but also confirming, I fear, but too strongly, what is here asserted, that the general cry is for peace. It is admitted, too, that no abler leader is forthcoming to replace Bennigsen. But this, I am convinced, is not Russia's principal ground of apprehension; that

must be looked for on the side of Russian Poland, and in the state of ferment and feverish restlessness existing throughout that country. Budberg, in his letter to the Governor of Livonia, announcing the armistice, which was signed on the 23rd, and is there said to be for a month only, desires him to give all possible publicity to the news, "afin de tranquilliser les esprits que les derniers événemens aient pu inquiétés." He says further, that he has the greater pleasure in giving him this intelligence, as they have every reason to hope "qu 'elle sera suivie sous peu d'une paix solide et honorable.".

5th.—Lord H. is as anxious as I am for the arrival of Mr. Frere. We conjecture that he is delayed by the news of the battle of Friedland, but our communications from England are most unaccountably infrequent and irregular. We have no certain information respecting *our* expedition, about which we are most anxious just now. There are various reports of it, and we suppose that it has actually sailed. In the present state of things, I hope to God that it has not, as fervently as I wished, some weeks back, to hear that it had.

Five ordnance ships have arrived; two had even entered the harbour, but all are now packed off to Carlscrona.

6th.—Although the events now passing are too afflicting to allow us to think much of pleasure, yet we spent the evening of the 3rd very pleasantly on board the *Astræa* frigate, which, as well as several other ships of war, is laying off here. The

wind had calmed down, the evening was unusually fine, and our royalty being of the party, the yards were manned, salutes fired, &c. It was an entirely novel sight to Her Majesty, who enjoyed the whole entertainment as much as at this moment it is possible to enjoy anything of the kind.

7th.—Lord G. L. Gower is far from being pleased, and with reason, at their treatment of him. But I know, from the emperor's own mouth, that he has a violent and personal objection to him, the cause being some rivalship for the good graces of a fair lady. When he first heard that his lordship was to come here, he said, with much warmth, publicly at table, "that he hoped, indeed felt sure, that he would not."

8th.—The queen set out on the 4th, at the king's request, to join His Majesty at Pinkopöhnen. The next day Caulincourt and Duroc were sent by Bonaparte to compliment the queen in his name. He was sorry, he said, that the above-named place not being neutral ground he could not then pay his respects to her in person, and, in consequence, invited her to go to Tilsit.

This invitation, which might more properly be called a command, was complied with. The queen alighted at the king's apartments, and Bonaparte soon after came, and requested her to honour him with her company at dinner. Marshals Berthier and Bessières were appointed to be in waiting. His visit was one of compliment only, but after the dinner, which was a very late and a very short one,

the queen had a long and earnest conversation with him, in the course of which she omitted no argument that could touch, as she hoped, the conqueror's generosity, and better feelings. Now, as a queen, expatiating on the distresses and sorrows of her country, then, as a wife and mother, endeavouring to awaken him to a sense of the keenness of her own suffering at the misfortunes of her husband and children. Bonaparte appeared to listen to her with great attention, and, generally, his manner led her to believe that she had not pleaded wholly in vain. Still, he never agreed to any particular concession, or allowed her to draw any precise promise from him, and Her Majesty too soon discovered how vain were the hopes with which she had flattered herself, and how little reliance was to be placed on the *general principles* of his "favourable intentions towards Prussia," which, as well with the emperor as with the queen, he has throughout so liberally expressed.

The queen afterwards returned to Pinkopöhnen, and the next morning the king, whom Bonaparte has on every possible occasion treated with the most insufferable hauteur and contempt, had also a very long private discussion with him.

On what it principally turned has not been made known, though it may be easily conjectured. Words, however, ran very high; at times their voices were loud and violent, and the greatest coolness afterwards was apparent between them. Bonaparte did not pay his visit to the queen that day,

but she again went into town to dinner, which passed off in the most unpleasant manner; the overbearing tyrant never opening his lips but to make the most cutting and painful remarks. In the evening the queen took leave, and returned no more to Tilsit.

9th.—The next day, the 8th, peace was signed with Russia.

10th.—The Prussian plenipotentiaries yesterday put their hand to an act which they call a Preliminary Treaty. The principal heads of it are, that Prussia loses by her peace with France—

1. All her provinces to the west of the Elbe.
2. Cottbus, to the east of that river.
3. Cujavien, the Netze district, and the province of Culm—the road that runs through the Schneidemühle Wood towards Bromberg, forming the frontier in West Prussia.
4. New East Prussia.
5. South Prussia.
6. Dantzig, with a district of a German mile round the town. It is to be a republic, in the manner of Hamburg, under the protection of Saxony and Prussia.

Memel, with the country as far as the river of that name, was destined for the Emperor of Russia, but he refused it.

The Narew is to be the Russian frontier on that side. The other part of East Prussia goes to Saxony, with all that Prussia loses besides, under the title of a duchy of Warsaw.

11*th*.—They are gone to Königsberg to complete the rest. In the above act no period is fixed for the evacuation of the province which Bonaparte in his mercy has thought fit to leave to the poor king; and, though the territory is restored, the undisturbed and free possession of it is not stipulated. When Goltz remarked this to Bonaparte, he replied that "That might be settled by some subsequent arrangement." Afterwards, he observed in a casual, careless way, that "the king might probably return to Berlin somewhere towards the autumn." Indeed, nothing can be more horrid, or more humiliating than the conduct invariably observed by him towards this unfortunate monarch.

When the king made, or tried to make, some representation as to the necessity of retaining the *vielle manche* and Magdeburg, Bonaparte answered with a sneer, " Mais vous oubliez que vous n' êtes plus en état de négocier. Sachez que je veux abaisser la Prusse, et garder Magdeburg pour entrer quand je veux dans Berlin. Je ne connais que deux sentimens, la vengeance et la haine; il y doit en avoir à l'avenir une haine contre les Français en Prusse; mais je la mettrai hors d'état de nuire."

From the time that the emperor abandoned the king, and he became entirely at the mercy of his victor, he has shown a degree of courage and honourable resignation worthy of a better fate. Had he but shown in the former part of his reign, instead of the slothful indifference and apathy he then evinced in every act, the dignity and firmness

which latterly have characterized his conduct towards Bonaparte, he would not have been reduced to the situation in which he now, unhappily, finds himself placed. But it is to be hoped that he will not again sink into that fatal lethargic state of mind which has been the chief cause of his ruin.

The secret articles of the Treaty are, first, that the military establishment of Prussia shall not exceed sixty thousand men; and, secondly, that if *we* do not come into Bonaparte's terms the remaining ports of the kingdom shall forthwith be shut against us.

Thus, we see how well Bonaparte has acted up to the threat he made one day at Tilsit, when, speaking to a Russian officer, he said, "These haughty Prussians, low as they are brought, still carry themselves very high. They breathe nothing but vengeance against France, and desire peace only as a means, in time, of executing it; but," he added, with great emphasis, "they deceive themselves greatly if they expect to rise again to the height of a great power; for their wings shall now be so closely cut as to preclude all possibility of their ever again disturbing us."

The king and queen, with the princes Henry and William, returned to Memel yesterday evening.

The emperor set off immediately after the ratification of his Treaty. Bonaparte, in order to show that the two sovereigns were *his* guests, remained until after their departure. He was to leave Tilsit this evening for Königsberg, whence, they say, he will go to Posen and Dresden, without touching Berlin.

My idea is, that, as at Munich last year, he will sacrifice for awhile his desire of seeing his *bon peuple de Paris*, to another moment of domestic enjoyment, that of marrying brother Jerome—who will probably be made King of Westphalia—to the Princess of Saxony. It is certain that such a king is to be created; for when His Prussian Majesty expressed a wish to retain Hildesheim, Bonaparte answered, "That that would interfere with his arrangements for the King of Westphalia."

From several circumstances which have come to my knowledge, I have not the smallest doubt that there is in the Russian treaty a provisional clause respecting *us* similar to that on the same subject in the Prussian treaty. Various reasons tend to confirm me in this opinion. And, indeed, if the absolute silence observed by Russia towards Lord G. L. Gower on that head were not a sufficient proof, the declaration of the emperor, by way of consoling the King of Prussia when he took leave of him, "Que les points les plus durs de cette paix nous sont communs," would seem, I think, to put the question beyond all doubt.

As a compliment to Russia, Bonaparte allows the Mecklenburgs and Oldenburgs to remain *in statu quo*.

Such, as matters now stand, are to be the new arrangements, brought about, if not by the ill-will, at least by the weakness of the emperor, which is hardly less pardonable. Hardenberg assures me that no one can regret it more than does the emperor himself. A perfect tempest was raised up against

him, which he had not firmness enough to withstand. A cabal, in fact, such as it would be difficult to conceive the existence of in any country but Russia or Turkey. The Grand Duke was at the head of it, and even went so far as to threaten his brother, by reminding him of his father's fate. But as soon as the emperor consented to the first interview the decisive blow was struck, and Bonaparte from that moment twisted him round his finger until he brought him to sign this fatal peace. The system of separate interests was begun from the very first, even the armistice was concluded without any reference being made to Prussia, who was thus left to make what terms she could for herself.

Pro forma, only, Labanow and Karokin were nominated negotiators, and the emperer had the fatuity to complete this wretched business by encountering, unaided, the united cunning of a Bonaparte and a Talleyrand, and this, too, without in any way consulting or concerting with his unfortunate ally; so that when the Prussian ministers attempted to *treat*, or to offer remonstance or objection, they were silenced with, "You are not here to dictate, but to receive the law; be satisfied then with what the *emperor* deigns to give you."

This, so far from being an exaggerated account, is but a small part, not only of what I hear, but of what comes within my own knowledge.

The emperor and Budberg will remain a day or two at Tauroggen, whence, stopping *en route* a short time at Mittau, they return to St. Petersburg; for

which place Lord G. L. Gower will set out very shortly. He has not had one line from the Russian minister to announce the recent events. Were none of them known to us, the conduct observed by Russia, towards the king's ambassador, would sufficiently enable us to give a pretty good guess at the nature of them.

In order to reconcile the people to a measure hostile to their real interests, and to what must, I think, indubitably take place if the French overtures are not accepted by us, we are held up in Russia as the cause of all these misfortunes, and that at the moment when our ambassador is sent out, and our transports are passing the Sound.

With the exception of Rüchel, and a few other hot-heads, I must do the Prussians the justice to say they do not join in that senseless cry. They all feel, and none, as I know, more strongly than the King of Prussia himself, that had a force of fifty thousand British troops been on the Continent, it would not have made amends, either for the incapacity of the Russian general or the weakness of his imperial master. Numbers were not wanting at Friedland, nor could they have availed in a battle lost by the lack of ability and activity in the defeated commander-in-chief.

12*th*.—Hardenberg is no longer minister. He would himself have resigned had not Bonaparte saved him the trouble by declaring that "he would rather make war forty years than allow that *Englishman* to remain in power." He is gone to Denmark.

I had a long conversation with him before he left, which turned on past, rather than passing, events, for the latter are so painful to him that on referring to them he was quite overwhelmed by his feelings.

He assured me, however, that the negotiation had hitherto been confined to mere *pourparlers*, as indeed it has, but they are obliged to accept these as law. Goltz, who succeeds Hardenberg, refused to sign the Treaty until after His Imperial Majesty and his ministers had left, and all hope was lost of their interference.

The people of Memel much wish that the emperor may finally be induced to make the river his frontier, as they think they would enjoy more protection under Russia than in their present condition.

I fear we shall soon see the end of this melancholy drama on the side of Stralsund; for when Bonaparte heard of the King of Sweden having determined to recommence hostilities he was furious, and exclaimed vehemently that he would march his troops thither directly, "It being necessary," he said, "*to bring that man to his senses.*"

He will probably disregard the month's previous notice, or if he should think a pretext necessary, will no doubt make one of the arrival of our troops. We are therefore anxious for news from that quarter.

13*th.*—By the Treaty with Russia, Moldavia and Wallachia fall to the lot of the emperor, the Morea and Egypt to Bonaparte; the seven islands are to be offered to the King of Sicily as an indemnity for the loss of that country. Bonaparte wished to have

these acquisitions guaranteed to him by Russia as a *sine qua non* of the peace, and for a long time he pertinaciously insisted upon it. But the emperor would not yield to him on that point, and Bonaparte at length contented himself with a stipulation that Russia should remain neutral, and not interfere in any measures he might find it expedient to take for securing the possession of those countries.

The Russians who are here attempt to show that this unwillingness, or refusal, as they term it, of the emperor to agree to Bonaparte's wishes, implies a determination on his part to enter into no engagement hostile to England. I, however, can see no reason whatever for acceding to that view of the matter.

Bonaparte's language to the emperor, as I know from excellent authority, was, "A few hours will suffice to settle *our* business. You wish for Moldavia and Wallachia; why then *ménager* a power that has acted treacherously towards us both? Beyond that we have no point of contest. Lay down our arms, and we are at peace." As regards Prussia he said, "C'est un vilain roi; une vilaine nation; une vilaine armée; une puissance qui a trompée tout le monde et qui ne mérite pas d'exister. Tout ce qu'elle garde, elle le doit à vous. Voila ce dont, moi, j'ai besoin" —and he pointed towards those countries, on a map, named in the Prussian treaty—"le reste est à vous, vous n'avez qu'en disposer. Je ferai tout par amitié pour vous, je ne ferai rien pour les beaux yeux de la reine."

This is all that has been gained by acting on Kalkreuth's wise suggestion, and exposing the queen to Bonaparte's brutality.

As to the poor Prince of Orange, he has literally lost everything. 6000*l.* a-year is all they could get for him, and that only during his and the princess's life, nothing for their children. "Why," said Bonaparte, "did the Prince of Fulda make war against me?"

His duty to the king, as a relative and as an officer in his service, was alleged.

"Tout cela," he replied, "est bel et bon—mais il me faut à Fulda quelqu'un qui ne sera pas forcé de me faire la guerre chaque fois qu'on me la suscite."

Bonaparte has commanded the dismissal of Rüchel, and General Yorck succeeds him as Governor of Königsberg, while, *pour comble de malheur*, Beym is reinstated. What is become of Lombard no one knows.

15*th.*—I have been positively assured that Bonaparte has sent eventual orders to Denmark to shut the Sound against us. People here are so frightened that all the English ships are gone out into the roads, where the anchorage is very bad, to load and take in ballast. But this has been a good deal occasioned by the king having said, since his return to Memel, that no precautions were superfluous, for that he could now answer for nothing from one day to another.

It is said that garrisons will be placed in the Prussian ports, particularly at Stettin.

15*th.*—Count Goltz is just come from Königs-

berg. The Prussian treaty was ratified by Bonaparte on the 13th. The French troops are to evacuate Tilsit on the 20th, Königsberg on the 25th. The Passarge to be crossed on the 1st of August, the Vistula on the 6th, the Oder on the 1st of September. All the troops to have crossed the Elbe by the 30th of October, with the exception of six thousand. The garrison to remain in Stettin until the last-named date.

The fortresses of Silesia to be given up the middle of October.

The revenues of the king to be received by him from the 13th inst.

All this, however, is but so much waste paper, for annexed to it is a contribution of twenty-five million thalers, which is to be paid before the evacuation takes place. Besides this, from their two richest cities, Dantzig and Königsberg—the former no longer Prussian—a contribution has been extorted of a million sterling each.

As with Austria, last year, the evacuation of Germany was made to depend on a stipulation which Bonaparte well knew Russia would not consent to, so, that of this unhappy country, is now hampered by a stipulation which I verily believe it is impossible to fulfil; added to which the poor king is six months in arrear with his army.

General Knobelsdorff, whose missions have never been of the pleasantest kind, is sent after Bonaparte to try what he can do towards obtaining some sort of relaxation of these cruel terms. *Perhaps* the tyrant,

after having reduced His Prussian Majesty to this low and humiliating position, may choose to make a show of affected generosity.

The Prince of Orange, with Baron Fagel, has set out for Berlin on a similar errand to that of General Knobelsdorff, but on his own account.

What a sad alternative are they brought to! The only hope, the only possible means of bringing relief to the general misery, of repairing the wretched state to which the Continent is reduced, is by a peace, and peace with such a man as Bonaparte; a man whose conduct, past and present, proves but too clearly that no reliance whatever can be placed in him, a peace involving the recognition of all his upstart myrmidons; thereby sealing, and in some measure sanctioning, the *bouleversement* of Europe—a peace, in a word, which we are well convinced he makes only as a means of bringing about *our* destruction.

17*th*.—Strogonow, the great friend of Czartoriski and Novossiltzow, has been here. He is very unreserved, though very quietly so, in his disapprobation of the late events. They all three left the emperor in a very pointed manner, and have not seen him since. Budberg, also, is far from being pleased. He may not be so well disposed towards England as Strogonow and his party, but it is doing him an injustice to consider him one of the French set. At least, his conduct in the business of the Treaty of commerce cannot, in fairness, be adduced as a proof against him, as my brother seems to think; for he

repeatedly proposed to renew it to Stuart, who wrote home for the necessary full powers. But the noble marquis was jealous of this, and determined that *he* would have the *éclat* of the signature, yet could not prevail on himself to leave England. At last, full powers were sent to Stuart; but there had been so much delay that the Minister of Commerce had taken advantage of it to persuade His Imperial Majesty, unknown to Budberg, to sign the famous Ukase.

The Russian minister then told Stuart how sorry he was for what had happened, but that the fault was entirely our own. "The emperor," he added, "having, though unguardedly, once passed his imperial word, could not be expected to retract it."

18*th*.—As yet we have received nothing from Stralsund. If any misfortune happens to the King of Sweden it will be much to be regretted, for he has really behaved so well, not only to this Court in particular, but also by the noble manner in which he rejected the insidious offers of Bonaparte to give him Prussian Pomerania, Finland, and Norway.

The Russians are to have the fortress and port of Anapa, on the Black Sea. The king has obtained Bonaparte's permission to appropriate to his own use his own private property in the lost provinces. This will amount, it is said, to twenty-five million thalers; at least, it was formerly estimated at that sum, but that it will now produce as much seems very doubtful.

19*th*.—A copy of the Treaty has been promised me

from day to day. Goltz, when asked about it yesterday, said it would be made known in a few days, but that they were really ashamed of it. The truth is, they are in hopes of obtaining some further concessions; but as Bonaparte is so backward in fulfilling those he has already acceded to, he is far more likely to impose burdens than to remit any.

His guards are to march to Berlin forthwith. The hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg passed through Memel this week on his way to St. Petersburg to thank the emperor for his effectual interference on his behalf. He states that the damage done to his country amounts to near twenty million francs.

21*st*.—At this moment we are living a rather monotonous, and at the same time a most anxious, life. It is impossible not to sympathize greatly with the king, whatever may have been the faults of the Prussian Government; and it is but justice to speak of the dignity of his conduct under the late melancholy events which have deprived him of half of his kingdom, while what remains is depopulated, and drained of its resources, to the very last drop.

We see their Majesties continually. The queen is as amiable and beautiful as ever, and we have the honour of walking or riding, and drinking tea with her almost every evening.

Yesterday we spent a very pleasant day, though recollections intruded that alloyed the enjoyment of it very considerably. Two fine regiments of Russian infantry, with a detachment of Cossacks, who have been stationed at Memel for some time, marched out

to regain their frontiers, distant about four German miles. Half way on the road stands a very pretty cottage, with grounds laid out *à l'Anglaise*, in which a military band was stationed. The queen received us, and gave us a cold collation, tea, &c. Long tables were placed in the gardens, abundantly served with a variety of eatables, jellies, creams, and cakes, of which all the Russian officers were invited to partake. The manner in which the invitation was responded to was droll enough to see; they charged, as it were, in a body, pounced on their prey, and in two seconds two dogs would not have found wherewith to satisfy hunger. The officers then came forward, each with his bumper of wine in his hand, and drank the health of their royal entertainers; the men, to whom also liberal potations were served, instantly repeating it in their own sonorous language, and as it seemed with one mighty deep-toned voice.

The queen was pleased with this *fête*; and the weather was fine, an exception to the general rule at Memel, where the climate is beyond all idea horrible. Till within these few days we could not dispense with fires, and the houses are constantly shaken to their very foundations by the violence of the gales on this exposed coast.

22*nd*.—Lord Hutchinson, after his return from Carlscrona, went off two days ago for St. Petersburg and Moscow, where he intends passing the winter, leaving me here *en chef*. I should be quite alone, as regards our countrymen, but for young Lord Gower,

who yet remains with us, being still unable to break the silken chains in which a certain *grande dame*, whose rank is equalled only by her grace and her beauty, has long held him captive.

23*rd*.—I was talking with Count Goltz* this morning on general matters when he introduced the subject of the late peace, and endeavoured to throw the blame of it, in a great measure, on England. He declared to me that had he known, before he put his hand to it, that the Treaty of subsidy had been signed at London, he never would have done so. He acknowledged that the alarm of the merchants of the different Prussian ports in the Baltic was not without foundation, but added, that whatever engagements the king had entered into had been forced on him. It was not a matter of inclination, he said, but of necessity; for "Prussia, abandoned by Russia, had only to choose between immediate acquiescence or immediate annihilation." The Prussian Treaty, he represented as arising out of and dependent on that of Russia, so that, at all events, no measures hostile to England would be adopted in which Russia did not take the lead. He trusted that England would do full justice to the King of Prussia's friendly intentions and disposition, and he deprecated the resentment of His Britannic Majesty should Prussia, eventually, be compelled to adopt hostile proceedings against us.

I answered only that I, of course, was not in a position to assert what steps our Government would have recourse to in the event of any forced act of

hostility on the part of Prussia; but, speaking from my own private judgment, I must say that such an act must virtually be considered as the act of Bonaparte, and, consequently, it could hardly be expected —however much the extreme weakness and desperate situation of Prussia might be a subject of regret and compassion—that Great Britain should abstain from employing her maritime superiority in counteracting the designs of her inveterate enemy. The Count, however, seemed to flatter himself—and many others I know do the same—with the vain idea that the helpless and dependent state in which Prussia is now placed, must excuse any act of hostility on her part, and preclude any idea of retaliation on that of England.

24*th*.—Prince Radzivill, who has just arrived here from Vienna, in twelve days, having had permission to pass through the French army, informs us that the late disasters in this quarter had created a great sensation at Vienna, and that the effect had been to give greater activity to their warlike preparations.

The French minister at that Court did not communicate the result of the battle of Friedland, and for some time affected utter ignorance on the subject, for the purpose, it is presumed, of hurrying the Austrian cabinet into some decisive measure that might furnish Bonaparte with a pretext for turning his arms against them.

26*th*.—The French marched out of Königsberg yesterday. Their Majesties, however, have no im-

mediate intention of returning thither. Nothing can exceed the insolence and extortions of the French. No sooner is one demand complied with than another is brought forward, coupled always with the threat of a recommencement of hostilities in case of refusal or demur. The contributions levied at Dantzig alone now amount to thirty-eight million francs, besides a pension of eleven millions to Lefebvre. Those of Königsberg, to eight million francs, exclusive of four hundred thousand thalers they insisted on receiving before they left the town. The Dantzig contribution is levied as the price of the nominal freedom granted to that city. The greater part of the inhabitants are already much dissatisfied with it, but no choice was allowed them; for General Rapp convoked a meeting a few days ago, at which he informed the Dantzigers that "*the emperor*" expressly required that the city should be put upon the same footing as before the first partition of Poland, and desired them to intimate their wishes as to any further liberties they might desire to acquire. A strict confirmation of the *Staple Rights*, that no goods should pass the town without being landed there; the whole of the Nehrung to Pillau; the right of manor of the Bay of Putzig, and the freedom of the Vistula, up to Warsaw, were accordingly agreed to, in addition to the privileges formerly enjoyed by them.

In Warsaw, and in the ceded Polish provinces, great discontent prevails. They complain that Bonaparte has deceived them, and declare that if they are

not again to become an independent nation they would rather belong to Prussia than to Saxony. I do not, however, find that any person of mark is at the head of the disaffected Poles, though, according to the reports, they amount to near thirty thousand men. A feeling of disappointment certainly exists, but, on the whole, I am inclined to believe that the current reports are not only exaggerated, but that they are propagated and encouraged by the French themselves, as a pretext for keeping up a larger force in those parts.

Of General Knobelsdorff's mission no accounts whatever have been received.

August 6th.—Count Goltz has just told me he has heard that Mr. Garlike, who was to come here instead of Mr. Frere, has deferred his voyage from Copenhagen in order to receive fresh instructions before he sets out. The Count regrets this, he says, because he fears that in a very few days, before our Government even can communicate with Mr. G., Prussia will be compelled to put her late Treaty into execution. As soon as the supplies arrive the ports will be shut; and for this reason I cannot help wishing that we were to anticipate them, for I do not see why we are to be the dupe and victim either of their weakness or duplicity—I say, duplicity, not that I believe they would act with hostility if they could help it, but because they are, and must be, aware that they have no choice in the matter, consequently their holding out any hopes can be only with the view of gaining time. But, on the other

hand, the country, I really believe, would be irrevocably ruined if these supplies were stopped, at least as far as famine can ruin a country; for the wide-spread misery that reigns here is intensely distressing, and, without witnessing it, few could form an idea of it, or conceive to what an extent the country has everywhere been ravaged. The price of everything is enormous, and mere necessaries can scarcely be obtained by those who would willingly pay any price for them.

In Russia, the case, though not quite so bad, is still very similar. Apprehensions are felt at Riga, and the other ports, that they too will be shut against us. If Alexander should be weak enough to carry this stipulation into execution—for that he actually agreed to it, conditionally, perhaps, I had never the smallest doubt—the threat hinted to him by his brother, in reminding him of the fate of Paul, might probably be realized, though from a different cause. It cannot be denied that Russia wished greatly for peace, but it is equally certain that any measure directly hostile to *us* would meet with no favour there, and, I would lay any wager, the emperor would survive such a step no longer than would be necessary to make the country feel what a sufferer she would be by it.

If anything could excuse the conduct of this Government, it would be the way in which Russia has deserted them, and the advantage Bonaparte takes of that circumstance. Bad as the Treaty originally was, it is even more unfavourable now; so com-

pletely, Count Goltz says, does Bonaparte interpret it according to his own will and pleasure, and to suit his own views.

No opportunity is allowed to escape by which he may show his hatred of the King of Prussia, and there is no end to the vexatious *chicane* of the French. Through every village they pass their way is marked by oppression and exaction of every kind.

Contrary to the express agreement of the Convention, the troops have not yet passed the Passarge, and it is now openly avowed that until the signing of peace with England there will be a garrison of twelve thousand men in Dantzig.

As to Count Goltz himself, nothing can be more satisfactory than his professions, and it is but justice towards him to say that his sincerity is undoubted. But what avail the best dispositions without energy to act up to them? What avails it that his language and personal feelings are everything that can be desired if he is obliged to adopt a line of conduct so opposed to them, and is made to sacrifice his own will to the perfidious one of a Beym or a Köchritz? This, unfortunately, is Count Goltz's case; in fact, nothing can be weaker than he is. *Au reste*, the petticoat rules. As it is so, I pay my court to Madame la Comtesse pretty assiduously, which answers my purpose in more ways than one; for we are on very good terms, and she frequently talks to me of my brother, *l'aimable Jackson*, whom she knew at Berlin. By the way, she forgets that she is no longer the gay, pretty Comtesse Zettritz, and

she tries to *faire* both *l'esprit et l'aimable* in a most unmerciful manner. Her daughter, who is very like what I fancy her mother to have been, twenty-six years ago, is extremely pretty. Comtesse Goltz, and Comtesse Voss, form our chief society. The latter has more head, heart, and character than any of them. At the morning assemblies of Comtesse Voss, we meet their Majesties, who, past and passing events considered, are in better spirits, more affable, cheerful, and pleasant than could well be expected under such heavy misfortunes. The queen has suffered less in her health, than was apprehended, from this unfavourable climate. Within the last few days, a sudden and extreme change has taken place in the weather, which is enough to try any constitution. The usually chill, stiff breezes of Memel have become heated blasts, and are so overpowering in their effects that I have myself been scarcely able to support them, and have felt the greatest difficulty in bearing up long enough to commit to paper my passing thoughts on passing events.

7*th*.—News of an intended expedition to Denmark has reached us, and reports even mention the arrival of our fleet at Copenhagen.

8*th*.—Letters have just now been brought in. I learn from them that my brother is the negotiator appointed to accompany the Danish expedition.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Haselbeach, July 16th, 1807.

Your packets to the 15th ult. have been forwarded to me here. I understand there are accounts from you of a later date in Downing Street, concerning the battle of Friedland, the armistice, and subsequent transactions. I think you must have been hard put to it to get away from Königsberg; but I have been under no uneasiness for your safety. The report of the interview on the Niemen, and the signature of peace, if confirmed, will sufficiently explain what must follow.

Frere's father is just dead, and he succeeds to 2000*l.* a-year. What alteration this may make in his views I cannot say; but his departure will be postponed to give him time for settling his affairs. It seems strange that you should not have heard of his, or your appointment.

The American secretary is arrived, but, being put into quarantine, the purport of his message cannot be known until next week. It is clear, however, that the Treaty is not yet ratified, as Congress had not met before his departure.

You, perhaps, know more than I do of our discussions with Denmark. The only point which in the present state of them is clearly understood, and generally and deeply felt, is that we must, if necessary, vindicate, by every possible means and with every sacrifice, the rights which the Danes are inclined to contest. I cannot, however, help think-

ing that there is something of exaggeration in the views attributed to them. It seems hardly possible that they should know so little their own interests, or be so ready to consult those of the French.

It has struck me and *others* how very judicious and correct your observations were on the new Marshal's being in such a hurry to go to Tilsit. I see from hence, many, many things to lament; but I fear lamentation and criticism are now equally useless.

Downing Street, July 18th.

I write a line to you in Canning's room, of which I am left in possession whilst he is below, holding a cabinet. A messenger is about to be despatched to Garlike to-night. You will not be more surprised at the date of this than I was at one o'clock this morning at being knocked up, out of my bed—where I was reposing after a pretty hard day's excursion to Lord Spencer's seat, twelve miles from Haselbeach—by the messenger Basilio. He brought a note from Lord Fitzharris, saying that, in consequence of what I had written to his father some days previously, on the subject of our discussion with Denmark, he was directed to request me to set out *immediately* for London, distant eighty miles, and that I was expected *here* at eleven this morning. By half-past two I was ready, and our baggage was upon the carriage, and by the exertions of four horses I reached this office at about one in the afternoon. It is now three o'clock. I have as yet only a general idea of what is going forward; but that suffices to

show me that I shall set out in a few days for Copenhagen, for which Brook Taylor leaves this evening. He is the skirmishing party. I shall form the main *corps de bataille*, and carry the great guns with me.

Five o'clock.—I have just had a long conversation with Canning, the result of which is that my departure is postponed for a few days, and in the meanwhile any intention respecting it will be kept quite secret.

There is an idea of sending for you home, to go out again with Frere in about a month. The object of this, is, that you may bring that information to Government, on the general state of affairs, of which they are now so totally destitute. You will probably have a cutter from Memel, and I would advise, if the wind and *other circumstances* are not strong against you, rather to push through the Sound than to land at Kiel, as I think we shall be more likely to meet there.

The only news of the day is that a fleet is fitting out, and almost ready to sail for the Baltic, for the purpose of protecting and covering the retreat of the large body of troops we have in that quarter.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Somerset Street, July 23rd, 1807.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I am thrown into no small agitation and alarm by the postscript of your letter to my sister, from

which I learn that mine of the 19th, giving you some particulars of the object of my return to town, had been missent to a neighbour of the same name. You must be aware how very important the most perfect secrecy is to me, and how near ruin it would be if this business got abroad through my means. Yet you do not even allude to the good fortune of escaping this, supposing the neighbour not to have opened the letter, and enter so little into the importance of the case as to have done nothing, as it appears, instead of *everything possible to secure* the person's silence, if the accident in question has happened. I beg of you to do so at once, and to write me the result by return of post.

July 25th.

I received yours this morning. It affords me an additional proof that on certain subjects there can be no sympathy of feeling between official and unofficial people. Yet I should have thought *you* knew enough of official matters to have felt how very serious the result of this accident might have been—and not to me only, but even to Canning himself, in a public and official point of view. However, I hope, from what you say, that all is safe; and to secure safety, no precautions you could take were superfluous. Our namesake, most fortunately, seems to be a respectable and honourable man.

Things are getting in forwardness for me, and I shall be off, probably, on Tuesday. I wish George were here to go with me. If I can lay hold of him

on the way, I shall, unless I see strong reasons to the contrary, keep him with me.

F. J. J.

P.S.—You will see nothing of me in the papers until I have left England.

Yarmouth, August 1st, 1807.

One line more, my dear mother, before I embark, to tell you that I left town yesterday at 7 A.M., but, owing to the scarcity of horses, did not reach this place till nine this morning; and now it blows so fresh that it is difficult to communicate with the shipping. By a strange confusion in the orders sent from the Admiralty, I know not yet which ship I am to go in. My *corps* is now assembled, and I assure you we are formidable both in numbers and appearance.

2*nd*—*Noon*.—We are just going on board, with a fair wind. Twenty-seven hours have been lost here, and I thought, at one moment, that I should have to return, or send one of my staff to town for more positive orders to furnish me with a conveyance.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Kiel, August 7th, 1807.

I arrived here last night in good plight, after a pleasant passage of sixty-six hours to Tönningen, and after spending a couple of hours with the Princess

of Orange at Sleswig. The Prince Royal was there yesterday, when I was, but I did not ask to see him, as he was on a party of pleasure, and was to return here to-day, which he actually did.

A letter which I find has been received here from you, of the 27th ult., makes no mention of your being recalled to England; nor do I gather from it that you have any present intention of returning. Garlike, too, who ought to be at Memel, remains at Copenhagen, waiting for further orders, on account of the 27th Article of the Prussian Treaty of peace! I wrote on arrival to Count Bernstorff, who came to me, because he has his house full of sick people. You may imagine he did not smile upon me after the first moment—indeed, hardly then; for he was, I believe, aware of the object of my journey, though perhaps not in its fullest extent. However, now he knows *à quoi s'en tenir*, after a conversation of more than two hours, in which I had to sustain some violent attacks. His anger quite got the better of him, and in his paroxysms of passion he used language which, I think, in cooler moments he cannot but regret. He was most violent, too, in manner, and inveighed in strong terms against the conduct of the Court of Prussia, which he said had contributed more than any other to bring Europe into its present lamentable state of subjection.

I told him I had understood that in the latter period of the war the King of Prussia had displayed much zeal, and a strenuous adherence to his engagements that had, in some measure, atoned for his first

errors. The Count replied, with vehemence, that "the king deserved his fate, because he kept up, to the last, secret communications with Bonaparte, and that the disgust of the Emperor Alexander, when he discovered the perfidy of the king, made him precipitate his own negotiation for peace." I shall probably have much more of this, and have no reason to expect a favourable result.

I have a letter from Berlin that says, "The Prince of Orange is come here, to get what he can, I suppose, in the antechamber of one of the French generals." For the rest, I have heard but little from that quarter, and I have seen only the party at Sleswig, and they are not very knowing.

9th.—I had an interview yesterday with the Prince Royal, to whom I stated plainly that I was ordered to demand the junction of the Danish fleet with that of England, and that in case of refusal it was the determination of His Majesty to enforce it. He replied, that "Such a proposal was utterly opposed to every principle of honour, and that the menace by which it was accompanied made it still more offensive. We should find, however, that an attack on Copenhagen was not so easy an enterprise as we expected. He would, as in duty bound, head the troops and fight with them to the last extremity; that where danger was most imminent, there he would be found, and that, should he fall in the struggle to maintain the independence of his country, he should consider that he paid with his life a debt due to the

nation he governed in the name of the king, his father."

As regarded France, he said, "Our apprehensions were entirely groundless. No notification had been made by her of an intention to invade Holstein. For years he had maintained his neutrality, and it was cruel and unjust on the part of England to attempt to force Denmark from the system so long and so successfully pursued by her."

The prince was at times as vehement and violent in language and manner as his minister had been.

This morning I had my second *assaut d'armes* with Count Bernstorff, and had as many heavy thrusts to parry as at the preceding one. The impetuosity of his attacks on me made argument impossible, and my endeavours to bring him to a temperate discussion of the subject before us seemed but to add fuel to his fiery wrath. The Prince Royal, he said, was greatly affected by the insult conveyed in the determination of His Majesty to enforce compliance by hostile measures with a proposal which, if made in amicable terms, he might have listened to, or, perhaps, even have accepted. He then told me that the prince had left Kiel in the night for Copenhagen, and that Count Joachim, his brother, would there communicate to me his royal highness's further intentions. This has made me adopt the resolution of following him immediately; and I am about to embark in the gun-brig *Intelligence* for Korsoer, as the shortest way of reaching Copenhagen. My

object is to prevent things, if possible, from coming to extremities; but I have not much hope of succeeding.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Landscrona, August 15th, 1807.

The date of this, my dear M., will tell you "que j'ai vu du pays" since I saw you. My negotiation has failed of its principal object. The army will land, and a combined attack on Copenhagen take place as soon as the wind serves. Everything promises a successful enterprise. I am quite well, though, as you may suppose, a good deal fagged.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Landscrona, August 15th, 1807.

I went to sea from Kiel, as I wrote you word I was about to do, but a severe gale came on, and obliged me to return on shore and go from Kiel by land, and across the Belts. There I was detained seventeen hours, but by great exertions got to Copenhagen in three days. The aide-de-camp, and officers in the suite of the Prince Royal, preceded me by four hours.

The only troops I saw on my journey were two battalions of infantry, in the neighbourhood of Nyeburg, and a detachment of dragoons that passed me. The *landwehr*, consisting of some few score of peasants, were on their march to Copenhagen. On

approaching that city I was struck by the number of carriages passing in all directions, and soon after learnt that the cause of it was the general departure of the residents of the city for the country, and the arrival in town of those who lived in the suburbs, in order to avoid the dangers to which, respectively, they thought themselves exposed. At some little distance from Copenhagen I met the French, the Spanish, Prussian, Dutch, and Swedish ministers, who were retiring from the city. The Russian mission alone remained at its post. I got into Copenhagen at about five P.M., and was informed that Mr. Taylor and his staff had left on the preceding day. This perplexed me; for I was anxious to know something of the general state of affairs independently of my own share in the negotiation.

Great agitation prevailed throughout Copenhagen. Some thousands of the population and peasants from surrounding villages had been enrolled, and were actually mustering in front of the inn I put up at. My arrival checked for awhile the great alarm that Mr. Taylor's departure had created; the people's hopes being thereby raised that hostilities might yet be avoided. Accordingly, the inn was surrounded by an eager crowd, anxiously on the watch to note every step I took, and to catch every word I uttered. The eight days allowed for negotiation were nearly elapsed. The king had left for Jolland. I therefore announced my arrival to Count Joachim Bernstorff, who received me immediately, and with more politeness than his brother had done, but acknow-

ledged that he had no orders to treat with me on the grounds proposed. This at once put an end to my business, and I therefore claimed from him protection for my person, and the freedom of leaving the Danish territory. My passports were immediately forwarded to me, and Count Joachim gave orders that the gates of the Custom-House, through which I had to pass, should be kept open for me until any hour I named. A boat awaited me there, and by midnight I was alongside H.M.S. *Cambrian*, which was lying about five miles off Copenhagen. At daylight I went off to H.M.S. *Prince of Wales*, to communicate to Admiral Gambier and Lord Cathcart that my negotiation was ended, and that it now rested with them to carry out the measure prescribed by the British Government. I got here last night, the first night in five I have had my clothes off.

Though my negotiation has been unsuccessful in obtaining the object we have in view, yet, I am so far pleased with it, that I think it has put the justice of our cause in a true and favourable light. The fleet and army are within a few miles of the city, and, if the wind is not very adverse, the landing will take place in the course of to-morrow with such a prospect of success as few commanders could boast of.

I shall remain here, or in this neighbourhood till further orders, that I may be at hand to resume negotiation if, as I think not unlikely, the Danes should be that way disposed, after they have had a

few strokes. I have also a good deal to write, which I shall get through here and send home by Hill, who was with us at Paris, and was secretary of legation at Copenhagen. I have ascertained that the city of Copenhagen might be almost immediately reduced to the greatest distress by intercepting the supply of fresh water, which it receives almost exclusively from a small lake, at no great distance from the north gate, on the road to Elsinore.

But, in any case, the Danes must, I think, soon surrender, for they are without any hopes of succour, are unfurnished with any effectual means of resistance, and are almost in total want of the necessaries of life, as far as I could learn or was able to see for myself during my few hours' stay there. There were no droves of cattle or flocks of sheep; no provisions of any sort being sent in the direction of the city. No troops marching towards the town; no guns mounted on the ramparts; no embrasures cut, in fact, no preparations of any sort. What the Danes chiefly rely on is the defence by water. They brought out this morning several *praams* and floating batteries, and cut away one or two of the buoys.

The garrison of Copenhagen does not amount to more than four thousand regular troops. The *landwehr* is a mere rabble, as indeed all *levées en masse* must be.

The people are said to be anxious to capitulate before a conflagration takes place, which must happen soon after a bombardment begins, when, not

improbably, the fleet as well as the city will become a prey to the flames.

H.M.S. *Prince of Wales*, August 16th, off Copenhagen.

I cannot think how it is that I receive nothing from you, dear G. The captain of a merchant vessel, five days from Memel, reports that you had left that place for Riga. I incline to think that he *supposes* you to have left, from the rest of your party having gone in that direction. I wished you to have come here, and I doubt not but this scene of bustle and active gaiety would please you as much as some years ago it would have pleased me. Garlike, who was expected to act immediately on the orders sent out to him, is still here waiting for further orders, but intending, he says, to sail with the first fair wind. When I talked to him of your returning, he said it was left to his discretion, but I told him that I knew Mr. Canning wished you to return, and that having been written to to that effect, I thought it likely he would not find you at Memel. As he does not intend to present his credentials, in consequence of the twenty-seventh article of the Treaty between Prussia and France, he can have no want of your services."

The army disembarked this morning in grand style, about ten miles north of Copenhagen. Lord Cathcart's head-quarters are at Lutze's, our consul's, house. To-morrow his lordship will march forward to invest Copenhagen.

As I told you, I am by no means dissatisfied with

my negotiation, which, I think, places our cause in a light most favourable to our employers. The Bernstorffs, and Baudissin, whom I met at Kiel, will, of course, be displeased with me, and think I have acted a very cruel part. You must expect to hear me not a little abused on the Continent, and, perhaps, even amongst our own countrymen. But I have done what, in my conscience, even independent of my instructions, I think to be right and just; and if the Danish Government, contrary to reason and common sense, persist in incurring the evils of war, the responsibility must rest on their own heads.

L'aimable Joachim, as the ladies used to call him, sent me a very civil message after I had taken leave of him, saying he should ever retain pleasant recollections of the happy hours he had spent in our house at Berlin. I have taken advantage of a flag of truce to write him a letter of compliment, which will give him the opportunity, if he pleases to avail himself of it, of renewing the negotiation. It is merely a trial on my part, for my *belief* is, that the Danes must be lashed a little before they will give in.

Le Commandeur Wartensleben came to me at Copenhagen in some distress, and I *viséd* his pass. Hardenberg is not there, but is gone to St. Petersburg.

Decken is come on board, having accompanied the German troops from Stralsund. He gives a most lamentable account of that town, which must soon fall into the hands of the enemy, and also of the King of Sweden, who is, he says, a little madder than ever.

The flag of truce brought a request for passports,

to leave Copenhagen and cross the Belts, for the Danish princesses, one of whom was to have married Prince Henry of Prussia. Their highnesses passed by the quarters of our guards, who are in the palace of Fredericksburg, where the king usually resides. Sir G. Ludlow paraded the guards, paid the princesses all the honours due to royalty, and offered them an escort. For the rest, not a soul can get in or out on the land side without our permission, and we should give a warm reception to those who would attempt it by water.

17*th.*—I remain afloat, because it is more entertaining to be in the centre of affairs and see what is going on. Indeed, I am here at the fountain-head, and the admiral is very friendly and confidential, and communicates everything to me. I believe he is not sorry to have me at hand to consult upon many points that arise connected with the public service, but which are not exactly *du ressort* of his profession.

Nothing can exceed the zeal of the navy, and their anxiety to get close to the enemy, especially the crew of this ship, who have considered themselves under a cloud ever since Sir R. Calder's affair, which you will remember disturbed us so much at Potzdam, and for which that admiral was tried and reprimanded. I shall get out of the way before the fire begins, for, as I tell them, "Je ne suis pas payé pour cela."

19*th.*—Decided operations will very soon be commenced; but the army part of the business, though

the troops are not deficient in zeal and bravery, does not go on so quickly as that of the navy. I believe Lord Cathcart understands making bows at the drawing-room better than commanding an army, which requires more spirit and enterprise. He is remarkably slow in all his operations, but his opponent, M. de Peumann, a Hanoverian by birth, is an old man of seventy. It is well for his lordship that he has not one of Bonaparte's generals to do with.

I shall send you no more letters to Memel, for I imagine that you must have received the first I wrote you when this business was decided upon, and that you are on your way home.

Taylor, as being the advanced guard of the diplomatic corps, is on board the advanced guard of the fleet, the *Cambrian*, Captain Paget. We meet sometimes, but I cannot help seeing in him a sorry co-operator in my negotiation.

I see that the Americans make a show of quarrelling with us; but they will not, I think, go to extremities, so that somebody must be sent, and that soon, to negotiate with them.

The Danes threw shells for two hours last night, without effect, at the ships anchored in Kiöge Bay with the German legion on board.

20*th*.—I have nothing now to write to England officially; diplomacy has given place to arms. I no longer determine when messengers shall be sent off; Lord Cathcart has at least a half share in these matters. He is a long and slow writer, and has

always something more to say. He now threatens to have his letters and despatches ready by to-morrow morning, when a cutter will be sent with them, by which I shall forward this.

21*st*.—Decken has had an opportunity of distinguishing himself. With a small body of horse he made eight hundred men prisoners, and with only two squadrons of cavalry took a magazine of gunpowder.

I meet with several of my acquaintances in the fleet and army, but I make my home on board, for we live admirably here; on shore they don't know how to make themselves comfortable.

F. J. J.

P.S.—It appears that Decken could neither bring away his prisoners nor the powder they were in charge of. He, therefore, took a written *parole* from the commanding officer that neither men nor powder should ever be employed against the English, and gave him in return a certificate, setting forth that he had done his duty as an officer.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

H.M.S. *Prince of Wales*, August 23rd, 1807.

I was about to go on shore at Landscrona when I was told that a vessel was going to England. I, therefore, stop my boat that I may acknowledge your welcome letters, my dear mother, of the 6th and 10th inst., for I cannot answer them as I would.

To fill up the time that must elapse before an answer can be received to the despatches sent to England by Hill, Mr. Taylor and I are going to make a tour in Sweden for a few days. We are somewhat out of our element now, for life on board ship is rather monotonous; besides, I am not much edified by the character and proceedings of our General. We are getting on but slowly, yet I hope well. I consider, however, his failure or success as totally unconnected with my part of this transaction. I have all along kept it quite distinct from the operations of the army and navy, so that if blame is to fall on anybody it may be known where it is due. Still, I trust that in every branch of the service all will go well. The first fruit of this contest is the capture of a Danish West Indiaman. *La petite guerre* goes on in different parts of the line, but without any result of consequence. Adieu! I will write more at length by another opportunity.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

H.M.S. *Prince of Wales*, August 25th, 1807.

By Sir George Sharpe, who is just arrived from England, I learn that there are letters from Memel which mention your intention to remain there until Garlike's arrival. As Sir G. is going on at once, to resume his duties at St. Petersburg, I entrust this letter to him. I still hope we may meet before you return to England, and should you arrive during my absence—for Taylor and I are going to see Carl-

scrona, which they tell us is worth the trouble—you may go on shore, and thence on to Gothenburg.

I have undergone so much fatigue and mental anxiety that, in looking over my *brouillons* after the despatches were sent off, I was almost surprised to find they contained common sense. I don't know that in the whole course of my career I ever had so *sharp a brush*. The operations against Copenhagen are carried on with extreme caution on the General's part. The naval men, however, display great readiness, and an extraordinary fertility in expedients. The admiral is indefatigable, and Sir Home Popham works for both army and navy. But it is only justice to tell you, after what I have before said, that our army has made a movement forwards, and has been occupied in preparations to facilitate an approach to the town, which is not yet completely invested on the south-east, so that the markets can still get supplies from the island of Amack, where it was at first arranged that the German legion should land.

I am writing now in the midst of a tremendous cannonade that has been going on for four hours. No great result is expected from it; but as soon as all other means by sea and land are *deployés*, the Danes must, I think, give in. Their fleet must be had. They may, perhaps, fight well in their batteries, and behind the walls of their city. Their artillery is well served, but not much is expected from them in the field.

It is hoped that Lord Cathcart will bring the

heavy artillery that has been landed, to bear upon the ramparts, and that a combined assault by land and water will complete the business. The sailors are most eager for this. I saw them the other day in action with the gun-boats, and they reminded me of a pack of fox-hounds dashing into cover. No doubt the soldiers will show the same spirit when led forward. What a fine example has been afforded to our army by the proceedings of the French at Stralsund. Three days ago we heard that, despite the fire of the garrison, they had opened their second parallel, four hundred yards from the covered way, and to-day we learn that they have entered Stralsund. The king and Pierrepont, who fought gallantly by His Majesty's side, are in the island of Rügen, whence they will soon be at Malmoe, and probably not long after on board this ship.

A Danish thirty-six gun frigate has been taken in very good style by the *Comus* sloop of war, thirty-four Danes killed and wounded; only one man of ours wounded. A number of Danish merchantmen detained.

Thornton, of Kiel, passed this way three days ago. His brother is gone down the Elbe to England, so that no channel is open for your communications but this and Gothenburg. I hope we shall meet, if not I will write to you on my return.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

H.M.S. *Prince of Wales*, Sept. 1st, 1807.

I see by the papers, which we have down to the 22nd ult., that the public were ignorant of my fate. You, my dear mother, cannot have been so, because I wrote to you, though very shortly, as regularly as opportunity offered. I am now in expectation of a messenger from England with instructions for my future proceedings, and I wish, with all my heart, that they may direct me to return without delay.

I really forget whether I told you that Mr. Taylor and I were about to make a short excursion into Sweden. We left this ship six days ago for Landscrona, and proceeded that evening to Elsinborg. The next morning we went on to Christianstadt, and the next to Carlscrona. There we spent a day, and saw what remains of the Swedish navy. The late king intended to increase it so largely that he began the execution of a plan for constructing twenty dry docks, which were to be cut out of the solid rock. Two are completed; but this curious and laborious work is not likely to be proceeded with any further. Seven sail of the line, nine frigates, and the flotilla now constitute the whole of the Swedish navy. During the five days we were absent we travelled upwards of three hundred English miles, and I was glad to have the opportunity of seeing something of a country I am so unlikely ever to see in any other way. It is a barren and wild country; the people in a state but little removed from that of savages;

yet the roads are most excellent, better than those of England, and with the mode of travelling customary there, by way of *vorspann*, you get on at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour. The expense of a pair of horses is just one-fifth of what you pay in England. Nothing of this, however, was the least temptation to me to pay a visit to *our friend* at Stockholm. We returned yesterday, by way of Lund and Malmoe, and found that little or no progress had been made towards the reduction of Copenhagen. Batteries are indeed erected, but the opening of their fire is put off from day to day by Lord Cathcart, who seems to love procrastination, though it is, he says, for the purpose of doing things with more security. However, the summons is to be sent in to-day, and if, as is probable, surrender is refused, the bombardment will begin to-morrow. In twenty-four hours after some part of the city will, doubtless, be in flames.

Meanwhile, Sir Arthur Wellesley has had an affair which you will probably see blazoned forth in an extraordinary Gazette. With about four thousand men he attacked a Danish corps of armed peasantry, and killed and wounded about nine hundred men, besides taking upwards of fifteen hundred prisoners, amongst whom were sixty officers. One was a General officer. I spoke to him this morning, for he and his officers are let off on their parole. The men are on board prison ships, and miserable wretches they are, fit for nothing but following the plough. They wear red and green

striped woollen jackets, and wooden *sabots*. Their long lank hair hangs over their shoulders, and gives to their rugged features a wild expression. The knowing ones say that after the first fire they threw away their arms, hoping, without them, to escape the pursuit of our troops. In fact, the *battle* was not a very glorious one, but this you will keep for yourself.

The vessel that took Garlike to Memel has just returned. It came away five days ago, and has brought me nothing from George, which adds to my reasons for thinking that he will soon make his appearance here. Garlike could not want him, for he had some thoughts of coming away himself. He says that everybody at Memel is as low as honour could be laid. Yet I fear that the king, and all about him, will soon be reconciled to their fate.

I went to Fredericksburg yesterday, where our guards are stationed. It is the king's palace. I ascended to the top of it, whence there is a free and uninterrupted view of Copenhagen and the surrounding country. I saw that the Danes had prepared three very powerful batteries, with mortars and howitzers, besides a number of twenty-four pounders in others.

The Prince Royal, it is said, rather than let the fleet fall into our hands, has ordered it to be destroyed. If it should be so, our object will be attained in the most effectual manner, and the troublesome question of what to do with the fleet when we got it be disposed of also.

The Danes have not yet been put to any severe trial; but they show symptoms of a resolute spirit, and seem determined to fight it out with us. They have already burnt their suburbs and destroyed every house that was likely to afford shelter to our people. They have abandoned a hospital outside the town, and could scarcely bring themselves to accept our proposal to remove its miserable inmates for them. Having nothing of political negotiation to write about by this vessel, I give you the benefit of it, and send you a full budget of news, which will serve also to remove the doubts of my being in the land of the living, should you hear such expressed by any of my friends.

F. J. J.

Mr. George Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

On board H.M.'s Cutter *Surly*,
Sept. 14th, 1807.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I am now within thirty leagues of old England, and if the wind continues as favourable as it now is, I shall land the first thing in the morning. As I shall hardly have time to write by to-morrow's post after I reach London, I put your eyes to the test by this scrawl, almost illegible from the rolling of the vessel, that you may know I am the bearer of the account—the first account, I hope, that our Government will have received—of the unconditional surrender of the citadel and the fleet of Denmark to His Majesty's forces. I say, I hope, because if it really should be the first, I can only attribute it to a singular piece of good fortune.

On the 27th ult. I took leave of the King and Queen of Prussia, who were both very gracious, and expressed themselves in the kindest manner. towards me. On the 28th I left Memel, and arrived at Landscrona on the 2nd inst. The passage of two hours and a half from Landscrona to the fleet off Copenhagen I shall never forget.

It was nearly dark when we sailed out of the harbour; and in about half an hour afterwards we saw a great many rockets in the air, succeeded by shells on either side. The wind was so violent that we heard nothing until we were actually in the midst of the fleet, though we saw everything distinctly. Several shells fell in our direction, and so frightened our boatmen, that they repeatedly urged us to turn back. This, of course, we would not hear of; and at last we succeeded in getting alongside the flag ship, where we found the admiral and my brother in the stern gallery looking at the conflagration—for the city was on fire in three places. I never saw, nor can well conceive, a more awful, yet magnificent spectacle. It was the beginning of the bombardment *in forma*. We saw and heard it going on until daylight, as we lay in our cots; and as the work of destruction proceeded, I cannot describe to you the appalling effect it had on me. Our cabin was illuminated with an intensely red glow, then suddenly wrapped in deep gloom, as the flames rose and fell, while the vessel quivered and every plank in her was shaken by the loud reverberation of the cannon. Alas, poor Danes! I could not but feel for them.

Lord Cathcart told me the next morning that he had thrown two thousand shells into the town, besides the fire from our gun-boats and the famous catamaran rockets. And this sort of work was to begin again at night.

During the day I was fully occupied in writing for my brother, who told me that the summons to surrender had been sent in the previous day, and that General Peumann had refused, saying, that the Danish fleet was as safe in the hands of the King of Denmark as it would be in those of the King of England. But that if the commanders-in-chief were resolved on ruining an innocent city, he must defend it to the last extremity. To prevent the effusion of blood, the only proposal he could make was to refer the question to the king.

Lord C. was then loth to fulfil his instructions, and was for acceding to the governor's proposal—the Court being at Kiel or Keldrug. The idea of burning a capital city, the residence of a Court, of destroying a great commercial *depôt*, and shedding much innocent blood, seemed to weigh more heavily on his mind than on others. It was not like Stralsund, he said, or other fortified cities, and its destruction must not be lightly determined upon. The admirals, however, thought all this had been fully foreseen and appreciated beforehand, and that every hour was a lost one in which the bombardment was delayed. It therefore began that same evening, as I have told you. It was thought that the governor would probably make some admissible proposal in

the course of the day; but none arrived. What to me seems unaccountable, considering the spirit of resistance that animates them, is that the Danes had taken none of the usual precautions against a threatened bombardment, and had allowed our works to go on without interruption in exposed situations.

In the afternoon the firing began again with greater fury than ever, and for two or three hours there was a tremendous blaze. The wind was high; the flames spread rapidly, and towards night vividly illumined the horizon, so that at the distance of five miles from the city we could see each other on the quarter-deck as if it had been broad daylight, and into the city in the same manner; the intervening ships forming very picturesque objects.

Admiral Gambier had ordered the *Surly* to be in readiness for me, and I proceeded on my voyage that same night. Ere I left, the fire had increased to a prodigious height, the principal church was in flames, looking like a pyramid of fire, and the last I saw and heard of the ill-fated city was the falling-in of the steeple with a tremendous crash, and the distant loud hurrahs it occasioned along our line.

I own that my heart ached as I thought of the many scenes of horror that must inevitably take place in the midst of all this—and soon there would be but a heap of ruins instead of a city to take.

The wind was high, and carried us swiftly away from the scene of destruction. The *Surly* dashed at a great rate down the Cattegat, and with more or

less favourable *gales* we got as far to the west as fifty leagues from the Skaw, when we encountered such a hurricane as our commander says he never before experienced. Six of our guns were thrown overboard, and it was thought more than likely that we ourselves should all go to the bottom. Driven under the land, we were for a time comparatively quiet; but on the 8th, the storm recommenced with still greater fury.

I must, however, tell you that I provoked everybody by sleeping soundly through the danger they said we were in, and knew nothing about it till it was over. The commander had been obliged to seek the first port he could make; and when I awoke, to my great surprise we were entering the harbour of Gothenburg.

We lay snug there for two days, when an officer arrived from the fleet with a duplicate despatch from my brother, giving an account of the surrender of Copenhagen. The agent at Gothenburg was ordered to forward the despatch and some private letters by the first opportunity. He, therefore, gave them in charge to me. This determined us to put to sea forthwith; for the wind, though still contrary, had moderated. We succeeded in getting out of the harbour; and twenty-four hours after there was a favourable change.

The original despatch, as you will see by the letter I received from Francis at Gothenburg, was entrusted to Lord Cathcart's son, who left the fleet on the 8th. But it is the united opinion of our commander and

pilots that, with the wind as we had it, he could not proceed down the Cattegat.

If their calculations prove correct, and I have a presentiment that it will be so, I shall have the satisfaction, by means of the *contre-temps* that delayed our voyage, of bringing the Government the first intelligence of this important event; while you, my dear M., will have an opportunity of quoting an instance of the truth of the proverb, "'Tis an ill wind indeed that blows nobody good."

London, 16*th*.—We reached Harwich early yesterday morning. I landed immediately, and set off for London as fast as four horses at their highest speed could carry me—for I put my postilions on their mettle—and at a quarter-past seven I alighted in Downing Street with the *first* news of the surrender of Copenhagen; thus bringing my continental expedition to a very satisfactory conclusion. I enclose my brother's letter.

G. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

H.M.S. *Prince of Wales*, Sept. 5th, 1807.

You will have had a fine run, for the first part of your voyage at least, as it is blowing very fresh from the S.W. I shall, perhaps, follow you before the end of the month, for if Copenhagen is taken by capitulation or by assault, I shall have nothing more to do here, and shall be off immediately. If the Danish Government should still be disposed to treat with me, which does not now seem probable, that

would not take up much time. One of these cases must soon happen, for there seems no possibility of the Danes defending themselves. We do not know what effect the burning of the town has produced on the garrison, but they must be somewhat straitened for provisions and water. It is agreed on all hands that we can storm the town whenever we please, and Lord Cathcart will not dare to go on long in the dawdling way he has hitherto done.

6th.—The batteries opened at seven last evening, and soon after the Governor of Copenhagen sent out to ask twenty-four hours' truce to agree on the terms of a capitulation, and to treat for the delivery of the fleet. In consequence the bombardment is suspended. The admiral is gone on shore, and in the course of the day something will be concluded; whether upon terms merely military, or upon any more general footing of political interest, you will learn by the sequel of this letter. It was high time for the Danes to come to this resolution, for in the course of a very few days, a heap of ashes only would have remained of Copenhagen. The extent of the mischief already done there we cannot yet know; but the besieging army, I understand, has not lost above fifty men.

7th.—The Governor has this day capitulated. The entire and unconditional surrender of the whole of the Danish navy is thus secured to us, and our troops are at this moment in possession of the citadel and dockyards. Several previous discussions took place between the commanders-in-chief as to the security that would suffice for the removal of the fleet, sup-

posing the Danes were really disposed to deliver it over to us. Mr. Taylor and I were asked to be present; but Lord Cathcart and Sir A. Wellesley decided that, the negotiation being no longer with the Danish Government, but with the military Governor of Copenhagen, the pending negotiation should be purely a military one, whereupon we withdrew.

Lord Cathcart's son will be despatched to England early to-morrow with the capitulation. A duplicate account will be sent off soon after by way of Gothenburg, by which time I shall have made up my private letters. I intend to set out to-morrow, if possible, by Holstein, if I receive no orders to the contrary. I have had not a line of reply to my despatches by Hill. My object in taking that *route* is to learn what they think of these matters now, and to see what good it may be possible hereafter to do for these poor Danes. Taylor will go home by sea.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Sept. 14th, 1807.

Violent gales for three days prevented any communication with the shore, and as I wished to proceed to England by way of Holstein, I desired to know whether I should, in virtue of my passports, be permitted to do so. However, the Governor announced that no flags of truce from the vessels would be allowed to come nearer than within cannon-

shot of the shore; and my messenger was, therefore, refused permission to land.

In consequence, I embark at the Great Belt in the *Halcyon*. The Danes, evidently, will listen to no conciliatory overtures; but Zealand is so completely in our power, that from London to Bath could not be a safer journey than from Copenhagen to Korsoer. Our posts at short distances occupy the whole road, and the people seem to submit with tolerably good grace. Our men-of-war are destroying at Kiertimünde one of the principal *depôts* of Danish boats.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Yarmouth, Sept. 22nd, 1807.

I know, my dear mother, you would rather learn from me than from the newspapers, that I have just landed here from the *Halcyon* sloop of war. I have had a tolerable passage from the Belt. I am quite well, and am satisfied in the recollection of the multiplied events of the last two months, and of the share I have had in them. I know not where George is, but hope to find him in town.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

London, Sept. 25th, 1807.

I got to Somerset Street yesterday about noon, and was a little disappointed, my dear George, at not finding you there. However, you will be glad to hear that I met with a very good reception from

my chiefs, who are perfectly satisfied with all I have done. I made an arrangement to meet Canning to-day to go more into the details of the matter.

I am just returned from the Office, where I have been hard at work ever since twelve, and I am presently going to dine with Canning, in order to recommence our conference.

After the extreme anxiety I have felt at the great responsibility which the late negotiation had thrown on my shoulders, and the great and trying opposition I had to meet, it was a relief to me to find C. well pleased with the conduct of the negotiation. He is, however, much displeased with the capitulation; and well he may be. This is the consequence of military commanders making political arrangements. It is certain, besides, that the city and everything belonging to it might have been ours, at discretion, and that a fortnight earlier than it was.

26*th*.—It is now to be attempted to make peace. But I am certain that the Danes will listen to no terms; and if they would, as friends they would prove more troublesome to us than as enemies; the Danish Government has also behaved towards us in a dastardly manner. Yet there seems to be a disposition to commiserate the Danes. The fact is, the magnitude of our achievement startles the public, though they will enjoy the benefit of it. Its effect has been so great on Russia, that she has asked us to keep possession of Zealand, and it may be safely

asserted that Bonaparte has not in the course of this war met with a blow equal to it. But if we are to renounce the advantages we have gained; if the commanding position we now hold at the entrance of the Baltic is to be given up, the French, who are in Rügen, will not be slow to occupy that position, and will as effectually shut the Sound against us as if they had possessed themselves of the Danish fleet, and will thereby completely re-establish their tottering influence at St. Petersburg.

I intend to write to Canning at large on this subject. The strong interest I take in it, and the duty I owe to the public service, do not allow me to be silent.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Somerset Street, Sept. 26th, 1807.

I know not what I can have said in my letter to have caused my dear mother any fears on my account. It is, however, but fair towards you to say that those same fears were pretty general here; for everybody looks at me as if I were my ghost, and seems to wonder that I have not, at least, lost one of my ears. Indeed, I have not been upon roses for the last two months; but success compensates for a great deal of labour and annoyance, and I have just heard officially from Canning, to the effect that general satisfaction is felt at what I have done. Our ministry, however, is about to commit, as I think, a great mistake, and to lose the fruit of the

success that has been achieved. Merry is to be sent to try to *amadouer* the Danes. The mission was offered to Lord Whitworth, who declined to have anything to do with it, and of course the task cannot be undertaken by one who went to declare war. *Pauvre diable*, from what I have had to encounter myself, I can easily imagine what awaits my friend Merry.

I anticipated your wish by not asking George to come up, for you have, as you say, for a few days an absolute right to one of us. But he must be here at the latest by Tuesday night, as they tell me the king will wish, and expect to see me at the levee on Wednesday, and George will be presented at the same time.

I had the pleasure of paying half-a-crown for your packet, and should have paid with satisfaction a great deal more, yet it surprises me that you either should not know, or should have forgotten, that an *ordinary* frank does not carry more than an ounce, which is two quarto sheets and a half.

I send you a copy of the Declaration, published yesterday, of which I hope you will approve as *entre nous*, I have had some share in the framing of it.

F. J. J.

Diaries — Sept. 29th.—I got to town to-day at about one, and found Francis in Somerset Street in the best of health and spirits. There is no news in town except that Merry goes to-morrow, taking with

him young Pole, who was with Arbuthnot at Constantinople, and is related to Canning.

We are to be at the queen's house at two o'clock to-morrow, after which my brother dines with the Princess of Wales.

30*th.*—We met Merry at the levée; his departure is postponed.

Oct. 1*st.*—Francis set off for Broadstairs early this morning. I, as yesterday arranged, breakfasted with Merry, between eight and nine o'clock, in Clarges Street, and had a long conversation with him on the subject of his mission, which did not render him easier than he was already. Indeed, he was so much struck at the nature of the intelligence I was able to give him, that he said he would willingly lay down five hundred pounds to be *off his bargain.* The interview that was to have taken place yesterday at four, with Canning and Sir A. Wellesley, was delayed till half-past six, when he was informed that they would not be ready for him before to-day; that the arrival of Sir R. Wilson, and the opinion of Lord Cathcart and Admiral Gambier, now distinctly given, as to the impossibility of the measure we all so much desire, had thrown them into the greatest embarrassment, and that, at all events, nothing could be decided on until after a general meeting of the persons interested, which was to take place last night. It was then appointed that Merry should be in Stanhope Street at ten this morning, to meet Canning and Sir A. Wellesley, and learn the result of last night's council at the Duke of Port-

land's. He had learnt that Lord Castlereagh, who was expected to attend, was out of town.

Merry looked in about one to tell me the result of his interview. He found C. and W. at breakfast, the latter decidedly against the keeping possession of Zealand, and most peremptory in his assertions of the impracticability of it. When Canning yesterday spoke to Merry in the same sense, he referred, it appears, to a letter which Francis had written to him giving a contrary opinion, when Canning said he fully acquiesced in what F. asserted, but added, "How can we in such a case act in opposition to the decided opinion of both commanders?" Merry is to see Canning again at four to-day, in *private*, and the matter is to be *generally* discussed at dinner, to which Sir Arthur and Wilson, who was to go to-night, are invited. Thus Merry's journey is again postponed. He says that great indecision, embarrassment, and annoyance were visible in Canning. This is also increased by what ought, perhaps, to have a contrary effect—the arrival in the night of despatches from Pierrepont, expressive of the King of Sweden's satisfaction at what has taken place, and his readiness to come forward with twenty thousand men to co-operate with us in keeping possession of Zealand. As an additional proof of the symptoms yesterday's experience afforded, *the king* has refused the title of minister to Bathurst, though backed by all parties.

2*nd*.—I waited until near noon for Merry, who had promised to let me know what had passed, when I

received a note to say that he would be glad if I could go over to Clarges Street, as he should set off in a few hours.

At his private interview with Canning he was surprised to meet Rist,* to whom they had judged it right to communicate the King of Sweden's offer, by way of holding out the twenty thousand men *in terrorem*, and inducing the Danes to come the more easily into our terms. But neither the private interview, nor the dinner that followed it, produced anything more than a confirmation of yesterday's decision, and the determination that Merry should proceed on his mission forthwith. The evacuation of Zealand is thus definitively agreed on, and Pole is gone to Lord Castlereagh to get instructions to our commanders corresponding with those delivered to Merry.

The only ground for our present proceedings with respect to Russia, besides the communications of Sir Robert, is an official assurance given, Merry tells me, by Budberg to Lord G. L. Gower, that the Treaty of Tilsit contained nothing hostile to Great Britain. Merry called their attention seriously to this point, the more so, he says, as Lord G. L. G. was instructed to signify to Russia, that should *she* wish to occupy Zealand *we* should make no objection to it. He urged them so forcibly to give the fullest consideration to this point, that he was lucky enough to obtain the suppression of this separate despatch, and of the instructions arising out of it.

* The Danish Chargé d'Affaires.

I was curious to know on what ground the commanders rest their opinion, but this was only explained in the cabinet. Merry heard nothing but the decision. His conversation was far from satisfactory, for he apprehended, as we did, that the ill effects of this policy will not be confined to the Continent, and repeated that both Canning and Lord Hawkesbury appeared extremely undecided and gloomy.

It is most mortifying to see our bright prospects so soon darkened, for nothing but disgrace can possibly come of our present proceedings. Poor Merry! He is indeed embarked in an ungrateful undertaking.

Bath, Oct. 7th.—I have met Drake of Munich two or three times since I came down here. He is evidently very sore at continuing unemployed, though he surely must know that the offer of his services which he says he has made to Canning cannot be accepted. He has certainly a strange fancy for the thing called humbug, either active or passive, and cannot help indulging in it, even in cases where he must feel that he is clearly seen through. I could not but smile in spite of me, when he told me he had been written to by one of Mr. Canning's particular friends, as the person best calculated from his knowledge of the *carte du pays*, to give an opinion on the grand question so much agitated lately. I soon discovered that the *particular friend* was Hill, who is in Shropshire, and little more in the secret than himself.

It was both unjust and impossible, Drake declared,

to retain possession of Zealand; but on the first point I believe the remarks in the "Moniteur" have satisfied him completely; and as regards the other, he is so far converted as to allow that by keeping some small craft in the Great Belt the thing is not only possible but easy. It is certain, Hill says, that Frere will end by keeping Berlin, which may perhaps be true; for besides what Jacobi told me there are other symptoms of that mission not being suspended. The late proclamation at Memel that appeared so immediately after my departure was, of course, meant for the eyes of Bonaparte, yet it is couched in terms stronger, I think, than was necessary. But unless absolutely forced to it by hostility on the part of Russia, we shall, I believe, take no notice of it. They were even sorry in Downing Street that Garlike on his first arrival had not presented his credentials, which perhaps could not now be accepted. He will not be recalled, and I fancy he will not come home without orders, as he will not know the terms on which he stands; at any rate he can remain on a special mission until Frere can go out. However, they may perhaps order me back to my post, which will not at all displease me. The eventful, bustling life of the last few months suited me much better in every respect than dangling in London or Bath.

19*th*.—The papers show that our relations with the north are in a very uncertain state. The mercantile people in town seem to think that an embargo will be laid on our shipping in Russia, and I own

that I incline very much to the same opinion, and even fear, from the line we have lately pursued, that Russia may go still further, in which case there must be an end to the whole of our diplomacy in the Baltic.

Poor Merry! He will have a fine time of it. An attempt has been made, I see, to give a turn to his mission as if it were meant for Sweden; and if Pierrepont should come home, I daresay he will be employed in that country. But it is well that the instructions he carried with him should be concealed as much as possible. The papers said, others were sent to him two or three days after he sailed, which must be owing to the Government opening their eyes to the determined hostility of the Danes.

21*st.*—I learn that these orders extended to the destruction of the Crown batteries and Kronberg castle—of course they must get them first, and that implies a relanding of the troops, and a sort of campaign; especially as Lord Cathcart has found out that Kronberg would be very difficult to take.

23*rd.*—The wind has blown fresh from the S.E. for the last thirty-six hours, so that we shall probably soon hear of the arrival of the fleet. Sixty of the transports, all the Danish ships, and many of our men-of-war were full of timber and stores.

31*st.*—I returned on the 29th from Clifton, where I have been to vary a little the monotony of the kind of life I lead here, which agrees neither with my health nor my spirits.

I found that Lord and Lady Malmesbury had

arrived, and, on their way from Mrs. Robinson's to Park Place, intended staying for a few days to drink the waters.

Nov. 1*st.*—They are extremely civil and friendly, and I dined with them yesterday. He is looking very well and, I think, is not deafer than usual. He expressed a great desire to see my brother, and said that he either had written, or would write to him, to fix a time for his going down to them this month, when he hoped I should accompany him. I met at dinner Mr. Ryder, Lord Harrowby's brother, and his wife. They were all very anxious for news; the only intelligence they had to give was of the arrival of Louis XVIII. at Sheerness, a circumstance which Lord M. seemed by no means to approve of, and was for making him turn to the right-about to Leith. They say he is nearly imbecile, and the people about him all . . . . . Frenchmen.

Drake does not appear to be well with Lord M.; he has, indeed, called at his door; but each speaks slightingly of the other.

2*nd.*—Drake told me to-day that a further deduction to a considerable amount was made last quarter from the pensions, for land-tax, which bears equally on those who have or have not landed property. He makes a great fuss about it, and threatens to make more. I advised him not, as the claiming of exemption from taxes is rather a tender subject to touch on in these days. The exchequer, he says, must be flush just now, for they have paid the pensions up to the 5th of July.

4*th*.—If Lord Malmesbury's voice may be considered as that of ministers, there is no wish for peace; for nothing can be stronger or more unqualified than his lordship's language against any attempt in that direction on our part, or the admission of any overture for that object on the part of the enemy, should he be that way inclined.

Lord Cathcart's and Stanhope's arrival, which I learn from the papers, will definitively settle, I suppose, what our policy and measures in the Baltic are to be. A few days must decide the question; and however pacifically the papers may talk of Lord G. L. Gower's despatch, my own opinion on the subject remains unchanged. In an individual point of view, I cannot help feeling something like a melancholy satisfaction at seeing the *développement* of the Treaty of Tilsit tally so exactly with my first account of it.

5*th*.—Drake has shown me two letters he has received from Vienna. One of them mentions that the Russians were about to reoccupy Moldavia and Wallachia, and that Czerni George was not satisfied with the arrangements that had been made for him with the Porte.

I had a very agreeable and interesting dinner yesterday at Mr. Ryder's. Lord Malmesbury was there, friendly and pleasant as usual. They leave Bath to-day. Lady M. and my mother exchanged visits, and seemed to be pleased with each other.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Somerset Street, Nov. 7th, 1807.

My mother has complained that no letters have reached Bath from me lately. Tell her, with my duty, that I certainly will write to her as soon as I have looked about me a little to see how the land lies. At present I am fully occupied and, in fact, want to spend the next few days as quietly as possible, as I am engaged in "a review of the last two months," as an answer to the "Moniteur," which even the retirement of Broadstairs would not allow me to finish. You, too, cannot do better than continue quiet and unnoticed at Bath until you get thoroughly set up again in health. There is no idea of recalling Garlike: he will remain quietly where he is without any sort of notice being taken of him from Downing Street, unless Bonaparte should send him away, which would be nothing to wonder at.

I have just been reading the Danish Declaration, which is very violent. Some parts of it are well written; but Bernstorff's passion pierces in different parts and spoils what, otherwise, would be good. However, I am well pleased to see there is nothing in it that has not been victoriously refuted by my despatches; and now that the Danes have put in their rejoinder, I shall not be at all afraid to let our respective pleadings go before the tribunal of public opinion. The question of the accuracy of our information is one which I have nothing to do with. I only obey orders to the best of my judgment.

Merry is expected home daily. He has had no success in his endeavours to soften down the Danes, and I don't wonder at it; it is not usual for a man to be in a very good humour directly after he is knocked down.

I think I shall not be able to escape the trans-Atlantic transportation for two or three years. At all events, I have eight or ten months good, in which time something may turn up in my favour.

I am now much more vexed for others than for myself at what passed here on my return from Copenhagen, respecting the privy councillorship. If, as I expect will be, as it ought to be, the case, my correspondence is laid before Parliament, the public will see that I stand upon very good—I may add, very high—ground.

Sidney Smith is at Plymouth, about to sail with six line-of-battle ships, and six frigates, I suppose, to take possession of Madeira.

We go on the 22nd to spend some days at Park Place. Lord M. says you will meet us there.

F. J. J.

Diaries—London, Nov. 17*th.*—A flag of truce is come over, and it is generally believed with proposals of peace, though they are not, as indeed it is not to be expected they should be, of a nature likely to be accepted. I hear, however, that the Queen of Naples has made some arrangement for herself and her house, which might possibly facilitate the work of peace.

18*th.*—Nothing is talked of but this flag of truce

and innumerable are the conjectures and hopes founded upon it by the wiseacres. Aware, however, as Bonaparte must be of our dispositions at home, I cannot, for my own part, but consider it, if in fact any idea of pacification be really held out, as a mere expedient to hamper our Government by encouraging a cry for peace.

20*th.*—There are letters from Merry from Helsinborg. His mission has been, as we foresaw, a sorry one indeed; and he will be heartily glad to get back again. By everything I can learn, this expedition has been as badly closed as it was well begun.

Dec. 5*th.*—Lord G. L. Gower was to leave St. Petersburg on the 15th ult., and it is probable that Garlike will have been sent from Memel soon after, so that there will be an end to the mission to Prussia.

We are going to a three o'clock dinner to-day at the Duchess of Brunswick's, to meet Princess Charlotte.

18*th.*—Lord Strangford arrived this morning with the news of the Prince of Brazil having embarked, I believe on the 18th ult., on board one of his own line-of-battle ships, for Rio Janeiro, accompanied by three other ships, and a number of frigates, under the convoy of Graham Moore, with four or five of our ships.

Sidney Smith remains, with his single ship and some Portuguese vessels, blockading the Tagus, where the Russians looked on as quiet spectators of what was passing before them. Lord S. is said to have done *à merveille*. The French troops were quite

close to Lisbon when the prince came to a decision. When embarked, he was not provisioned for so long a voyage, but luckily a Newfoundland convoy came in sight, from which he got a supply of cod-fish. Another *sound* expedition this! The news is coming out in an extra Gazette.

Lord Malmesbury suggested to my brother while we were at Park Place, to apply for the mission to the Brazils. But he has no wish to interfere with Lord Strangford's views, should it be wished to appoint him. He has done well, and ought to be rewarded. If the Yankees do not go to war with us, I think Francis must make up his mind to see the States.

19*th*.—Francis has received a letter from Admiral Gambier, in which he says Merry's mission was thought of at the fleet as it ought to be.

1808.

Diaries—January 9*th*.—I got to town last night, and this morning went down to the Office.

There is no probability, I find, of a negotiation; indeed, I knew last night that Mier had received his answer, which, he said, was not only negative but *extrêmement grossière*. However, as he added that it was long, and said a great deal without, in fact, saying anything, I thought it likely that the door was not absolutely closed to further overtures. Stahremberg is, in consequence, *faisant ses paquets*, and will be off soon, without, I believe, dining with Canning on the 18th. It was said that only English

foreign ministers would receive invitations to this dinner, but I learn from J. Bidwell that he has just sent one to me. The dinner will take place in Bruton Street, where C. has taken the house that was lately Lord Arden's. It is well that he has done this in time, and that he is now on a visit to Park Place, where it seems he did not go, as was expected, on the 26th of December.

Vick arrived from Yarmouth while I was at the Office. He landed last night from the *Proserpine*. Lord G. L. Gower, he said, would only get on shore this morning, and would not, probably, be in town before to-morrow evening. They sailed three weeks ago, but were driven back by a storm, and finally left Gothenburg on the 2nd inst. By this delay Garlike got a passage in the *Proserpine*. As soon as he arrives in town I shall see him, but I understand from Vick that there is no truth in the report of his having been taken, at least he had not heard of it; but I rather imagine this may proceed from Garlike's taciturnity, and perhaps from his not choosing to be thought such a favourite with the Danes, which might confirm former unpleasant suspicions.

The Danes twice took the vessel, with Lord G. L. Gower's plate and effects, and were rejoicing over the prize, when the master produced a Russian passport, backed by the Danish minister at St. Petersburg, which was respected.

Lord Hutchinson is in no danger of being taken; he sailed in a sloop of war, and is hourly expected at Yarmouth.

Lord G. L. Gower saw the King of Sweden several times; so he knows his latest sentiments. His Majesty had, however, before communicated his ideas to our Government, and they were upon a pretty large scale. He is determined, he says, to carry on the war with the greatest vigour. He will make no treaty of subsidy, "car c'est l'affaire des marchands." But he demands two millions sterling, an English fleet, and an English army to be put under his orders. And all this, I believe, will be acceded to, except the putting our admiral under an officer of his, as he wishes.

11th.—Lord Strangford, who has been in some danger, is now very much better. I hear that he has a bad constitution, not at all likely to stand the change of climate; yet probably he will soon proceed upon his mission. A great deal is said on that subject beyond what was in the "Chronicle." And it is certain that Lord S. had no more to do in persuading the prince to emigrate to the Brazils than we who were in England; but there are strong grounds for thinking that his lordship is an unfit man to manage the new Court, which is so constituted as to require a very steady and experienced hand. Meanwhile, poor Hill, who comes in for his share of abuse, goes out next week in the *Surveillant*. H. is a most gentlemanlike, pleasant-humoured man, well entitled to the place of secretary of legation, but most persons think he ought not to be sent out alone. I heard it said in the Office this morning, it was much to be regretted that Canning had been

drawn into this scrape, however good might be the motive, for it was a slur upon his department, which had hitherto been so well conducted.

The belief gains ground every day that there will be war with America.

16*th*.—I went to Downing Street this morning on business, but heard nothing new. Indeed, the meeting of Parliament is now the chief subject of people's thoughts and conversation. Voluminous papers will be laid before both Houses; most of my brother's despatches, I hear, will be amongst them, and he, and everybody, is to be immensely abused. Lord Galloway and Lord Bagot move and second in the Lords, Lord Hamilton and Mr. Lethbridge in the Commons.

19*th*.—The drawing-room yesterday was but thinly attended, though there was the usual squeeze and shouldering about the sacred person of Her Majesty. Lord Gower was specially presented to her on his return from Memel, by the Prince of Wales; for everybody from that quarter, and everything relating to it naturally interests Her Majesty greatly. I, therefore, was also honoured by an exceptionally gracious reception. Her Majesty made many inquiries respecting our mode of life at Memel, and talked a great deal of "poor Louisa and her children," asking me whom of her family the Queen of Prussia most resembled.

Now it had already struck me—though royal Charlotte, if I may venture to say so, is far from being a beauty—that there was, nevertheless, an

indefinable something in her plain face in which I could trace a resemblance to the loveliest one I have ever seen. I answered, then, readily enough, that the Queen of Prussia bore some likeness to Her Majesty, and I saw with satisfaction that she was by no means displeased with the compliment.

21*st*.—Tuesday I went with a large party to the British Museum, and in the evening escorted E. to the opera to hear Catalini, without whom the opera would not be worth frequenting. She was in fine voice, but had no other singer, male or female, to second her.

I met at the opera several of our late Memel party, ex-secretaries, military attachés, and others, and we talked over our doings there, and brought our old stories and old discussions again on the *tapis*, until we almost fancied we had got back to Poland. Lord Gower took that opportunity of heaping furious reproaches upon me for the crime of *lèse majesté* he considered I had been guilty of the preceding day, in seeing a likeness to our beauteous queen of hearts at Memel in the homely features of her aunt. None the less, I held, and still hold, to my opinion.

25*th*.—Ministers have changed their mind about the papers that were to be laid before Parliament. I am sorry they have done so, as it is thought that they will, after all, grant many of my brother's despatches. But they will not come then with so good a grace, for it will look a little like compulsion. The Opposition must have something to operate with, and, unfortunately, they are going to take up the

cause of the Irish Catholics, which may, and indeed must be, productive of mischief.

Feb. 3rd.—On Monday we went to see Kemble in Octavian, in which character I think him inferior to Elliston.

Thursday, after dining in Grafton Street with Lady Dungannon, whose house is to my mind one of the most comfortable I have seen in London, I went down to the House of Commons. Francis had been there since four o'clock. We sat out a most interesting debate, and left at six in the morning. Canning's speech lasted three complete hours; it was excellent, and not one minute too long.

8th.—We dine this evening with Lady Hyde Parker, a good-looking widow, with more money than wit, and considered a rich prize, notwithstanding the encumbrance of half a dozen children.

22nd.—My brother, much to his annoyance, has been summoned to serve on the grand jury, and has been occupied by it for ten hours a day, during every day of the week. One of the duties of the jury has been to visit the prisons, which has given occasion to rectify some inflammatory paragraphs that have lately appeared in the papers, founded on a very insidious petition presented by Mr. Sheridan to the House of Commons. The grand jury are about to make a representation on the same subject, which probably will be published, and be productive of some practical benefit both to the prisoners and to the public.

28*th*.—There is much less stirring in the great world than is usually the case at this time of the year, either in the way of society or anything else. London is full; that is, there are few houses to let, because so many new-comers from Portugal, Russia, Denmark, &c., have occupied them; but the usual residents of London at this season are, for the most part, staying in the country, and there is no spirit amongst those who are here to set things a-going in society. And it is much the same in politics. The game that is playing between the two parties, the continual criminations and recriminations that have been so long continued, merely, as it is thought, for party purposes, have produced a degree of listlessness which pervades all classes. Accordingly, both Houses are ill-attended, and the public generally care to speak as little about politics as it is possible to do at so critical a period.

If a war with America should take place it would give a fillip to the public mind, and perhaps give consistence to that desire for peace which some people are endeavouring to cultivate in the manufacturing parts of the kingdom. We have no data by which to judge of the probability of this event, there having been no arrivals since the news of the embargo was brought. The first westerly winds may, however, bring something decisive.

March 17*th*.—There is a warm contest for the Chancellorship of Cambridge. Francis has been employed the whole day in canvassing for the Duke of Gloucester. It is supposed his royal highness

will carry it. The Prince Regent favours him. *Apropos*, I saw the prince last night at Lady Salisbury's. He appeared in public for the first time, and really looked remarkably well. Francis had a long audience on Thursday. It was very satisfactory, he says, and the prince certainly much more gracious than before he was Regent. The king has retrograded of late, and his anxiety to return to business is considered to be both a symptom of relapse, and a means of preventing his recovery.

24*th*.—Sir J. Stuart dined with my brother yesterday, and sets out for Plymouth to-day. He does not expect a very active campaign, for Sicily will either be taken before he gets there, or he will then, he says, be so strong that the French will not venture an attack. The last accounts relating to naval matters are so satisfactory that, if the enemy depends on his fleet for the success of his operations, he has not much reason for hope.

Mr. G. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

April 10th, 1808.

To calm your anxious fears, my dear mother, at not having heard from me for the last ten days, I now certify under my own hand that I am not only much better, but nearly well.

You cannot believe that it is the climate which affects my health; but I assure you I never suffered half so much from the cold in Poland as I have suffered from the extreme changeableness of this winter in London. It is, as you know, the first I

have passed here for several years, and I must say I should not care if it were to be the last.

I have, as you may suppose, done nothing particular lately in the way of gaiety; indeed, from your account of your own dissipations you seem to be much gayer at Bath than we are in town.

I was at a pleasant *coterie*, with music, singing, &c., at Lady Malmesbury's on Sunday evening, and was, I own, a little surprised to meet the Bishop of Hereford there. The next night we all went to a larger party at Mrs. Robinson's, in Privy Gardens. I left it at about eleven for the Argyle, to which—I don't know whether I told you—I have subscribed. We had a very good concert, Mrs. Billington the principal singer, and afterwards a cold supper. We were all home by two. To-morrow I shall perhaps go to a ball at the Blackburns; so you see I am getting round.

But this sort of life does not suit me, and I intend to give it up, the more so, as the Berlin mission having come to an end, I received notice the other day that my appointments were stopped. And so decidedly economical are they become, that the usual custom of allowing one complete quarter after returning home is to be departed from, and, henceforth, payment stopped at the close of the current one. My full salary, I am informed, will therefore be paid only to the 10th of October. I have, however, put in a *plaidoyer*, saying that though in England I was not here on my own account, but because I was recalled on government service, and

that I considered myself entitled to my pay, at least as long as the mission lasted. To this I have as yet no answer; but so particularly stingy are they just now, in regard to all money concerns, that I doubt of receiving a favourable one, although I am clearly in the right.

In the present state of the Continent I cannot tell how long I may have to wait for a new appointment, and as I can neither remain idle nor accept any post that would throw me out of my own line—which is one I will never abandon, so long as it does not abandon me—I have some idea of following the example of young Pole, who was secretary of embassy at Constantinople, and sporting a red coat, if I can get a captain's commission in the militia. If not, until something turns up, I shall establish myself in Edinburgh with a professor, and study several things which my mode of life has hitherto made it impossible for me to give much attention to.

To determine on this, I wait only the next news from America. Adieu, *ma chère mère*. I must close my letter, for the bellman tolls the knell.

G. J.

April 23rd.—I am happy to tell you, dear M., that you have—to use an elegant expression—got hold of my colonel's story by the wrong end. That part of it relating to his origin is correct, and—*hinc illae lachrymae*—his father certainly did keep a gin-shop at Gravesend. From a retailer of gin he became a distiller of it, and afterwards settled down as a

gentleman farmer. He gave his son an excellent education, which, with *remarkably pleasant* manners and a good head, has raised him to his present situation; and a more gentlemanlike man you seldom, if ever, meet in society. He has risen gradually in the regiment he now commands, and is reckoned as good an officer as any one who has not seen actual service can be; though he did, indeed, accompany the expedition to Holland with the Duke of Gloucester, to whom he has been a long time attached. He is now groom of the bedchamber to his royal highness, and through his means, I believe, he got the regiment. This, however, owing to the Gravesend part of the story, certainly gave great offence to the proud Kentishmen—at least to those who were determined that the perfect gentleman should not be allowed to efface the memory of his gin-shop origin. At that time there were, as I understand, and, indeed, as the event proved, many troublesome fellows in the West Kent regiment, who broke out into almost open mutiny, for which they were all condemned by a court-martial, and Dalton was completely justified. This, they say, has done the West Kents a great deal of good. Dalton is, however, a strict disciplinarian; this I know for a certainty, and conclude that it did not suit your informant, Mr. John George; but to me it will be a great recommendation, and if I do enter the regiment I shall think it right to devote myself to the acquirement of a competent knowledge of my duties.

I first saw Colonel Dalton at Berlin, and liked him

much. He was there with the Duke of Gloucester; from his connection with whom my brother's acquaintance with him also began, though many years before. I have since frequently met him about town, and he has uniformly shown the same sort of desire to keep up and improve the acquaintance. The ready and friendly way in which he came into our wishes certainly gives me every reason to be well pleased, both with him and my probable future station under him. He is on very good terms with Lord Romney, the lord-lieutenant, through whom the whole thing must be done, and one way or other all will be settled in the course of a week.

Hitherto, Dalton and I have been acquaintances only, independent the one of the other; how I may find him as commander time only can show.

I should not, perhaps, have adopted my present resolution if I were certain of resuming my diplomatic functions at any given period, but in these times we can calculate on nothing; and another consideration is, that my *military profession* will not be incompatible with any diplomatic post I may hereafter hold. Subject, then, only to the question of my liking the thing itself on trial, I have every reason to be satisfied.

G. J.

May 16th.—I have delayed writing in the hope of being able to say that my militia business was actually settled. Dalton returned to town, and called here yesterday. He was to see Lord Romney to-day, and in the course of a very short time the affair will be

definitively arranged, and the hero of the scene gazetted, and transformed into a very Mars.

I shall probably join the first or second week in June, as soon, in short, as I can complete my outfit, and shall have eaten, I hope not my last, diplomatic dinner at Mr. Canning's on the 4th, for which I have just received my invitation.

As the wind has changed, I hope we shall soon get intelligence from those parts of the world most interesting to us. For public impatience is so worked up by the different reports in circulation, and which come from God knows where, that the only thing people now say when they meet is, "Is anything come to the Admiralty?" Poor "How d'ye do?" is quite driven from the field, even at the great assemblies, which, by way of distinction from what is really society, I call, "How d'ye do?" parties.

17*th*.—Thursday was a busy day with me. I breakfasted with my uncle Harry, and returned only in time to dress for the drawing-room. After that to dine, and put on my *domino* for Lady Keith's and Mrs. Panton's masquerades. A ticket was also sent me for Mrs. Orby Hunter's, but as I found she would not receive after twelve o'clock, and had a fancy for turning people out of doors by the head and shoulders, and, moreover, was neither young nor pretty to make one wish for such a *rencontre*, I contented myself with the two former.

There were, as you will see by the papers, some very good characters, and—amiable confession—as I succeeded in tormenting without detection many of my

friends, I amused myself very well until three in the morning, when I returned home as tired as you may suppose after so much pleasurable fatigue.

Lady Craven was the novelty of the drawing-room. She looked very pretty, but she had not been taught her lesson; for having made her courtesy she did not stop to hear what Her Majesty had to say, but kept gliding on till the poor queen's neck was almost put out of joint in reaching after her; to save her neck. Her Majesty was obliged, after all, to sacrifice her say. Amongst the new, and certainly the finest, constellations at the drawing-room were the Misses Bankes, sisters of the boys you remember at the little chapel. They were dressed in primrose silk, and looked beautiful. I cannot satisfactorily answer your query respecting the prince; of course he was there, but, as far as I was concerned, in eclipse, so dazzled was I by the many bright stars around me. I, however, saw him in the morning go into Lady Hertford's, where, indeed, he goes, at least, twice every day. And droll enough it is to see the inhabitants of the respective stories, all round the square, make their appearance at the windows as soon as his royal highness's plain yellow chariot comes in sight. What takes him there so often I don't pretend even to surmise, and I understand that her ladyship is almost as much in the dark as I am, being scarcely able to believe that charms she had not been aware of possessing—at least for many a year—should now prove, as has been suggested to her, so irresistibly attractive to her royal visitor.

When are you coming to town? I should of course wish to see you before I settle down in country quarters.

G. J.

P.S.—Have you heard that Mrs. Siddons is to be transformed into Lady Erskine? Such is the *on dit* of the day.

18*th*.—There is now a very strong general opinion that there will be no war with America, notwithstanding the determination of Bonaparte to allow the Americans no alternative but that of deciding for or against him. It is supposed that the public mind in the States is veering round very fast in our favour, from having suffered so much from their own measure —the embargo—and that to relieve themselves they will be forced to come to some arrangement with us. But public business is so exposed to impediments and changes that this state of uncertainty may continue for some months. At all events, Francis thinks that, should he not be able to escape that mission and voyage, he will not be required to undertake them until the autumn.

It was reported some days ago that the *Osage* was detained on her arrival at L'Orient for having been spoken on her voyage by a British cruiser.

Other news there is none. And, indeed, the public seem to care little for the news that is most important.

Our legislature, too, is squabbling about the difference of nine or thirteen thousand pounds in a parlia-

mentary grant, about so many quarters of hog-wash, or the consumption of a few hogsheads of sugar more or less, in the course of the year, whilst Bonaparte is stepping, or rather striding on to universal empire.

We really seem to be in a sort of lethargic dream, from which we can only be awakened by a tremendous shock.

Adieu, dearest M. My old friend St. Anthony again ties me by the leg, and, as I could not stir out to-day, sent me, *en revanche*, another old friend to visit me—Cuthbert Baynes, my lord mayor's chaplain, who looked in on his way from his living. He really seems to have been expressly formed by Dame Nature to be chaplain of the head of a *corporation.*

27*th.*—Colonel Dalton will dine with us on Tuesday, until when I can say nothing certain as to what day you may expect me at Bath to escort you on the following one to town.

We have had, as you will have seen, two more masquerades, and are likely to have another, which, with balls, routs, and concerts, keep me up not only until Aurora blushes, but until Phœbus stares me full in the face, almost every day in the week. Lady Buckingham's masquerade was very full, and there were many good masks; I could not get away before two, which was too late to take Lady Hyde and her sister to the Argyle. They waited for me until near one, and then were obliged to go *unbeaued.*. I followed them, however, and made my peace, as

well as a very good supper, which was to the full as acceptable to me as the other. We kept it up, quizzing and dancing, until six, and I then walked home in my domino, which throughout the evening had been the admiration of every body, and now afforded no small amusement to the milkwomen, and the butchers and greengrocers going to market. At Lady B.'s all eyes were fixed—well, not upon me, but—on my fair partner, a beautiful and richly dressed Sultana, to whom many handkerchiefs were thrown, but she had the good taste to admire mine most. This fair one was one of the Randal Fords whom I have not seen for a very long time, and who, in the interval, from a very nice child has become a most lovely young woman. Adieu, dearest M. I should be inclined to put this nonsensical chit-chat into the fire, but that you tell me it amuses you.

July 5th.—My place was actually taken, and I was sitting down to a hasty dinner before embarking in to-night's mail for a visit to Bath, when Drake called to say that a very numerous mission was about to be sent to Spain, and to recommend my applying directly to be attached to it. My brother coincides in this recommendation, which obliges me to sacrifice, to the chance of employment, the pleasure I had promised myself in spending the next week with you. I shall send in my application this evening to Frere, who goes *en chef*, as well as to Canning, and must await here the result. This will, at all events, take up the remaining time that, without success in this

case, I can be absent from my regiment, so that my visit to you must now be deferred *sine die.*

10*th.*—It is decided, *for the present*, that no mission shall be sent to Spain. I must, therefore, wait with what patience I can, and join my regiment forthwith, lest between two chairs I should fall to the ground. I shall leave London in a day or two. When you write to me, don't forget my proper style and title. I am now *Captain* Jackson, of the West Kent Militia, stationed at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Put your letters under cover, to F. J. Ross, Esq., Foreign Office. Ross, you know, is Mr. Canning's private secretary, and franks in his name.

G. J.

Diaries—July 11*th.*—All the world is on the tip-toe of hope and expectation for news from Spain, though that received on the 9th has served in some respects as a damper. Some good must, at all events, result from what is passing; yet I own that I cannot see the probability of Bonaparte being beaten out of that country. On the contrary, I venture to think that, unless his troops abandon him, he must keep possession of Spain. However, I wish most devoutly, I may be wrong.

13*th.*—Accounts have been received from Major Roache, who went out with Sir T. Dyer, confirming reports of the defeat of a corps of twelve thousand French, near Valencia. Dupont was fortifying a position at Anduxar. King Joseph had begun his march, and had proceeded as far as Vittoria with a

considerable force. The Spaniards, who had driven the French out of St. Andero, have taken up a position on the Duero, where they appear confident of intercepting *His Majesty*. I wish they may not catch a Tartar. In the meantime they say they have caught Berthier, and two of his aides-de-camp. They were preceding the aforesaid King Joe, but in disguise, and in order to reconnoitre the country and prepare the way. If this be true, it will be well for them if they escape the halter.

The Emperor of Morocco has declared war against Bonaparte.

14*th*.—I hear nothing of Frere's moving. Others are also waiting to accompany him but in a military capacity. Bartle, they say, will alone go with him diplomatically. It is, however, so doubtful whether he will go himself, that I am off to-night for my regiment, which for a short time may afford me employment that in many respects may be useful.

15*th*.—I have given myself another day in town, with the hope of hearing further from Spain, but no news has arrived of a decisive character. Meanwhile, our good London politicians go on flattering themselves with something like a second redemption, and seem to think that City dinners, &c., with three times three, will avail against Bonaparte's balls and bayonets. He is now collecting a large force on the Pyrenees, and some fine morning we shall be awakened from our dreams by hearing that it is rushing down like a torrent, and overwhelming all resistance.

If we are able to send an army, this torrent may be stopped; for I doubt of its being stopped by Spaniards. And I think nothing less than an *army* will do. An *expedition*—even one of our *grand* expeditions of twenty or thirty thousand men—would not accomplish it.

I see that our acquaintances, Dalrymple and Burrard, are to be employed. The former, they say, has done extremely well in his intercourse with the Spaniards of Gibraltar; the latter I saw last year, for the first time on service. I know that he is a most good-natured man, and keeps an excellent table, but what sort of a General he is I have not heard.

The 52nd Regiment is about to embark at Deal. They have called in their recruiting parties, but are still between two and three hundred short of their full complement.

Mr. G. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, July 21st, 1808.

I arrived here on the 18th at three P.M., and having dusted myself—no easy operation, considering the state of the roads—I called on Dalton. I found him very friendly, as indeed he takes every opportunity of showing himself; and at five we went to the mess, where I was introduced to my brother officers. Afterwards I attended parade, which lasted an hour, when all who were not on duty were gentlemen at large for the evening.

On Sunday I appeared in full trim, and marched with the regiment to church. Yesterday I began my

military career by no very pleasant business—attending the punishment of a deserter.

We marched out before seven to the artillery barracks, about a mile from this, and there formed into a square, the culprit being tied up in the centre. The proceedings of the court-martial were then read, and the sentence—four hundred lashes—was immediately carried into execution by the drummers. When two hundred and twenty-five lashes were counted, the doctor ordered the man to be taken down, which was a relief to many of the spectators, almost as great as to the poor wretch himself. They tell me he is not much hurt, notwithstanding his shrieks and his lacerated back. I own that they produced a sickening effect on me, and I trust it may never again be my lot to witness so revolting a spectacle.

I am appointed to the Maidstone company, *vice* Shelly, promoted. I am to fall in to-day, and I hope soon to be able to do so with ease; but I have at least the satisfaction of not being singular in my present deficiency, for the officers, with one or two exceptions, are mostly young beginners like myself. I am now sixth, and junior captain, four vacancies being about to be filled up.

23*rd*.—The officers are a better set than, I must confess, I expected to find them. They are, indeed, generally, pleasant gentlemanlike men; some of them are married and have their wives here. I supped, and spent last evening with Captain Warde and his wife, a very pretty, agreeable young woman.

Shaw, son of Sir J. Shaw, seems to be the greatest buck—driving his curricle, and thinking a vast deal of his own pretty person.

26*th*.—With respect to society out of the regiment, there are many families in the neighbourhood who are, I hear, well inclined to be sociable. I dine to-day with the eldest son of Sir Mathew Ridley, the banker, who is recently married, and lives in a very pretty villa about a mile out of the town. The assize week is the gayest, they tell me, in the whole year. The assembly rooms, considered, next to those of Bath, the finest in England, are then open, and all the families return from the country; I shall then see what the *fine folk* are made of; amongst the *canaille*, the fair sex is the least fair of any place, I think, I ever was in.

28*th*.—Dundas is the General of the district, but in his absence Major-General Johnstone has the command. We gave him and his staff, and the officers of the 1st Dragoon Guards—a detachment of whom compose the garrison with us—and a party of Royal Artillery, a great dinner on Wednesday, which went off *à merveille*.

There is a very pretty little theatre here, and at this moment it is well attended, for the sake of Cooke, and one or two other London performers, though the former is *often* so drunk as not to be able to come on the stage at all, and *generally*, as not to be able to stand when on.

August 1*st*.—The night before last I went to the theatre with young Shaw. Cooke, who was to act

the part of Oakley in the "Jealous Wife," for the benefit of Blanchard, after keeping the audience waiting for full half an hour—for Oakley, you know, comes on in the first scene—at last literally reeled on the stage. A general and loud hissing ensued, and it was quite a comedy in itself to see Cooke's countenance. A night or two before, I had seen him in the character of Colin Macleod, a faithful old steward, whom an extravagant young master, in a moment of anger at his remonstrances, brands with the word "rascal." Colin, the first, as he tells us, of the name who ever brooked such an insult, had raised his hand to strike his master, but, recollecting himself, gives one good *gulp*, and goes off muttering, "rascal!—rascal!" Just so was Cooke in *propria personâ*. Unused to be received with anything like hissing, he was I think a little sobered by it; but his indignation had nearly got the better of him. He, however, like Colin, recollected himself in time, and after one violent effort, in which every feature of his speaking countenance had its peculiar expression, he made a sort of half disdainful, half respectful bow, and an exit steadier than his *entrée*, though hardly steady enough for dignity.

3*rd*.—I shall not weary you, dearest M., with an account of my daily drills, field exercise, private and grand parades, &c. On the whole, though a little monotonous—as the account of one day's doings would be pretty nearly an account of every other—I lead an active, bustling kind of life, which, so far, suits me. Yet, pleasant and useful as this little

episode of my career is likely to be, I cannot, I confess, help turning a wistful eye towards those scenes which have hitherto been, as they continue to be, the chief objects of interest to me; and while I am going through *my* manœuvres, I think with anxiety on those which are to decide—perhaps have already decided—once more the fate of Europe.

It diverts me, though I seldom take any part in the discussion, to attend to our dish of politics at the mess. Bonaparte is reduced to a mere shadow, and the *patriots* are the finest fellows under the sun.

I narrowly watch, and search the papers for any paragraph relating to Frere, and eagerly look for a word in my letters that may convey a notion of what his movements are likely to be. Yet, until the Madrid Government is crushed—and by exchanging King Joseph for vice-King Murat it will become stronger—I don't see how the patriots can form a general government, to which only it is determined to send a minister; and, to say the truth, I have very little idea of their supporting it if formed.

G. J.

Diaries—August 3rd.—I have met with two or three well-informed men of the army, who agree with me in thinking—though, in fact, the thing is self-evident—that the military operations of the Patriots do not correspond in vigour or in wisdom with their written resolutions. Even Castaños, who has in Andalusia a very superior *regular* force, had not by the last accounts been able to reduce Dupont; and what

is to be expected from the *irregulars*, Cordova and Valladolid have plainly shown us; though Cuesta, in addition to his new levies, had with him a good proportion of regular regiments. What an advantage, say military men, would Cuesta have enjoyed if we had sent, six weeks ago, the engineer and artillery officers who were called up to town, and might have formed, before this, an efficient part of his army, especially if some of their men had gone with them. It would have been a small, but a timely supply, and more useful than the twelve thousand men going out now to Gibraltar, whence they may, perhaps, never come into action.

4th.—I have a letter from Francis. It seems doubtful whether, after all, he will go to America. Mr. Canning had told him that the same motives that had induced him to leave Erskine at Washington, namely, the unsettled state of politics, still continued. Translated into plain English, this means, I suppose, that—for fear of what should be said of it there, and more particularly by the American party here—Government does not care to recall a Foxite who is supposed to be very agreeable to the Yankees.

5th.—The Spanish Patriots in the south are doing but little. Their opponent, Dupont, has been reinforced. The Patriot army in the north has separated, and from all I can learn, I suspect it will turn out that one of their Generals has betrayed them. Much of this is owing, I feel sure, to our being, as we have been everywhere, too slow in our operations, and, perhaps, to *some other causes*. How-

ever, the events of the Continent appear to be more and more uncertain, and for present purposes nothing is to be expected from Spain. It will even, I think, require management to save us from loss besides that which is already irretrievable—the loss of some millions of money. Perhaps the failure of our bright prospects will produce peace, though the Spanish revolt may have infused into this nation spirit to go on with the war, at least for another campaign.

If Sir A. Wellesley lands he will find himself between the fire of two corps, each of which is equal to his own, and it is not certain that the force under Burrard will arrive in time to enable him to act. It is even likely it was not meant that they should act together.

Now I hear that the Duke of York is to have any thing to do with it, I think worse than ever of the war in Spain. Frere is not likely to stir yet.

A short time ago a plan was laid before Government for giving Bonaparte some employment in the north. Nothing, however, came of it, and I believe our people think they have their hands full enough already, and that they do themselves justice by believing they are incapable of undertaking more.

9th.—I have seen a copy of a printed report that had been received at Corunna by General Blake, commander of the Gallician army, from General Castaños, the substance of which is that, on the 20th ult., Dupont surrendered at discretion with the twelve thousand men under his immediate orders, and with artillery, arms, and baggage.

Another corps of eight thousand men, on their way to join Dupont, surrendered on condition of their being sent back to France by sea. Our navy, I presume, will have an eye to this. A good deal of fighting is said to have preceded the capitulation, the details of which are not known here, because nothing has yet come from Cadiz on the subject.

Sir A. Wellesley landed at Figuera on the 27th ult. Junot had called in all his detachments to Lisbon.

13*th*.—Everybody is in anxious expectation of the particulars of the late events in Andalusia; but light, contrary, and baffling winds make the passage from Cadiz at this time of the year very uncertain. The news from Lisbon is no less eagerly looked for. It is thought Sir A. Wellesley will have a hard job there, though there is some talk of Junot's surrendering. Upon the whole, this week has raised people's spirits wonderfully, and has certainly brightened our prospects.

Frere's business will probably be hastened by Dupont's surrender. I hear that he has been for some days with Canning, who is gone to Yarmouth to attend the death-bed of his uncle the Dean of Hereford, and that they will not return before Wednesday.

It is expected that Austria and France will soon be at war, and that Russia must join the former. I hope we shall once more bring all Europe to bear upon the little Corsican gentleman, but I dare not indulge in such sanguine hopes of success as these recent partial advantages have in many instances

given rise to. I think Bonaparte is destined to trouble Europe for some time to come, or, at least, until we see in his opponents more of the spirit, the vigour, and the promptitude of action so conspicuous in him and his Generals.

14*th*.—The affairs of Spain have created a great sensation in Holland, and the report in the papers of Anduaga having come from the Hague is correct. His father has decided for the Patriots, and has sent him here to give and receive information. It is believed that it is intended to send a large body of cavalry to Spain, and much to everybody's satisfaction there is now no question of the Duke of York going to that country.

Mr. George Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Aug. 24th, 1808.

Your letter found me in the midst of the gaieties. Our regiment marched out on the 11th to Sunderland, nine miles from Newcastle; for as soon as the civil authorities make their appearance all red-coats must take themselves off. I returned on Saturday *en habit bourgeois*, as did the colonel and four other officers. The assizes and the festivities began that day. I spent the mornings in the court, where I heard nothing particularly interesting. The judges during the whole of their stay are entertained at the Mansion House, and open house is kept there, for which the mayor is allowed 100*l*. per day. I dined there on Monday, on turtle and venison, with Major-General Lord Chesterfield—or, more properly,

the *would be* Lord Chesterfield, Major-General Johnstone—and Dalton. His *lordship*, I may tell you, is the quiz of everybody; the women laugh at him immoderately, but he is a good-humoured man, and was very civil to me. We had two very good balls, both attended by all the families in the neighbourhood, except the Northumberlands, of whom Lord Percy only was present, the ladies of the family having the whooping-cough.

Mrs. High Sheriff—who brought under her wing six young ladies, with some pretensions to beauty—looked very handsome, and *faisait l'aimable* with much success. I dined at her house, and with one or two other families, all very friendly and hospitable; and as regards *stuffing* it would be difficult, I confess, to excel them. On an intervening night we bespoke a play, the "School of Reform," in which Emery played Tyke most admirably. On Friday the judges left the town—the fair, too, is over—and Newcastle, after a week of great life and bustle, is again deserted. The garrison will march in to-morrow and we shall then buckle on our swords, after having been gentlemen at large for the last ten days. We shall probably be stationary here for some time, but in the winter Dalton hopes to get us into barracks, most likely at Sunderland, those of Tynemouth not being half large enough to hold us—the regiment consisting of ten full companies.

26th.—Just two years ago I was summoned to London from these parts to set off with all haste for the Continent, and I cannot repress a hope when

the daily post comes in that something of the kind is again in store for me. Frere's name has certainly a great fascination for me just now, and I search for it in all letters and papers, with the most anxious eyes. However, I must bide my time, and meanwhile be assured, dear M., that I am going on comfortably enough. G. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Somerset Street, September 2nd, 1808.

I went down to the Office with the intention of sending you a "Gazette," but, owing to Lord Castlereagh's great clearheadedness, it was not yet determined what to publish, and the "Gazette" will, therefore, not be out in time for the post.

Know, then, that Colonel Brown and Captain Campbell arrived yesterday evening about eight, with the news of Sir A. Wellesley having defeated the French in two actions, at about twenty-five miles north of Lisbon, on the 17th and 21st of August. In the first, about six thousand of our troops were opposed to four thousand of the enemy under General Laborde, who was driven back with the loss of fifteen hundred men. Our loss did not exceed four hundred.

In the second action we had about seventeen thousand—some of whom had joined in the meantime as reinforcements—to attack fourteen thousand of the French, commanded in the centre by Junot, on the right by Loison, and on the left by Laborde. Kellerman headed the reserve. They were driven from their posts with the loss of *all* their cannon, and

three thousand five hundred men killed, wounded, and prisoners. Our loss was about seven hundred. Next day Kellerman was sent to capitulate, and our people expected to march into Lisbon on the 27th or 28th. Kellerman paid our troops great compliments, especially the artillery, which, in fact, appears to have been very well served. He added that he took for granted they were the *élite* of our army. Sir Arthur told him he could show him the next day ten thousand men just as good.

The Scotch brigade particularly distinguished themselves. They marched up to the enemy with their bagpipes playing, and their General—Fergusson—waving his hat. Their first fire, given at twenty paces' distance, laid three hundred of the enemy low. The bayonet did the rest. If we had had cavalry none would have escaped, as it was a complete *sauve qui peut* business. A few of our dragoons, and some squadrons of Portuguese, did what they could. For the rest, the *Fidalgos* seem to have been somewhat shy of the fire.

An officer who commanded some *curricle* guns, says he had sixteen fair rounds at the French, fired with the greatest coolness, which made one of their columns turn tail. Junot harangued his men, and showed them the sea, into which they were to drive our army. Our 29th were too frisky, and were roughly handled in consequence. Lieutenant-Colonel Lake was killed.

The wind is fair and strong, so we may soon have further news. We shall have the Russians at Lisbon,

and there is no reason to disbelieve the report of Sir James Saumarez having given the same gentlemen a dressing in the Baltic.

F. J. J.

Diaries—Sept. 5th.—Notwithstanding the last accounts, which under present circumstances may be said to have brought us glorious news, I am disappointed at not seeing in the "Gazette" a word about capitulation or negotiation. Yet I cannot but believe that there will be a surrender of both French and Russians, which would produce, I presume, a mission to Portugal, as well as accelerate the departure of Frere.

11*th.*—An idea came across me that the improved prospects which our success in Portugal affords, might have induced the Government to take some steps for re-establishing our communications with the northern parts of the Continent. Yet I do not hear that anything has been received from Russia to encourage an attempt of this nature at St. Petersburg; and if the Russians have been allowed to cruise only three days in the Baltic unmolested, it will render them more untractable than before.

13*th.*—Some measures have been resolved upon for hastening the formation of a government in Spain, though, I fear, with no great expectation of immediate success. And if, as seems probable from the intelligence in the papers, Bonaparte means to grapple with the Patriots immediately, they will have no time for assembling Cortes or making con-

stitutions, and I rather think we shall then have no other than military ambassadors amongst them. It would doubtless be our plan to bring forward, if possible, Austria and the other powers; yet, from what I know of the Germans, it is very doubtful, I am afraid, whether they would act with any spirit, even after all that has passed. But much must depend upon the sort of conclusion given to our affairs in Portugal, though I own I would rather trust to the fighting of our army than to the negotiation of our Generals. Our fighting in Portugal however, will, I am convinced, be no more than a set-to at backstaff compared to what must happen if Bonaparte, as he announces, sends a large army into Spain, and we oppose him as we ought.

20*th*.—The just hopes that have lately been so generally cherished amongst us are indeed most cruelly, wantonly, and disgracefully disappointed, and we are not one jot advanced, except in disgrace, by an expedition which has cost the nation so much money, and, what it values still more, so much precious blood. All the bright prospects which our first successes in Portugal seemed to open to us are destroyed by the lamentable conclusion of affairs. Justification is out of the question, but I have been hoping to hear that Sir Hew's despatches gave some account, if not explanation, of this extraordinary business.

The first thing I did, when alarmed by the fourth edition of the "Globe," on the very day that brought us the news of the *surrender*, was to consult Vattel,

if by any means we could avoid the ratification, little dreaming that our own troops were to be left without transports for the purpose of conveying this rear-guard of Bonaparte's grand Spanish army. My blood boils again when I read of Junot's guaranteeing to us their safe return to our own, or a friendly port.

As to the Russians, we have proved ourselves to them what they never were to us, but in name—most *magnanimous allies*. My only consolation is the hope that Sir S. Hood will show them the reverse of the picture; and, in respect to France, if anything could console us it would be, I think, the last official papers from that country. If Austria —supposing she has the means—does not come forward upon reading these documents, she does not deserve to maintain her independence; for she surely cannot but feel, after the crime they make to Spain of her armaments in 1806, that the triumph of Bonaparte over the Spaniards would be the signal for her immediate and total overthrow.

It would really seem to be impossible that the man who, on the 21st ult., sent off the despatches that were read here with so much delight should, only one day after, put his hand to this disgraceful armistice, the fifth article of which has, in fact, been the basis of the Convention.

What lessons in the space of one short twelvemonth! Twice in that time have we had the game completely in our own hands, and twice, by some of the same people, has it been wantonly thrown away.

God grant that Bonaparte may not make more use of our last than of our former blunder. If poor Peumann* has been sentenced to death, what do some others deserve?

21*st.*—I hope soon to be able to go to town to see Frere and Canning; for as soon as the "leaves" come out we are to draw lots, and then a third of the officers of each rank, and half the field officers, may be absent at a time.

22*nd.*—The more one thinks of and discusses this cursed Convention the more disgraceful it appears. The feeling of discontent and expressions of indignation respecting it are general amongst all classes of persons.

28*th.*—The papers do not mention it, but I learn that Frere is to kiss hands and take leave to-day, and that he will be off next week. I wait with great anxiety the result of my brother's application on my behalf to Canning, which, considering what C. told me before I finally decided on joining this regiment, I may reasonably hope will be favourable.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Somerset Street, September 30th, 1808.

Bartle Frere, who, with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Elliot, dined with us last evening, brought me word that his brother, as far as he was concerned, was quite willing that you should join his mission. I immediately, therefore, made the application you wished,

* The Governor of Copenhagen.

and only now—near post-time—I receive the information that Mr. Frere will set out on his mission to Spain next week, and that Mr. Canning has given orders that you should accompany him. You should therefore come up without loss of time; but you must take care how you leave the regiment, and not let your eagerness to do so betray you into any military impropriety. As Dalton, I believe, is in Ayrshire on a visit to Lord Montgomery, my idea is that the commanding officer for the time being can give you a few days' leave, and your final leave be obtained hereafter. But I imagine that you must, both at the regiment and at head-quarters here, talk of this business, at first, only as a temporary thing. To quit the kingdom they give, I am told, leave first for six months, and then renew it, though as yours must be applied for officially by the Foreign Office to the Horse Guards, they will perhaps be less particular in that respect. From my general opinion of the affairs of Spain, I think that it really will be but a temporary mission. You cannot, therefore, equip yourself too lightly for the service. Your uniform will be your best passport everywhere, and you will find a Spanish servant from whom you can learn the language whilst he is serving you; the servants are the honestest and, very often, the cleverest of their nation.

All the Spaniards were presented to the king on the 28th. Romana dines *en famille* with us to-day; he goes out in the same vessel as Frere—the *Boadicea* frigate—which is ordered in for this service from her cruise off Havre. Ainslie is not to be of your party;

Bartle and you only are to accompany Frere, and I believe it will prove no party of pleasure, for there are still very serious doubts how the matter will end. It is not improbable that the whole of the Spanish forces now assembled on the Ebro, will be defeated and dispersed before ours come into play. However, we shall have a fine army—how commanded I know not. There still hangs a mystery over that point. More of this when we meet

F. J. J.

Mr. George Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Fountain Inn, Portsmouth, October 7th, 1808.

The chaise was at the door when I received your letter of the 4th. This, and the hurry I was necessarily in during the twenty-four hours I was in London, will account to you for not hearing from me sooner. I received the welcome summons on Sunday afternoon, at Newcastle; obtained the necessary leave of absence immediately; dined with some friends, and spent the greater part of the night in taking leave of my brother officers, and in packing up. On Monday morning I was off in the mail, and reached London Wednesday morning about five. As soon as I had breakfasted I proceeded to business, the result of which was the obtaining an unlimited leave of absence, and ordering the horses for the next morning at daybreak, though I was prevented from setting out until two or three hours later.

I arrived here between nine and ten last night; the roads were excellent, and I never travelled more

quickly and pleasantly. I found Bartle rather annoyed at being obliged to stay here and keep company with Romana's three aides-de-camp instead of going to his friend Ross, as he had intended when he left town.

I had a temptation of a similar kind on my way down. Just as I had passed Stoke Park, I saw a barouche and four approaching; it was our friend Mrs. A., who pressed me greatly to turn about, and dine with her and the Grants, which, knowing as I did, almost to a certainty, that Frere was behind, I was much inclined to do, and go on after dinner. I had learnt at Kingston that six horses were ordered at Claremont—George Ellis's, on the border of Esher Common—for eight *this* morning, from which I concluded that our chief was not to leave Ellis till to-day. Prudence, however, said *no*, and after five minutes chat I told the postilions to get on quickly.

This morning I have been busily employed in making preparations for embarking, and in buying what I purposely left behind, bedding of every description, which Captain Granger, who takes us out in the *Semiramis*—the *Boadicea* not being to be met with—has just given us notice that we must provide for ourselves, as he has nothing of the kind on board for any of us.

It is now seven, and neither Frere nor Romana has yet put in an appearance; but F.'s carriage and all the heavy luggage is afloat, so that if Sir Arthur's arrival, or fresh orders, should not prevent him, he will probably be here some time this evening, and we shall

go on board to-morrow, to the number of nine—four Spaniards, the two Freres and myself, and two young Guardsmen; Churchill going out as aide-de-camp to General Broderick, and Lowther, a son of Lord L.

With regard to pecuniary matters, I am to derive no positive emolument from this trip, but every expense is to be paid, and I am well satisfied with the arrangement. Of course, you shall hear from me whenever I can find time to write a few lines, but if that occurs but seldom you must not be disappointed, for we shall probably be in a great bustle from beginning to end; and Francis expects to receive little more from me than such Spanish papers and pamphlets of particular political interest as I can find opportunity of sending to him.

G. J.

Diaries—Portsmouth, Oct. 7th.—This morning the Russian fleet, with *its convoy*, made its appearance.

I have seen Captain Madden of the 52nd, who is come home wounded. He is outrageous in his language against both Sir Hew and Burrard, and enthusiastic in praise of Sir Arthur. He says the battle of the 21st was quite a surprise—at midnight, at three in the morning, and at five, they were successively under arms, and as often dismissed; the report of the intended attack of the French being declared to be a false alarm; but at six the enemy appeared in sight. The officers had received orders the day before to build themselves huts, so little expectation was there of an immediate engagement; it being intended to

wait the arrival of Sir John Moore, for the renewal of offensive operations.

8*th.*—Both Frere and Romana arrived last night. Hoppner, who was sent for by Canning yesterday in a great hurry, came in this morning, and is to accompany us.

It blew a gale last night, and the wind is now not only contrary, but very strong. As soon as it moderates we shall go to sea to look, as our captain says, for a fair wind.

H.M.S. Semiramis, in Torbay, Oct. 11*th.*—The wind changed to the north on Sunday. We immediately embarked, and sailed from Spithead at two P.M, but had been but two hours at sea when the wind again shifted round to the west, and blew very hard all night, and throughout yesterday. This morning with difficulty we made this anchorage, and it now blows a stiff gale from the same quarter.

It is determined to make St. Andero instead of Corunna; and Frere—subject to anything we may learn there—talks of proceeding on direct to Madrid.

Corunna Harbour, Oct. 19*th.*—As the wind continued contrary, we all went on shore on the 12th, and spent the day in rambling about the beautiful hills and dales, in the neighbourhood of Brixham, returning to the vessel thoroughly tired in the evening.

On awaking next morning, we were saluted with the agreeable intelligence that we had been going for some hours before the wind at the rate of eight or nine knots. This pleasant kind of sailing lasted all

day, but towards night the wind again shifted westward, and it blew tremendously, with a heavy sea, all that night and next day. Saturday and Sunday the breeze was fresh and fair, and we turned in on Sunday night in the full expectation of being on shore the next day. We did, in fact, make the land at daybreak, but at the same time the wind once more headed us, which, together with the master's utter ignorance of this coast, prevented our reaching our destination till this afternoon. Our passage has been a tedious and anxious one, though from land to land we were only forty-eight hours; but for the last two days we have been pottering about this place without knowing in the least where we were. At one minute it was off Cape Ortegal, at another Cape Finisterre, and it was not known, positively, that it was Corunna half an hour before we saw the lighthouse. However, as the sailors say, we made pretty good weather of it, and ate, drank, slept, and were merry.

It is very fortunate that the wind did not admit of our steering for St. Andero, as was at first intended, for the entrance of that port is so difficult that heaven only knows when we should have arrived there.

The *Semiramis* is a new frigate; this is her first voyage, and a famous tossing we have had in her. For the rest, her captain is a very pleasant, good fellow, and kept an excellent table.

Romana we have found a very jolly companion, making the best of everything.

Corunna harbour is full of transports. Sir

David Baird's expedition, which sailed from Falmouth the same day as we embarked at Plymouth, arrived last Friday; the wind that opposed us down the Channel having favoured them across the Bay. The troops are still on board waiting for the return of a messenger from Madrid, where the supreme Junta is assembled under the presidency of Florida Blanca.

Our naval and military commanders have sent messages on board saying they will pay their visits to-morrow. The governor has also sent to express his great joy at our arrival, and to beg that the Spaniards may be allowed until to-morrow to enable them to receive us with all due honours. This would seem to announce a great deal.

Admiral de Courcy has been at anchor here, in the *Tonnant*, for the last three months. Stuart is gone to Madrid; but they have just now sent us a *scrawl* from one of the officers—Corral, who was made a lieutenant-colonel in the Spanish service—giving an account of the recapture of Bilbao, now the head-quarters of General Blake, under date of the 12th, from that place. By this, it appears that the French, five thousand strong, having had intelligence of the approach of Blake, retreated on that day to Vittoria, and that the latter then took possession of the town without any fighting. Bilbao, then—of the Spanish capture of which we had accounts just before I left England—must have been retaken by the enemy, though in what way we know not. The letter adds that, had the French waited an attack, such were the

judicious dispositions of the Spanish commander, they must all infallibly have been made prisoners. It does not, however, state the amount of the Spanish force; and the letter, generally, is written in so hasty and slovenly a manner that it is impossible to collect more from it than I have here written. It concludes thus—"Health! Respect! and Victory!"

Everybody seems to be in the highest spirits; fresh troops are marching in all directions—so says the report of the governor of Corunna—and money is the only thing represented as wanting. The thirteen hundred casks of dollars we have brought with us will, therefore, prove very acceptable; of what use *we* may be I cannot pretend to say.

Besides the supreme Junta and the Junta of each province, they have established a *Conseil Ambulant*, composed of old generals, who are to have the direction of all military affairs.

Letters—Oct 21*st.*—As I may not soon have another opportunity of sending a letter to my dear mother, I avail myself of one that now offers, to amuse her with some account of our landing and reception at Corunna.

The governor's message of high flown compliment had led us to expect a sort of ovation, but that which awaited us—unique in its kind—very far surpassed our anticipations.

By ten o'clock yesterday morning the governor and our commanders, with a few hidalgos and deputies, came on board, and after an immense deal of *complimentation* and a trifling amount of business

had been got through, we began the ceremony of landing, for which three gaily decorated boats were in waiting.

The first boat contained the governor, Romana, Frere senior, and ourselves; the second, Sir David Baird, Admiral De Courcy, and several naval and military officers; the third, the hidalgos and the deputies. When we had all taken our places, and were about to strike off from the ship, the interesting fact was announced to the anxious spectators that lined the shore, by a salute from the *Semiramis*, which was immediately returned from the batteries by twenty-one guns. Onward we went, and at last set foot on Spanish soil amidst the never-ceasing shouts and acclamations of thousands of excited people, of every age, sex, and condition. The air may indeed be said to have been rent by the loud *vivas* that resounded around us, *vivas* for the *Ingleses*; for Ferdinand VII.; for Romana, for the Junta, and for many other persons and things too numerous to particularize.

But to give you a better idea of our landing, I should tell you that the town of Corunna lies very high, and that almost every house in it commands a view of the romantic bay and the surrounding mountains—some cultivated in patches, others quite wild and arid—that shelter the harbour. In front of it is a long row of houses, the windows, roofs, and numerous balconies of which were filled with women, grouped under various coloured parasols, and waving their handkerchiefs most vigorously. The day was very

fine, and the *tout ensemble*, not forgetting the variety of picturesque costume, and the veils of the women —which, by the way, serve for anything but concealing their charms—formed a spectacle of which I have given you but a very faint description, but which will ever be to me a most interesting recollection, let the result of our efforts be what it may.

However, to return to the landing place; when we had with no small difficulty reached the top of it, the governor, mounting a richly caparisoned horse, led the way, while we followed in suitably decorated carriages, and dragged by the populace, to the government house; attended by escorts of the new levies, both horse and foot, and the whole town of Corunna at our heels—their shouts only interrupted by the fizzing of crackers, explosions of rockets, and the banging of another salute from the ships and batteries.

Arrived at last at our destination, we were introduced to the Junta of this province, assembled in form in their state chamber, in the centre of which is a crimson velvet throne with a large portrait of Ferdinand suspended upon it. This ceremony ended, we proceeded nearly in the same way as we had arrived, to the house of the Duke of Viraquez, apparently the best in the place, and which the duke has most obligingly prepared for our reception. By this time it was two o'clock, and we were to dine with the Junta at five—that hour having been fixed, instead of their usual hour of twelve and one, in compliment to us. The intervening three hours were

fully occupied in receiving innumerable visits from the inhabitants of the town, some individually, others in bodies; but they seemed all equally devoted to the cause, and grateful to us for our assistance. This is the more pleasing, because Corunna and the other towns on the coast have been the greatest sufferers from the war with England, from the almost total cessation of their commerce.

At the appointed hour we were again, with all due honours, conducted to the state chamber, and were received by the same people, who, as the Junta is composed of persons of various grades, differed much in their dress and appearance, but were alike earnest and enthusiastic in the greeting they gave us.

From the state room we were ushered into a large hall, where covers were laid for at least a hundred, and one would have supposed that the Spaniards wished to show the superabundance of their sentiments of gratitude towards us by the profusion of viands and wines they had provided for the repast; for the table might be said, in a far less figurative sense than the expression is usually employed, to have groaned under the number of dishes that were served on it. For my part, had there been but a third of that number, and those less highly flavoured with garlic, I should not have thought the banquet less sumptuous.

From the dinner table we had to proceed to the theatre, the performance having been postponed to suit the late hour at which we had dined.

The house is nearly as large, and something re-

sembling the little theatre in the Haymarket. The Junta's box is a very large one, separated from the other boxes and in the centre of the house. As you may suppose, it was filled almost to suffocation. As soon as we entered the whole of the audience rose, women as well as men. "God save the king" was struck up, and "Rule Britannia" followed, with the same huzzas and *vivas* that had greeted us in the morning repeated at the end of each. When we had had full half an hour of this, the play began. It had been selected for the occasion, and every word that the audience fancied bore an allusion to England was received with bursts of applause.

It was just one o'clock when we got home, and never in all my life was I more gratified to betake myself to my pillow, for I think I never before was so tired.

22*nd*.—The enthusiasm of the inhabitants of Corunna, from the highest to the lowest, is something I could hardly have imagined, much less can I describe it. The women appear particularly forward in the cause, a zeal which has extended even to the convents. For, on our way to the house of the Duke of Viraquez, it was observed that a part of the mob forced us to take a roundabout road to it, and upon inquiry it appeared that they had been bribed to do so by the nuns of a neighbouring convent, in order that they might have the satisfaction of seeing us pass. Accordingly, as soon as we appeared they strove to testify their joy on the occasion by waving their handkerchiefs, and thrusting little flags and streamers through the gratings of their cells.

Yesterday morning was spent in receiving deputation after deputation; afterwards our host, the duke, gave us another grand dinner, to which the members of the Junta, and Sir David Baird and staff, were invited. The play again concluded the labours of the day. Last night, however, we went to a private box *incog.*, though the performance was postponed as before to suit our dinner hour, and the same preliminaries, *vivas*, shouts, and huzzas, took place as on the preceding night. The piece had been written purposely for our amusement and edification. It commenced by a representation of Ferdinand in prison, and George III. coming to his assistance. Afterwards Boney is introduced, utterly confounded by the successive accounts which Joseph and Murat—frightened out of their wits, and running breathless on the stage—bring him of the Spanish successes. This precious piece concludes with a scene of the infernal regions, where Pluto and Proserpine are represented tormenting the three brothers Bonaparte, while, in the background, George and Ferdinand appear seated in the clouds, serenely contemplating the god and his wife at their work. In the grand *finale* Pluto treads Bonaparte under foot, God save the King strikes up, and the curtain drops.

Never before was, I think, such a pack of stuff and nonsense imagined, nor do I fancy that these are the arms that will ensure much success; but they say the effect is good, and serves to keep alive the spirit of the people.

Diaries—Oct. 23rd.—Frere is very friendly, but as

yet I have had no private conversation with him; and in truth we have scarcely been allowed a moment to speak of or even think of business since we landed.

He and Romana were to set out to-day for Madrid, but, owing to some mismanagement, there is a difficulty in providing the requisite number of mules for the journey. I learn, too, that my destination is changed, and that I am to sail, perhaps to-morrow, in the *Semiramis* for St. Andero, with part of the money we brought with us, and that I am to reside there to keep guard over the dollars and to give them out according to orders, in the event of our troops taking that direction. This brings me so much nearer to the real scene of action, and may eventually be of service. Lord W. Bentinck and Stuart are both at Madrid; but I have learnt as yet no particulars of what has taken place in that capital, except that Madame de Jaruco, siding, as to politics, with her uncle O'Farril, at whose house she was staying, and being even a stronger partizan of the French than himself, had induced him to leave his wife and accompany her to France in the suite of King Joseph. That, notwithstanding this, they were attacked on the road by a party of French troops, and that the daughter of Madame de Jaruco had since died from the ill-treatment she had received. The latter part of the story is probably untrue, or at least an exaggeration. These Spaniards *son muy exaltados* and stories of this kind, and it is not the first I have heard, must be received with some caution.

24*th*.—The want of mules—which it appears is a

general want along the coast and frontier of Spain—might, I am told, have been provided for by sending beforehand to a certain Pedro del Rio, who would have supplied mules to any extent, and have greatly shortened our journey, by placing *tiros* at different stations on the road. However, the Junta, as an attention to us, chose to take this matter upon themselves, and have just informed us that they have procured seventeen mules for our use. Frere at the same time has sent me word that he has determined to entrust the English dollars to M. Las Heras—in whose charge Romana has placed the Spanish money—thinking I may be of more service to him at Madrid than at St. Andero. Madrid must certainly be a more interesting station; and the care of dollars was not much to my fancy. So near the enemy's quarters, too, such a charge is likely to prove an anxious and ticklish concern.

We are to set off in a few hours, but as the same mules are to take us the whole distance we shall not make above thirty miles a day. Romana, more impatient, left us yesterday to travel post on horseback.

25*th*.—An answer has been received from the central Junta, allowing, *if insisted on*, the disembarkation of our troops at Corunna, but recommending strongly in preference that they should be sent to St. Andero. This, however, Sir David objects to, and they are, accordingly, to be landed here forthwith, and are to march towards the northern provinces. On their way they will join Sir John Moore, who is already on his march, and will enter Spain by Ciudad

Rodrigo. The idea and wish of the Spaniards is, that this junction may be effected in time to attack, conjointly with their army under Blake, the French forces still remaining in the north of Spain—whose head-quarters, by the latest accounts, are still at Vittoria—before they receive fresh reinforcements.

At present, things certainly wear a favourable appearance. The French left is said to be turned by Palafox, who has advanced from Saragossa to Pampeluna, and the enemy having abandoned Logrono and retired far behind the left of the Ebro, is represented as being nearly hemmed in by the different Spanish corps.

What is become of Cuesta, who quarrelled and parted company with Blake, upon the affair of Rio Seco, is not known. Some say he is advancing towards the same scene of action through Old Castile. But since the Junta has been formed at Madrid, the provincial Juntas have lost much of their weight and influence, consequently we are badly informed here of what is passing, all reports being now made direct to Madrid.

The Governor of Corunna is a mere *locum tenens*, hastily put in to supply the place of the one who was massacred in the beginning of the revolt; being an aged man, he looks as if he would soon follow his predecessor, though perhaps not by the same road—he is of course a perfect nullity.

The other members of the Junta are, at the best, *country gentlemen*, scarcely one of whom can speak a word of French.

The last accounts from Madrid mention a disturbance which took place there the other day, when Ferdinand's birthday was celebrated. The populace got hold of some unfortunate Frenchmen who were in the house of the Russian minister; killed two of them and maltreated others. Strogonoff has, in consequence, demanded his passports. We are off in an hour, leaving two couriers behind to follow with the next English mails.

La Baneza, between Astorga and Benavente, Nov. 1*st.* —We have got thus far—forty-eight leagues—on our journey, and hope to reach Madrid on the 5th or 6th. We are all like so many pigs, in one miserable room without a window; half-starved with cold, and wrapped up in all the coats and cloaks we can collect. There are no fires, except in the kitchen of this inn—*El Rey de Leon*—and to the kitchen we are every now and then running to warm our fingers; for all are writing, Frere at the one old ricketty table, the rest of us on our knees, or on the floor, and in this way we have already sent off two despatches by a messenger from Madrid, who stopped here on his way to Corunna to change horses. We set off in the course of an hour for Benavente, three leagues further on, where we sleep.

We have travelled all the way at nearly a footpace through a most beautiful country, everywhere charming and wildly romantic. But it is scarcely possible to form any conception of the miserable hovels we meet with by way of inns. The poorest hut in Scotland would be preferable, to say nothing

of the swarms of vermin. None of the places we have passed through were of much note, but everywhere we met with many attentions and much hospitality. We stopped half a day at Lugo to receive deputations, and to feast with the bishop and corporation. The same at Astorga, where we found Romana, who, besides that he was knocked up by travelling post, had received orders to take the command forthwith of the Gallician army—amounting, with his own troops, to forty thousand men—instead of continuing his journey to Madrid. Accordingly, he left yesterday for Bilbao, where it appears Blake still has his head-quarters. However, a Spanish courier, who passed through Astorga the day before, reported that when he was leaving Bilbao for Corunna, they were beating to arms, in consequence of intelligence just brought in of a detachment of French troops, four or five thousand in number, being in the neighbourhood, whom it was determined to attack, and, if possible, cut off. What Blake's force is, I cannot make out in the least. All I can learn, even from Romana, who is certainly the best informed—though bad is the best—is, that "Les Français fuyent de tous côtés—fuyent—fuyent—fuyent." This is the kind of vague unsatisfactory answer you get to every question, and if it is attempted to tie them down to anything definite, evasion, or an avowal of ignorance is all you can obtain. I wish this may not extend further, but, as far as I have yet gone, I must confess that I have perceived much froth, and but little substance. When I get to Madrid, I may perhaps

be able to revise this opinion. God grant I may be obliged to pronounce it false.

As a proof of the little reliance that can be placed on the intelligence brought to us, it now appears that Cuesta, after having endeavoured to get out of the scrape he is in, by resigning all his commissions, has been summoned to Madrid, where he is immediately to be brought to trial. Castaños, on the other hand, is said to be at Tudela; but, respecting his numbers, the same uncertainty exists as to the others, nor can we ascertain whether the French have or have not abandoned Vittoria. Some say *yes*, others *no*. The latter is the more likely to be correct, I fear.

Madrid, Nov. 9th.—We concluded our journey on the 6th, which throughout was rather like a pedestrian excursion in a foreign country, as an object of curiosity and amusement, than the progress of a minister whose presence at the place of his destination was anxiously expected by all parties.

We never went above nine leagues, and sometimes not half that distance, in the course of the day. As the evening set in, we enjoyed a very good dinner, which Romana's cook prepared for us, and our own beds—both very acceptable, after the long walks we used to take. No doubt, it was an extremely pleasant excursion, still I could not help feeling very anxious to be more actively employed, though I had then but little insight into what was going on, or what it was really intended to do. I think, if I had been in Frere's place, I should have followed Romana's example, and have gone post, rather than have been so long on

the road. However, here we are at last, and the two brothers are this morning gone to Aranjuez, where both the Junta and Stuart now are. Hoppner and I are left here, and are to follow or not, according to orders, as soon as Frere has seen a little how the land lies. I, in the meantime, intend to get the best account I can of the state of things here.

An officer arrived this morning with despatches from England, of which Frere, for the present, acknowledges only the receipt. He brings me a letter from Mr. Merry.

Mr. Merry to Mr. G. Jackson.

Herringfleet Hall, Oct. 20th, 1808.

I am happy to learn by a letter from your brother that you reached Portsmouth in time to join Frere before he sailed. I offer you my best congratulations on your new employment, which cannot fail to prove both interesting and instructive. I doubt not that you will render yourself not only useful, but conspicuous in the mission, as possessing at least as much *useful* talent, and certainly much more activity and attention to the object before you, than perhaps all the other members of it put together. Your brother's letter relieved me from the anxiety I was under, at not seeing your name in the newspaper.

I should be surprised, if anything now could surprise me, at Hoppner's being sent out; for they would not even employ him in the Office, though in want of somebody who knew Spanish, because he

was one of Lord Grenville's men. I was apprized very early of his departure by receiving, in consequence of it, a large mass of Spanish papers to translate; and ever since, almost every post has brought me something of the sort, accompanied generally by notes from Hammond and Ross, requesting that they may be sent back, if possible, by return of post. In no case has this been possible, and to avoid this inconvenience, I strongly recommended them, on receiving the first batch, to send for Mr. Branscombe, a man thoroughly competent to this work. However, they have not done so, and I do not altogether begrudge the labour and inconvenience, because it affords me an opportunity of seeing some way into the state of things in Spain. Amongst others, I possess the history of the quarrel between Cuesta and Valdes, by having translated two sheets of the former's justification—or rather non-justification—of his conduct towards the latter, addressed to Stuart, in consequence of Stuart's having suspended all supplies to the army under Cuesta's command upon a representation he had received respecting Cuesta's violent and unjust treatment of Valdes. This, with some other papers, shows that it requires more than a common degree of tact, prudence, and knowledge of the people whom we have to manage, to keep them well amongst themselves; and I should really despair of their ultimate success, if I did not observe that, notwithstanding all Bonaparte's late threats and declarations, his post-horses and flying-wagons do not

seem to have been able to convey as yet any considerable reinforcements to his army in Spain; whence we may infer that his troops are not so easily forthcoming, and if the two messengers just arrived from Erfurt have really brought any propositions for peace, this may surely be considered a still stronger indication of the Corsican's embarrassment. Should the Spaniards succeed in defeating the French army before its reinforcements arrive, we might, in that case, be justified in looking for great results, and the winter would then be a very pleasant one for your mission; but I confess that my fears always overbalance my hopes, and I rather look for the news of some immense discomfiture amongst the Patriots that will dissipate the *beau rêve* so many people now indulge in.

As for the flags of truce, they could not come at a more unpropitious moment, for I do not hear of anybody that would be for listening to terms of peace such as Bonaparte would be likely to propose. The whole proceeding is, in fact, nothing more than a sort of stage trick to blind the very few persons in Europe whom Bonaparte thinks it material to prevent from seeing through his views, and the number that can be blinded by such an artifice must be very few indeed.

J. G. Children has asked me for introductions in Spain; he is going on another tour through Lisbon to that country, and thence, as he says, across the Mediterranean to Sicily and Malta. I do not well understand people going to Spain just now on a

party of pleasure, yet Lord Holland takes his wife with him.

A country in a state of revolution, and occupied by armies of three different nations, may afford an interesting sight to whoever may be there in the exercise of his vocation, when all the inconveniences attendant on such a state of things of course disappear; but it cannot be a very amusing one to people accustomed only to Bond Street, or, at most, to a run down to Brighton or Bath. I incline to the belief that some of you will yet have to scamper for it; do not, therefore, allow yourselves to be taken by surprise. I have, however, no fears for you, my dear boy: the energy and judgment you displayed in your German expedition, and which must be equally necessary in your present situation, do not allow me to suppose that you will be found wanting in those valuable qualities when opportunity offers for the exercise of them, though you are, of course, less free now to follow your own bent than on the former occasion.

A. M.

P.S.—Have you heard that the *Bobo* Alexander passed a couple of days—the 19th and 20th of September—with their Prussian Majesties at Königsberg? We are told that they embraced very cordially! D'Ivernois pretends to have very authentic and recent intelligence from those parts, but, as far as I know, nothing has transpired of it, but that Sartoris died lately of a fever brought on by deep grief.

Diaries—Nov. 10th.—I have received also a very satisfactory and friendly letter from Dalton, congratulating me on my appointment, and hoping that I should have no difficulty in obtaining a lengthened leave of absence, as he should much regret my being obliged to resign.

The day has passed away without any accounts from the armies that can be depended upon. One report says that Burgos is again occupied by the enemy; but we hope that this news is, at least, premature.

The best informed persons here seem to be by no means sanguine as to *immediate* success, and build their hopes of an *ultimate* triumph on the confidence, the spirit, and the enthusiasm of the people; and certainly, if these were the only requisites we need have no fears; for the ardour of the Spaniards, and the intense hatred to the French that reigns throughout the country are perhaps unexampled. Yet they have allowed the enemy to receive reinforcements, and the new Spanish levies—most miserably in want of clothing and equipments of all kinds—have been marched about to the right and the left, and exposed to a great deal of firing, without any result calculated to keep up their spirit; on the contrary, a regiment of about five hundred men has been surrounded by a very superior force, and, after a most gallant defence, compelled to surrender.

The French line, commencing at Durango, forms a kind of triangle extending thence to Vittoria, and turning off there to the east, to Pampeluna. It is

pretty certainly known that they have lately been joined by twelve thousand fresh troops, which would make their whole force amount to near sixty thousand. The plan of the Spaniards seemed to be that Blake should march from Bilbao down to Durango, while Castaños from Logrono, and Palafox from Tudela advanced at the same time to the attack of the French centre and left. This, however, has not been done; for the two latter remain in their positions, and Blake, after having advanced from Bilbao, has retired to Valmaseda. They are not very well satisfied with Blake, and are waiting impatiently for the news of the command having been taken by Romana. The marquis left Leon yesterday week, so that we expect soon to hear of his arrival at head-quarters. I trust this may speedily be followed by decisive measures and successful results. At all events, we shall not have to accuse Romana of want of activity, a fault they are much inclined here to impute to Blake, though he is greatly liked and confided in by the army.

The first division of *our* troops had arrived at Lugo, where they were detained by the excessive rains. Sir John Moore, according to the last accounts, had got as far as Almeida, and General Hope with another division of six thousand men had reached Talavera. These three divisions were to unite somewhere in the neighbourhood of Burgos, and I wish to God they may arrive in time; but I think it hardly possible—supposing the accounts received to be correct—that something very decisive

should not have taken place before this junction will have been effected. At Burgos there are very considerable magazines, as well what the French left there as what the Spaniards have since added. The inhabitants are in a state of constant alarm, and no doubt that will be the point towards which the enemy will first direct their march.

The Spaniards are greatly in want of money. Their best efforts are paralyzed by it, and a loan of a million of dollars is now ordered to be raised in the capital. The grandees, and the inhabitants generally, will doubtless come forward in as liberal and handsome a manner as possible. But contractors and such sort of people will be the same in all situations, and I fear the greatest difficulty will arise in the payment of the troops, &c.

Aranjuez, Nov. 15th.—On the evening of the 10th I received a summons from Frere to repair hither, and ever since I got out of the carriage until about half an hour ago the pen has not been out of my hands, except for a hasty meal and a short nap. For hardly five minutes passes without an interchange of notes, and almost every one requires a translation. This, with the voluminous despatches just sent off by a messenger, has tied Frere pretty nearly as close to the inkstand as Bartle and I have been; for Hoppner, by Frere's directions, stays at Madrid.

16th.—The French attacked the Estremaduran forces on the 9th, with between nine and ten thousand men. They were stationed at Burgos, under the command of Count Belbeder, a young and enter-

prising, but inexperienced officer, and were forced to retire, with great loss of arms, baggage, and men, first to Lerma, afterwards to Aranda-del-Duero. The Count has, in consequence, been superseded by General St. Juan, an engineer officer of reputation, who proposes, in case of further ill success, to retreat upon the British forces, of whom the principal body must, at about this time be at Salamanca, under Moore. Sir David Baird's first division was to be at Astorga on the 14th, and General Hope, with his five or six thousand men, should now have reached Talavera de la Reyna.

The enemy occupies nearly the same line as before, viz., Durango, Vittoria, Logrono, Estella, and Pampeluna. This, by the action of the 31st, is now extended on the north to Bilbao, besides their advanced detachments to Burgos—beyond which, however, I do not find that they have advanced—and on the side of Navarre to Calahorra. Castaños is also recalled, and Romana appointed to the command of the whole. We have heard nothing farther of him since his arrival at Valmaseda, now the head-quarters of the Gallician army. Those of Castaños and Palafox, which may, in fact, be now considered as one and the same army, lie between Sanguessa and Tudela.

I fear the French have received *enormous* reinforcements. Palafox has certainly, under this idea, called in all his advanced parties, some of whom have been amusing themselves and the public by incursions into the *French* territory. If successful

against these last, Bonaparte will, of course, pour his whole force down upon *us*; but my own idea is, that if he has received, as reported, so large an increase to his army, and can afford to detach a sufficient number to keep the Spaniards in check, he will even leave them *de côté*, and advance against the British, as against the only rallying point which the cause would have in the event of a defeat. I promise myself much from Romana. General la Pena is the second in command at Castaños' army; we have yet to learn which wing Romana will command in person, for as to a junction of the whole force, the position of the enemy puts that out of the question.

Six P.M. A report is just brought in of the defeat of the enemy by Blake—no particulars.

17*th*.—The more I see, the more I fear that the time is now gone by when we might have hoped for success, and that those precious moments which ought, and might have been employed in following up the advantages the patriots' cause certainly possessed two months ago, and in making the most of the embarrassment the enemy was then in, have been wasted in disputes and party intrigues, which are by no means ended by the establishment of a Junta. For the members of this Junta—all pulling different ways, and their measures opposed, and secretly undermined, by the Council of Castile on the one hand, while on the other they do not possess the confidence of the nation at large, or authority sufficient to make themselves respected—have, as a body, neither the influence nor the power necessary to enable them

to act with that resolution and vigour which alone could bring to a satisfactory issue the present critical state of affairs. The nomination of their Generals is in itself, I think, a sufficient illustration of this. Every individual member of the Junta—a body formed, it must be remembered, of men who, although probably, for the most part, persons of the first prominence in their respective provinces, have been as little accustomed to deal with the great affairs of state as to see themselves invested with the means of patronage they now enjoy—has each had his own particular friend or relative to push forward, and, as was to be expected, the first occasion that brought these men into public view has generally betrayed their incapacity. The clamour of *the people*—who after all have effected the revolution in this country—has compelled their removal, hence appointment after appointment has taken place, the natural consequence of which has been disunion among the members of the Junta, and discontent among the troops; of whom it must in fairness be said that when opposed to the enemy they have uniformly fought with the greatest valour; and it is only heart-breaking to see courage and spirit that might achieve so much, so ill seconded by their leaders.

The Government make a great show of activity, and all day long are closeted in council, yet, in fact, do little or nothing. If told that the enemy is advancing, instead of taking immediate steps to oppose him, instead of fanning and keeping alive

that patriotic flame that *did* burn so brightly, they answer, "advancing, impossible!" then sit down to argue upon the possibility or impossibility of the fact, and in the meantime the enemy arrives at the gates. Such has been the case at Valladolid, which the French entered on the 13th, and such, I fear, will be the case with regard to Madrid.

It was only yesterday that any measures were taken to defend the passages of the mountains, which are now almost our only barrier against the French. Cuesta and some others are gone up to see what can be done; though what force may be disposable for such service no one seems to know.

19th.—We have heard nothing of the Estremadurans since Belbeder's letter from Aranda-del-Duero; but eight thousand men were marched out from Madrid on Sunday to reinforce him.

Moore, who himself had arrived at Salamanca, where his whole force was fast concentrating, will now be obliged to fall back on Ciudad Rodrigo, as will Sir David, on Astorga and the mountains behind it. What will become of Hope and his six thousand men, God only knows! I fear he will be obliged to retrace his steps to Portugal.

Of the movements of Castaños and his army we have lately had no information.

Blake was attacked by the French, between Valmaseda and Espinosa de los Monteros, subsequently to the skirmishing of the 7th and 8th. They began the attack about noon on the 9th, on the Spanish Brigadier-General Ronan. The outposts were driven

in, and the centre at first gave way, but two battalions and some artillery coming to their support, they rallied and fought with great courage. A general action ensued along the whole line, and lasted until an hour after sunset. The loss of the Spaniards was great, particularly in officers. One Field-marshal was killed, and fourteen officers of rank wounded; but still they fought on with great obstinacy, and closed on every side with the enemy.

The next morning the French changed their plan of attack, which they directed against the Spanish left, when the troops, worn out, as much by want of food as by fatigue, gave way, and the consternation became general; the position was abandoned, part of the army retreated to St. Andero, part to Reynosa, where, when the accounts came away, Blake was endeavouring to rally his troops and form them again.

20*th*.—The climate of Aranjuez at this season is none of the best, but we are most comfortably lodged in the house of the Marquis of St. Yago. We found Stuart already established here, and *we* shall probably make it our head-quarters until some decisive engagement allows us either to return to Madrid, or—which I fear is by far the more probable—obliges us to take refuge in the Sierra Morena.

Stuart, professing great satisfaction at our arrival, and talking a great deal of the hot water he has been in, &c. &c., still dies very hard. He is gone to Madrid, where it is settled that he shall assist in the military part of the business and correspondence of the mission. We have just got intelligence that

the French, who it turns out were only a detachment of about six hundred cavalry, again left Valladolid the morning after their entry, to return to Burgos, where, as the report has it, *the two Imperial brothers* then were. The inhabitants had been advised to send a deputation from the town, in order to avert the misfortunes with which they were otherwise threatened. This—another proof of the imbecility and short-sightedness of the Government—has set them all at ease again, and the few vigorous *élans* which the first news appeared to inspire have once more given place to the discussion of insignificant questions, such as how many *galons* such and such uniforms should have, and others of like importance.

21*st*.—Accounts were received last night from Castaños which have again put us on the *qui vive*. They were dated the 18th from Caparrosa, and we infer from them that Castaños was aware that an order was about to be issued requiring him to give up his command, and that, like Villeneuve, he has determined to play a bold game, and give the enemy battle while it is yet in his power. He accordingly informed the Junta of his determination to attack the French the next day, and for the result of this we are waiting with the most tremulous anxiety. We expect the news in the course of to-day, or to-morrow at furthest, and on its nature depends not only our stay here, but the fate of the whole country.

Castaños is, at present, very unpopular at Madrid; and such is the state of the public mind at this moment that I would not answer for his life, should

he prove unsuccessful. Indeed, it appears to me that he has no alternative but to conquer or fall gloriously in the field. But from the very same cause, should he prove victorious, the destinies of his country will be in his hands: and, as he is said not to be an ambitious man, it is to be hoped that he would only make a good use of his power, by establishing a more efficient government, in the form, as is generally suggested, of a regency that should consist of not more than five members. To this measure some objections may certainly be raised. But the evils that *might eventually result* from it are so secondary to those which *do actually exist*, from the difficulty of managing a machine so unwieldy as the Junta with its thirty-two deputies—who may be compared to so many independent springs, ill put together and each one impeding the action of the others—that hardly anybody is found to object to it, except these said deputies. It is intended, however, if the French do not advance, that the question shall be formally brought forward, and as the only effective men in the Junta are in favour of it, it is hoped that it will be carried. In which case the president Jovellanos—formerly *Ministre de Grace et Justice*, and who was exiled to Majorca and recalled upon the abdication of Carlos—with Valdes, and the archbishop of Laodicea, would probably be members.

If we are obliged to take to flight, the Junta will have enough to do to save themselves, as well from domestic as from foreign foes.

The provincial Juntas—particularly that of Seville—have shown a disposition to erect themselves into independent bodies, and the restraint they impose on their deputies, making them apply for fresh instructions upon every new topic that is started, while it sufficiently explains the slowness of the proceedings of the Central Junta, betrays also very clearly their own individual views.

But the general want of vigour in their measures has lost them the confidence of the people, who murmur at any ill success, and accuse their rulers of being the cause of it. Popular commotions have been with difficulty restrained, for although, in one sense, depressed in spirit, the spirit of hatred and resentment towards the French burns as fiercely as ever, and, let what will happen, I doubt not will continue to show itself upon every occasion, and may even produce scenes shocking to humanity—such as those which disgraced the anniversary of their *beloved Ferdinand.*

23*rd.*—No accounts have yet arrived from Castaños.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Brighton, November 8th, 1808.

We have just got into a house at this place which if *nothing particular* happens will hold us till the spring. Brighton has no other charms than retirement, economy, and good air. No society for the present. There is a report, but a very vague one, that the prince means to come here, and bring with

him Louis XVIII. to give him a *fête*. He has built some magnificent stables and a riding-house, on the ground that was formerly the Grove, a sort of Vauxhall, and to gain a bit of garden to the back of the Pavilion he has turned the road that used to go close to it, and made an entrance to the town higher up the principal street. However, this will not amuse you much in the busy scene you are in, and from which we are anxiously expecting to receive favourable accounts of our army. To me, the prospect of our having a *substantive* army in Spain is most satisfactory; for I consider *that*, whether it act in first or second line, or as reserve, to be our main chance. Our Generals will have a good game to play, but it will be a desperate one, for they must conquer, or sooner or later surrender. *Veremos.*

The whole of our mission has been recalled from Sweden, and Merry and A. Forster are appointed to succeed Thornton and Oakley. Merry has accepted it only at Canning's urgent solicitation, and under the promise of returning in three months. I think it not unlikely that he may be *sent* home before he has been so long at Stockholm. Our knowing nothing of the nature or cause of the armistice in Finland is one symptom of this, and Brinckman's appointment another. Of the overtures from Erfurt you may, or will, know more than I do. But nobody here thinks of peace; so far we are upon a par with Bonaparte, but I shall be most agreeably surprised if he does not surpass us in his preparations for war. People are, however, all in good spirits, and our

revenue and manufactures are prosperous beyond all former example.

The Court of Enquiry about the Convention in Portugal will begin its sittings in a day or two. Sir Hew is very stout, takes his stand upon the merits of the Convention, and demands a court-martial. This manly behaviour is applauded by those who most severely condemn the Convention, and is thought to contrast favourably with the attempts of another party to shuffle the blame off his own shoulders to those of his commanders. From what I hear, Burrard will be roughly handled for the few hours he held the command.

We have a good many of the Wellesley family just arrived here, the marchioness at the head. Her son, and a son of Mr. Wellesley Pole, are going out with Mr. J. Villiers, who is appointed to a special mission to Portugal. This is an appointment that excites no small surprise and merriment, even amongst the friends of the new minister, and it seems to be not at all understood what could have occasioned it. Villiers is a man turned of fifty who has all his life been doing nothing; a mere courtier, famous for telling interminably long stories. Somebody was saying the other day that V.'s mission must be a very short one, for that he would, in fact, be *obliged* soon to return; upon which Lord Bathurst observed that it could hardly be very short, as they must allow him to stay abroad long enough to tell one story. Certainly, the Portuguese themselves do not very well know what they want, so the new envoy may

answer all purposes until they find out. We send them now a King Log, the Stork will find his way amongst them afterwards.

The garrison of this place was much alarmed the other night, and put under arms, because of the appearance of some privateers off Beachy Head.

Your friend Burghersh is here, part of his regiment is in these barracks. He would much rather, he says, be with you in Spain. I think him a very fine young man. He has much to say for himself, and often a good deal that is interesting. Mrs. H—by has in vain endeavoured to catch him for her eldest daughter, who is a fine musician.

I hope you get among the natives and talk with them, it is the only way of knowing their manners and customs, and I presume they are now to be seen in a most favourable light. The women, particularly, have a large portion of the wit, cleverness, and spirit of their nation; in *some* other respects they are not all equally safe. Frequent the national theatres; it is there, and at the public spectacles, that the national character shows itself. If you could see a bull-fight—though this is not the season for them—it would be a treat; but I believe there has been some attempt to abolish them, just as some people here want to abolish boxing and bull-baiting. Godoi was afraid of those large assemblies of the people, where they assumed a temporary sovereignty. Adieu. A French privateer is chasing a collier off this place, and all the town is going out to see the sight.

F. J. J.

Diaries—Nov. 24th.—The news received from the army on the 20th, and which has caused everybody here to sit quaking in his shoes, anxiously expecting, yet almost dreading, the arrival of the next accounts, turns out to have been a false alarm given by Palafox—not José, the General, and the defender of Saragossa, but Francis, Deputy of Aragon, and commissioner from the Junta at the army. Castaños himself, now writes that he had not been attacked, and, so far from intending to make an attack on the French, meant to act as long as he could on the defensive, or at least not to give battle without an almost certain prospect of success. At the same time, we learn that the French had pushed forward to Somosierra, where there has been some fighting with St. Juan—but merely affairs of outposts—and as they had again retired, it is supposed that it was only a small detachment, as at Valladolid, where Pignatelli, the governor, ran off ordering it to be evacuated upon the first news of the approach of the French, and when they were five leagues off. Such conduct will not, I should hope, go unpunished, but I have heard of no measures being taken to bring him to a court-martial.

The position the French had taken up having rendered null Romana's appointment to the command of Blake's and Castaños' forces, he is now ordered to leave the left as heretofore under Blake, and to take the centre only. He will have a force of near thirty thousand men.

The affair of the 10th was a complete *déroute*, but

it cost the enemy dear. All accounts agree in stating their loss to have been very great, and Pampeluna is said to be overflowing with sick and wounded. But I pay little attention to this sort of reports, for I have heard the same in all the campaigns, and have myself had opportunities of knowing them to be true, yet have never seen the progress of the French arrested by the number of their sick and wounded.

For the last few days there has passed through here every morning a regiment from Andalusia. As far as *physique* goes, they are really very fine fellows, full of enthusiasm and in the highest spirits. They are marching to the support of St. Juan, on whom, for the next few days at least, our whole dependence rests. But I should not be at all surprised to hear some fine morning, that a body of cavalry, sufficiently large to catch all the good people at Aranjuez, had given him the slip, and, crossing the Tagus at Carascorsa, or thereabouts, had left Madrid to the right, and were coming suddenly down upon this *Sitio*. It is rather late in the season for fishing, but they would be sure here of a fine draught of flats, and no small quantity of gudgeons.

From what I have observed from the first, my idea is—and it is confirmed by conversations with persons better qualified than I felt myself to be to venture an opinion—that the Spanish commanders have erred in dividing their forces, which were by no means adequate to it, into three armies, instead of uniting and forming one grand army. Whether this

was owing to a fixed plan or to no plan at all, as regards what *has* happened, is nothing to the purpose, the result has been the same—the system so famous with the French, of beating their enemies in detail, has been once more tried, and with the accustomed success. Blake, notwithstanding the courage he speaks of in his troops, is *mis hors de combat*, I fear, for a long time; Romana's fate must soon be decided, and it is only a mercy that the enemy did not, or could not, advance in sufficient force to cut off General Hope. This, I trust, it is now too late to do. Hope has been at Madrid conferring with General Morla, who refused the command St. Juan has taken and has been named commissioner to our forces.

The whole six thousand men are to-day at the Escurial, and we have good hopes of their effecting their junction with Moore, who is with his troops at Salamanca. Sir David is safe enough at Astorga, to act as circumstances may require, and it will be easy enough for any reinforcements, however small, to find their way in all safety to that place from Corunna.

The news of the arrival of the cavalry at that port has given the greatest satisfaction; for it is precisely that species of force we stand most in need of.

Three letters were received yesterday from Burgos, dated the 17th inst., one addressed to the president, another to the Duke del Infantado, and the third to the Corregidor of Madrid, signed by O'Farril, Azanza, and the rest of the runaway traitors, exhorting the Junta to submit, and promising forgiveness, amnesty, &c., &c., in the name of King Joe. The

writers state that they had at first submitted to the new order of things from necessity, but that as soon as they became acquainted with their new sovereign, and the wholesome regulations he had introduced, what was before resignation, became admiration and enthusiasm. They call on Madrid to submit, and send deputies, to whom they hold out the hope of a most favourable reception. And this they call the highest proof of their patriotism. It is ordered that these letters be publicly burnt in the streets of Madrid by the common executioner, and that the authors of them be cited to appear before the Tribunal of Vigilance and Protection on a certain day, to answer for their conduct; in default of which they are to be declared traitors to their country. This is well, as is also an order for a levy of two hundred and fifty thousand men; and if only their action in any degree corresponded with the vigour of these and similar orders, we should have but little to fear; but it is useless to give an order unless care be taken to enforce its obedience.

At a moment like the present, the tribunal above-mentioned might be of great utility if it were as efficient as it ought to be, and as they say it *will be*; but those who inveigh against the weakness of the Government, say that hitherto its vigilance has been directed *against* the people, and its protection afforded only to the great.

25*th*.—The last accounts from the armies are of the date of the 21st. A party under the orders of Palafox had marched into Tafalla, which the French

had suddenly evacuated. Reconnoitring parties had been sent by St. Juan to within three leagues of Burgos, and had not met with any French troops. The Spaniards talk of having a very large force on the side of Catalonia, just arrived from Majorca; but they are not yet sufficiently organized to deserve the name of a regular army.

The Junta having learnt that Romana was stopping a day or two with the northern army, to get it together again, and reorganize it after the battle of the 10th, sat down and wrote a *belle lettre* to Castaños—the man they have been abusing, chicaning in every way, and finally recalling—full of compliments, and telling him that the fate of Spain was in his hands, &c., &c. Not long ago, as a means of pleasing a Grandee opposed to Castaños, the Junta sent to his head-quarters Count Monthijo, quite a young man, for no other purpose than to watch all his measures and to be a spy on his actions; a commission not likely to facilitate or in any way improve matters. Until this sort of thing is got rid of, it is in vain that all the members of the Junta meet every morning at ten, and continue sitting till their dinner hour; and again, in sections, until very late at night, occupied in discussing subjects which are generally irrelevant to the grand object for which they have come together.

5 P.M.—The wheels of our carriages were greased this morning, and, it appears, none too soon. The French have advanced to the number of eight thousand, from Osma to Almazan. This may have

for object either the capture of the Aranjuez colony, or the cutting off of Castaños from all communication with this part, and forcing him to give battle. However, we are all ready for a start. They will not, I daresay, allow us a very long one, and it now becomes a question whether we shall take the Andalusian or Estremaduran *route*.

A proclamation has been issued to the inhabitants of Madrid, and there are eight thousand stand of arms in the city; but it is yet undetermined whether an attempt shall be made to defend the capital or not. Two other proclamations respecting the new levy have also appeared, containing the exemptions, which according to the new plan are very few; every man unmarried, including the nobility, being subject to it from the age of sixteen to forty. Besides this, an honorary militia, similar to our volunteers, is to be established. All this, as far as it serves to keep up the spirit of the people, is well enough; but beyond this, these measures are evidently futile at a moment when events—which if not already happened, inevitably will happen in the course of a day or two—render the execution of them impracticable.

It appears that General Casa Valencia did not follow King Joe when he ran away from Madrid, but has been ever since serving as a *private* in a volunteer corps—considering himself unworthy of a command, until he has had an opportunity of washing off the stain that attaches to his character from his former conduct.

Midnight.—At nine this evening we had the

agreeable confirmation of our apprehensions in the news that Béliard, with ten thousand men, was yesterday at Siguenza. This has put us all most completely on the *qui vive*, and effectually silenced the "ne craignez rien, "ne croyez rien," with which every allusion to the approach of the French was answered. It is now rather "the devil take the hindmost," and all is consternation and confusion. Cordova was the first place of retreat proposed, now it is to be Toledo, if we get off at all; but for my part, I am fully prepared to see a detachment of cavalry come and do us the honour of escorting us by some other road, for there is not a single soldier between the enemy and this place, nor any force here. It is supposed that we are to leave early in the morning, but no order is yet given for our departure. By fits and starts we write, prepare our *paquets*, and look out for the enemy, but have little inclination for sleep. Just now, an account was brought in of the post of Columbres having been attacked on the 19th. This height is situated within three leagues of the first Asturian village, between that province and St. Andero. It was defended by a body of Asturians, who were obliged to take refuge in the mountains. St. Andero is of course evacuated.

The Marquis Romana was attempting to make a stand at Torre de la Vega on the 17th. Poor fellow, I feel more for him than for any of them. The best thing that can happen to him will be death on the battle field; for, if caught, an ignominious end infallibly awaits him.

26*th*—3 P.M.—We are still at Aranjuez. But it is finally decided that Toledo shall be our city of refuge. Scouts are sent out to warn us immediately of the approach of the French, and we are to decamp at the *very* last moment.

The Spaniards say they have about twenty-one thousand men in New Castile. The defence of Madrid is determined upon, and General St. Cimon and other officers are appointed to commands for that purpose. There is nothing new from the armies.

30*th*.—In the most uncomfortable state of uncertainty we have lingered on here, beds and trunks packed up, for the last three days; the reports of one hour contradicting those of another; one minute told that the enemy is within a league of us, the next that he has retired, and that we have nothing to fear.

Dec. 2*nd*.—Yesterday morning we learnt for a certainty that the French had forced—though with immense loss, and not until they had been twice most gallantly repulsed—the passage of Somosierra, and were advancing in great numbers on Madrid. This determined the Junta to take the *route* of Badajoz, and in the afternoon we set out; slept at Toledo—a prettily-situated town on a rock, with the Tagus flowing at the foot of it, which, as we entered by moonlight, had a most pleasing and picturesque effect—and have just reached Cevolla, intending to get as far as Talavera de la Reyna to-morrow.

Calçada, Dec. 5*th*.—We arrived at Talavera on the evening of the 3rd, and were driven thence this

morning by the report of the French having sent a detachment of cavalry in pursuit of us, which had reached Mostillos. The attack on Madrid had begun at 8 A.M. on the 2nd, and it was added that the French had entered the capital on the afternoon of the 3rd, but this is doubted; for when Stuart left Madrid on the evening of the 1st, the people were preparing for the defence with the greatest industry and energy—the utmost enthusiasm pervading all ranks. Well-dressed women were seen helping the populace in taking up the pavement, and carrying the stones to the tops of the houses; cutting trenches through the streets, &c., &c. Batteries had been erected at the different gates, a provisional government, composed of Infantado, Castellar, and Morla, had been elected, and to the summons of Bessières, the answer had been returned that, "As long as one stone of their city remained upon another, they would not hear of capitulation." Morla himself gave this answer by word of mouth, and everything at that time seemed to portend a second Saragossa. Infantado was up all night visiting the different batteries, and even to have mentioned the word capitulation, would infallibly have incurred an answer from the *cuchillo*. The people—who, after all, have done everything that has been done, and will do whatever may hereafter be done—made very free use of this weapon. The Marquis of Pellares—detected, they say, in making the cartridges with sand—felt the full force of their fury. After having dragged him through the streets, they took him to the Puerta del

Sol, and there publicly stabbed him as a traitor. It is positively asserted that he was guilty; but, guilty or not, it then signified little—the people thought him so, inquired no further, but wreaked their vengeance upon him; and there is no magistrate or person in authority at Madrid, or anywhere else who has either the power to repress such proceedings or the courage to attempt it. Two or three other instances of it came under my own immediate knowledge. In a word, the Government dare not oppose the will of the people, for by that alone they exist. Yet a more efficient and resolute one must be established, if the country is to be saved; and though there are many persons who think it, even now, too late for that, yet the people, so to say, are such very true game—so ardent, so dauntless, so determined—that what would seem to be *chevalresque* and impossible in some other countries I have seen, is not so in Spain. Such a spirit, well directed by an able Government, and the resources of the country properly called forth and applied, would, I really believe, ultimately lead to success; for I am convinced that, well led, the Spaniards would sooner die to a man than give up the contest.

Bonaparte would be successful, no doubt, in the first instance, but every inch of ground *might* be disputed with him. The men all fight desperately, and in every affair they have always in the onset had the best of it, but, as is to be expected in such raw levies, when once routed their confusion is great; after a little time, however, they muster together

again, and fight on as bravely as before. By degrees they become, in this way, accustomed to it, and the French find new forces springing up everywhere which would, eventually, tire them out, and outnumber them.

The affairs of Tudela and Cascante are instances of this. They took place on the 21st, previous to the attack on Somosierra, and obliged Castaños to retire towards Viguera, and Palafox to Saragossa. After six days, from the 15th to the 21st, spent in disputes at head-quarters, Castaños was at last informed that the enemy was advancing to attack him. Accordingly he retreated that night from Calahorra, taking up a new position from Tarazona to Tudela, the Aragonese occupying the latter point. On the 23rd, at 8 A.M., the enemy, having gained Calahorra, began the attack by the fire of their advanced guard, and at ten the action became general. At first they fell back on the plain in front of Tudela, but the charge on the flanks they kept up. The Spaniards maintained their position with the greatest obstinacy, and repulsed the enemy on both sides. The French forces were then redoubled on the left of the Spaniards, and their right got possession of some heights. This forced the Spaniards to retreat, but about half way down the hill some reinforcements of artillery and musketry opened a terrible fire upon them. An obstinate attack then ensued, which, to use Castaños' own words, could not have continued long without the total destruction of one side or the other. The Spaniards at length drove the French over the

heights again on to the plain, when their left, which had succeeded in advancing to Tudela, also appeared on the plain, and began an oblique attack upon the Spaniards, who were pursuing their right wing; and here the fate of the day was decided—the Spaniards gave way, and a precipitate retreat upon Borja was effected in the greatest confusion.

La Pena, the second in command, with the 4th division, was attacked at the same time at Cascante by eight thousand infantry and one thousand cavalry; and again the Spaniards were in the onset victorious. The enemy gave way, and were pursued to the heights of Tudela. But there La Pena was attacked by the troops who had already gained the victory; he, however, succeeded in making good his retreat, also to Borja, and in good order. From Borja the whole army, estimated at twenty thousand, retreated to Calatayud, except the Aragonese, who took the direction of Saragossa; Castaños and Palafox not having agreed, before the action, upon the plan to be pursued. The French force was estimated at about thirty-six thousand infantry, and seven thousand cavalry.

What I have said of the *possible* result of this contest is perfectly independent of any movement of *our* troops, which, united, amount to at least thirty-five thousand; a force, I should conceive, fully equal to anything the French have in the neighbourhood of the British quarters at Salamanca. This force, joined with Blake's troops, and the fifteen thousand men the Spaniards had between Segovia and Madrid,

would form an army not at all inferior to that which the French could at this moment oppose to it. Moore, it seems, thought otherwise, and upon the very first news of the defeat of Castaños gave orders to Sir David to fall back on Corunna, and announced his own determination to retreat upon Portugal. This would indeed be a sad step, and would justify most gratingly the prediction of Bonaparte, that we should just show ourselves, make a parade, and march off. However, as Moore decided on this measure upon receiving the first accounts only of the action, and as the strongest and most pressing remonstrances have been made against a proceeding replete with so much mischief, we are not entirely without hopes that, upon finding the disasters of the 23rd to have been not so great as at first represented, and, above all, that the Spaniards really behaved admirably, he may have been induced to make a forward rather than a retrograde movement. If it be so, and he should effect a junction with the Spaniards, it may be productive of the most beneficial consequences. The late defeat, *pour puiser à sa source*, we owe chiefly to the indecision at Aranjuez, for, had the armies been united, and that union and vigour had existed, which is the least the people have a right to expect, we might now have to celebrate a victory at Madrid, instead of running away with the sound of the cannon, battering against it, in our ears.

So far from these last occurrences having discouraged the Spaniards, we have heard in every town through which we have passed cries only

louder than ever, of hatred and animosity towards the French, and an universal demand to be led against them to the relief of the capital. The roads swarm with armed peasants; every man would be a soldier, and this country, the population of which is estimated, at the lowest, at fourteen millions, has never been drained as France has been. If Spain is subdued it will not be the fault of her people, taken *en masse*. While I fear that Bonaparte will triumph, I am at the same time convinced that the country *might* be saved.

On the side of Barcelona the Spaniards have had some success; they have conquered the heights commanding the town, and have taken five hundred prisoners and some cannon.

Accounts from Saragossa, of the 25th ult., state the French to have been within twelve miles of that city. Palafox, with six thousand men, had arrived there safe; the canal was ordered to be cut, and every other measure had been taken for its defence with as much zeal and activity as before.

Stuart joined us yesterday at Talavera, and I go on this afternoon on horseback, in order to get a good start, which that mode of travelling will give me over the *coches de colleras*. I carry in one pocket the *brouillons* of Frere's despatches to copy, in the other my log to write up. Frere has heard from England but once. He sends home his present budget by a man we have fallen in with at Talavera, who, if not a curious character, is certainly a singular fellow. He calls himself the Rev. Francis Lee, though from

his manners he would never, I think, be suspected of being a clergyman. He has travelled post from Corunna to Alicante, for the sole purpose, he says, of marrying the daughter of our consul at that port to a friend of his, and he is now on his return to England *viâ* Lisbon. He seems to think a great deal of himself, and to pique himself especially on having a most beautiful wife, of whose perfections he boasts in a way to excite our envy, at least. He left Madrid on Friday, three hours after the attack had begun, and, from certain hints he gave us, we expect that the papers will soon contain an account of that event by "an intelligent traveller." At all the places we stop at, we find difficulty in getting lodged; we ourselves make a party of twenty, to say nothing of the Junta and their accompaniments. But the weather is most delightful, the country very beautiful, and, as we travel leisurely, having with us our cook and our own beds, our journeys, since we decamped in all haste from Toledo, have been more like those of a party of tourists on pleasure bent than those of people flying before the enemy. It is quite certain that if the party of cavalry sent in pursuit had been despatched direct from Madrid to Talavera, to waylay us, they might have caught us, Junta and all, as easily as so many fish in a net.

With some few exceptions the members of the Junta are all here. Amongst them is Tilly the Sevillian deputy, a man of notorious character, active and daring, and who headed the party that supported Castaños. Finding, I suspect, that matters were

becoming very critical, he has availed himself, as some others have done, of the *débacle* at Aranjuez to make good his retreat, under the pretext of being commissioned to raise levies. Valdes and Cuesta are also here. Nothing is decided as regards Cuesta, though his rival, Castaños, is definitively recalled, and a General Erranio appointed to his command. Erranio is said to be a very good officer, and he is a great friend of Romana. We have reason to believe that the latter is at Leon with the remnant of the northern army.

Truxillo, Dec. 10*th.*—The road from Calçada by Almaraz and Jaraicejo, to Truxillo, runs through a beautiful valley which by no means bears a wintry appearance, though the upper part of the mountains on either side is covered with snow. It has been not a little gratifying to my national pride to witness the enthusiasm with which my red feather was instantly hailed at every village I passed through in the course of my ride, and by each group of people I met. "Ingles! Ingles!" they cried. "Viva los Ingleses! Buenos Ingleses!" But all did not let me off with this sort of salute. I was more than once surrounded, and was obliged to stop and shake hands all round, others offered me wine, milk, and a variety of other good things. God grant we may justify their enthusiasm!—and that it may be reserved to the fine body of British troops now in Spain, to gain for themselves the glory of establishing permanently the independence of their allies.

12*th.*—Our whole party is arrived—the despatches

are made up, and our reverend messenger will mount his *rosinante* in the morning, *en route* for Lisbon.

I am writing with all the world snoring around me. We are to stop here, a day or two, to see a little what turn affairs take; being now on the *right* side of the Tagus, with all the bridges mined, and ready to be blown up at a moment's warning; so that it is not so easy for the French to pay us a pop visit as it was before.

Badajoz is the place fixed upon by the Junta *en dernier ressort.* It was chosen, I am told, for military reasons, but I should have thought it better, in the first instance, to take the route to Andalusia, which may hereafter be closed to us; supposing Madrid to have fallen and the enemy to push onwards. We should have nothing for it then but to cross the frontier, and Dupont's division is still in those quarters.

The sleepers snore so abominably that I must lay down my pen and do likewise.

13*th.*—The accounts from Madrid continue to be very confused, though we can collect from the various reports but too much to make us uneasy.

It appears certain that the French, after a severe attack on Madrid, that lasted till noon on the 3rd, proposed terms, which were rejected by Morla, but not in the firm and peremptory manner we had been led to expect. Other terms were then proposed, which were certainly accepted, though it is not avowed, for Madrid capitulated on the 3rd.

Merida, Dec. 14*th.*—We have got thus far on our

way to Seville. The Junta, alarmed by the near approach of the French, and by reports of an insurrection at Badajoz, decided yesterday to take up their residence at Seville, and to set out immediately.

It is given out, that nothing official has yet been received which, if true, looks very much as if Bonaparte had made a point of not allowing any communications to be made to the Junta. However, we know from perfectly trustworthy intelligence, that on the 3rd, a Council of War, composed of several old officers and some members of the council of Castile, declared the city of Madrid to be incapable of defence. A proclamation to that effect was then issued, and at the same time it was intimated to the military actually in the city—about eighteen hundred men—and the army at the gates, that if they remained they would be included in the proposed capitulation and be considered prisoners of war, and that they had, therefore, better provide for their safety. Terms were then agreed upon, the precise nature of which has not transpired, and the capitulation was announced under the name of "a Suspension of Arms." The whole army—ten thousand men—which had arrived to the relief of Madrid, under the command of Heredia and St. Juan, was disbanded, and both officers and men took each the road he liked best.

The three individuals composing the provisional Junta also went off; some say, to join the army, others, that they have fled in good earnest.

The French occupy the Retiro, and the gates of

Alcala and Atocha. No attempt was made to disarm the people, but a great number of the inhabitants—near thirty thousand, it is reported—had left, or were leaving the city; and, it appears, there was not one of their leaders or rulers remaining to prevent them from doing so, or to reanimate their depressed spirits. The French patrol the streets uninterruptedly during the day; at night they withdraw to the Retiro, when everything is as quiet as if the country was in a state of the most profound peace. Berthier commands the French troops; his head-quarters are at the house of the Duke of Medina Soli—the corner of the Calle St. Hyronimo. Bonaparte himself is at a small village within a league of the capital.

Morla told the people that he had had an interview with him, and that he had made very favourable promises to him.

How long such an extraordinary state of things is to last, God only knows; but of one thing we may be sure, that the *French* are not idle all this time; if their arms are laid by, their even more formidable weapons, intrigue and artifice, are in full activity. I have heard both Morla and Infantado branded as cowards. Of the former I know nothing whatever, beyond his bold reply to Bonaparte's summons and his lamentable failure to act up to it; but of Infantado I can say, that coward or not, he is at all events *un sot*, and the greatest I think I ever met with. His whole conduct, from the first moment of his imprisonment at the Escurial, proves him to be a very weak man, and it

is most likely true, as has been suggested, that Bonaparte is making use of him for the purpose of cajoling the people of Madrid.

Los Santos, Dec. 15th.—The roads swarm with the officers and men of the dispersed army of Madrid, some on foot, others on horseback, and many with hardly any clothes to their backs; in a word, much such a scene as I witnessed two years ago at Brunswick, after the battle of Jena. St. Juan, who was really a clever officer, and one of their very best men, and who was on his way to the Junta to endeavour to effect some new arrangements, has been murdered at Talavera. He was almost the only man who behaved as he ought; but some of the fellows who were running away, to cover their own shame, raised the cry of traitor against him, when the populace of Talavera, incensed at what had recently happened, without further inquiry or consideration, fell upon him and killed him—mangling him with their *cuchillos* in the most savage manner. Their remorse was afterwards so keen, and so frantically expressed, that his accusers were compelled to take to flight, to escape the vengeance of his murderers; for a paper was found in his pocket—an account of the proceedings of the army before Madrid—that exculpated him from the charge so wantonly brought against him. From this paper it appears that Heredia was decidedly of opinion that it was useless to attempt to defend Madrid, but that St. Juan thought differently, and so firmly maintained his own views against the arguments opposed to them, that a Council of War was held in

which his opinion was overruled. Such is the unfortunate state of affairs at present. The people give way to the most unbridled indignation, and the most licentious expression of it. Every man in command is now a traitor, and anarchy and confusion seem to be making rapid strides. Castaños has gone off to Andalusia, and La Pena is assembling the remains of his army, and part of St. Juan's that was defeated at Somosierra, to concentrate them at Aranjuez. Galuzzo, an officer of artillery of this province, has been appointed to the command of the troops disbanded or dispersed at Madrid, and he is trying to muster them again at Talavera, where, as we learn, a large number of them had assembled; but under such circumstances this is no easy task.

On the other hand, Romana has collected at Leon fifteen thousand good troops, which united to ours might form a respectable force; and Stuart left Truxillo on Friday to endeavour, in concert with Caro, one of the deputies, to induce Moore to try to effect a junction with Romana. But, thank God, Moore has not waited for this fresh representation in order to determine his movements, for we learn by a letter from Salamanca, of the 10th, that he was about to move forward for that purpose.

If matters are to be in any degree retrieved, it will be necessary to assume a higher tone, and instead of granting promiscuously, and without restriction everything that is demanded, we must insist upon such and such arrangements and measures, as the price of our compliance. A too great delicacy on this head ruins

everything, and there can be no more mistaken notion than that which led Sheridan to advise, in the outset of the Spanish business, that there should be no interference whatever in the interior concerns of the country.

16*th*.—By means of commissions for raising levies, which several of the deputies have received, the Junta have got rid of their most useless members. Being thus reduced in numbers, something like energy might be hoped for. They have issued, by way of a specimen of it, three proclamations. One, prohibiting all persons concerned in the capitulation to approach the place of their residence, until their conduct shall have been examined into; another, empowering the authorities in all towns and villages to stop Spanish deserters; and a third—addressed to the country at large, but particularly to the capital—exhorting the people not to be dismayed or discouraged, and promising that the severest measures shall be taken against the authors of the capitulation.

8 P.M.—When we left Truxillo we were assured that two thousand French cavalry had arrived at Talavera; we just learn that the intelligence was false. It however contributed greatly towards the decision of the Junta for the Seville route, though it is desired that the Sevillanos should look upon this choice of their city for the residence of the supreme body as a very great compliment. But this morning we received a proclamation from Seville stating that, as they were ignorant of the whereabouts of the supreme Junta, it had become necessary that they should act for them-

selves. They had given their president the title of Serene Highness—their right to do so, having before been contested by their rivals. From this, and other circumstances, we rather anticipate a cool reception for the Junta, and perhaps for ourselves.

Seville, Dec. 19th. — We arrived here last night; Florida Blanca and the rest of the Junta had preceded us by twenty-four hours, owing to the stay we made at Merida, in order to send off Colonel Chamilly to Lisbon with despatches. I had hinted at the expediency of sending a messenger to England with the account of the action at Tudela, before we left Aranjuez, but in that respect *nous agissons un peu à la Hutchinson.* For the rest, everything goes on in a friendly, pleasant manner.

21*st.*—The Central Junta have been received here with every mark of respect, and, in some instances, even with greater honours than have usually been paid to royalty. Still the activity and energy which have throughout marked the proceedings of the Junta of this province, contrast strongly with the opposite character of those of the centrals, and must occasionally give rise to remonstrance and complaint. If it should stop there, instead of doing harm, it may perhaps serve as a stimulus to the latter. The Juntas have already each appointed an officer to take the joint command at the passage of the Despeña Perros, which they are in hopes here of being able to defend. But Somosierra is too fresh in our recollection to allow of our placing dependence on anything of that kind. If we are to remain quietly here, we shall owe it to the

combined army of Moore and Romana—a force of fifty thousand of the best troops—which, if it does nothing more, will not suffer the enemy to advance further south. Every letter received from head-quarters, particularly from my old acquaintance Clinton, represents our troops as being in the finest possible order. "Never," he says, "was a finer army seen; fewer men on the sick list than in the common home establishment, and the fifteen thousand Spaniards are, I really believe, worthy of being united with our men." Moore has a desperate, but a glorious, game to play. He was yesterday to be at Valladolid.

I know not what is the general feeling on the subject on our side of the water, but as an Englishman I say—though I should be chary of publicly saying it lest, as I am not to share the danger, such an assertion should seem out of place from me—I would sooner see ten thousand of my countrymen dead on the field of honour, than have saved them at the price of the disgraceful retreat, which was meditated on the first news of Castaños' defeat. It would have been inevitable ruin to this country, and to the cause that has cost the nation so dearly; and, besides, with what face could a British army have ever again shown itself on the Continent?

21th.—We are very comfortably lodged here; the Intendant of Andalusia having received us into his house. He is a widower, with two daughters, one of whom, a young woman of twenty, is married to an eccentric sort of person named Cruz, one of the

judges of this place. Upon Castaños' marching northward, Cruz was appointed *Auditor del Exercito*, and this threw him in our way at Aranjuez. Frere took a fancy to him, and at the general *débacle* he accompanied us, and has been with us ever since. He and his whole family, consisting of three daughters, the youngest as old as his present wife, dine with us every day. The dinner hour is between three and four, and the evenings are spent, when we have nothing else to do, in chattering Spanish with the ladies—French is completely exploded, no one ventures to speak it—sometimes a little flirting, varied with music or dancing; and this is the only society we have. There are no theatres, or other public places of amusement, now open, though, since the revolution, bull-fights are again permitted in the proper season. I saw at Aranjuez a *novillo*, which disappointed me amazingly. It has all the cruelty of the bull-fight, with little or nothing of what is supposed to compensate for it—the danger incurred by the men, and the courage and dexterity displayed on their part in avoiding it.

25*th*.—I looked in last night at the cathedral while mass was going on. As a spectacle, it was a very grand affair. There was just light enough to show the beauty of the building, and to cast a sort of halo on the thousands of worshippers of all grades, kneeling together on the bare cold marble, whilst the music, which was very fine, added to the solemnity of a scene that impressed me greatly on entering the cathedral. But the devotional feeling soon wore

off; for the crowd of loungers that came to be amused, and to talk of anything but religion, fully equalled in number the crowd that came to pray. The gallants were numerous, and took that opportunity of paying their *devoirs* to the many fair penitents then on their knees, and much absorbed, it would seem, in confessing their sins; for I did not perceive that they were disturbed, or annoyed in the least, by the tender confessions or passionate appeals that were whispered sometimes in both ears at once.

30th.—The arrival of two messengers from England has kept us in the house during the last week, constantly at work all day and almost all night.

The French papers are also received; they give an account of what took place at Madrid, and contain Bonaparte's proclamation, denouncing capital punishment against all those who were at Bayonne; dissolving the council of Castile; stating many alterations in the administration of the country; promising pardon to all who would return to *their allegiance*—the foregoing excepted—within one month, and thundering out vengeance against all who should neglect to comply. A letter has been intercepted from Morla to Cornel, his *locum tenens* at Cadiz, telling him of the surrender of the capital, the defence of which, he states, from the first, he declared to the Junta was impracticable. He accuses the people of cowardice, and says, that although they cried loud enough to rend the air, "Vencer o morir," yet they all ran away as soon as the French appeared. After a fine eulogium on the character of *King*

Joséf, he concludes by throwing out doubts of *our* sincerity and good faith, recommending Viveres, at Cadiz, to be on his guard against us, and not to allow any British force, however small, to enter that place. He suggests also the expediency of putting the ships out of our reach, of fortifying the place against us, and of sending vessels to America to stop, for the present, any treasures they may be about to send to Europe. Viveres has, however, been deposed, and an Irishman, of the name of Jones, is appointed to the governorship.

A vessel with five millions of dollars had just arrived at Cadiz, and reports that a strange squadron, of nine sail, is cruising about for the purpose of intercepting the vessels from New Spain. This, no doubt, is the Brest fleet; but we trust that some of our tars will be able to give a good account of it.

The untoward news of the defeat of Vives, and the consequent raising of the siege of Barcelona, has just arrived. The battle began at seven on the morning of the 15th, and the army was in complete *déroute* by nine. The fate of Vives himself is not known. Reding has succeeded to the command of the Catalonians, and has mustered about eight thousand of them at Molin del Rey, the place whence the accounts are dated. He intended to try to maintain himself there, but it was not expected that he would be able to do so, in which case he proposed retiring to Tortosa.

The French, under the command of St. Cyr, entered Barcelona as soon as the action was over. The force

they have now in Spain is estimated at between eighty and ninety thousand.

Rosas also has fallen—date not given—but the garrison was marched to France as prisoners of war.

Infantado is at Cuenca with the *débris* of Castaños' army—about nine thousand infantry, and two thousand cavalry—in a most deplorable state; in want, in fact, of everything.

10 P.M.—A Spanish courier, despatched to the Junta, brings word that the enemy attacked, on the 20th, Monte Torrea, a height in the neighbourhood of Saragossa. An obstinate engagement ensued, which continued till night, and was to be renewed the next morning. Bonaparte had also sent a large force into Estremadura. The bridge at Almaraz was blown up, but we very kindly left them another, and they crossed at the Puente del Arzobispo. They say that the Spanish force in that province is ten thousand strong—but I doubt it. Galuzzo commanded it, but after much clamour on the part of the people in favour of Cuesta, he has been dismissed, and Cuesta named to succeed him.

31*st*.—We end the year in a state of the greatest anxiety. Accounts of disaster after disaster flow in in quick succession and much dishearten us. There is, too, and it mortifies me greatly, a feeling growing up that incapacity and inexperience reign at our headquarters; and the little that has been done by our army in opposing the French in the north, is instanced in proof of it. God grant that these opinions may be speedily falsified; for we learn that Sir

J. Moore was, on the 21st, at Toro, when, or very soon after, he would have effected his junction with Romana. And not a moment too soon, an account having just reached us that Bonaparte had marched out of Madrid on the 23rd, with thirty thousand men, with the intention, as was publicly given out, of attacking the English. Joseph, and all the ministers accompanied him, and they took the direction of Guadarama. Nine hundred French cavalry have advanced as far as Madridejos, in La Mancha, and it is becoming doubtful whether we shall be able to maintain *our* position much longer. The troops are said to be suffering greatly from the severity of the weather in the northern mountains. And I can very well believe it. Even in these southern latitudes the cold is really severe; the day we arrived, it was intensely hot in the sun, and freezing in the shade. It has continued much the same ever since; but the inhabitants say they scarcely ever remember such weather. As there are no fireplaces, and nothing to give warmth but their confounded *braseros*, we have all felt the cold very much.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Brighton, Dec. 22nd, 1808.

We are much affected in this country by the events in Spain to the 14th December, when we are told by the "Moniteur," that the French entered Madrid. I am as much chagrined as anybody, but less surprised than most people, for reasons which you will easily comprehend. I am, however, still of

opinion that much remains to be done, and that Bonaparte has not carried his point when he has conquered all to the north, even including Madrid. He must not only employ a large force to the southward, but he must have a very large one to keep possession of what he has taken and to secure his communications, first with the corn provinces, and then with France. In short, if anything like vigour and judgment prevail, his difficulties will now be beginning, and the more he advances to the south, the more they will increase.

It is lamentable to reflect upon the feeble defence made at Somosierra, where one would have thought that a handful could have stopped a host. The French make the thing more wonderful by representing the *trouée* to have been made by a charge of cavalry. If this be true, it announces a want of the commonest precaution, for a score of trees thrown across such a pass would have rendered the approach of cavalry impossible.

There was, perhaps, some charge of that sort, but I am inclined to think—though it little mends the matter—that the French light infantry poked their way through some small defile of the mountains, to the right and left, and took the Spaniards in flank and rear, and that it was after this success that the cavalry pushed on.

As for the defence of Madrid I could never see the expediency of it, and if any military force has been prevented by that intention from returning to the south I shall regret that it was ever thought of.

We *believe* here that all our army has the power of uniting, but that it is in full retreat—Moore to Portugal, and Baird to Vigo—and no little dissatisfaction is felt, and publicly expressed, at this movement of our commanders to get out of the enemy's way, especially as it is not known in what quarter another is to be found.

Some say, we shall make a stand in Portugal, others, near Cadiz. I should wish the latter. But the chance is, that we do neither, but divide our forces between both, so that they will be effectual to no good purpose. I augur well, however, for the naval part of the service, from the appointment of Sir Samuel Hood to a command on the coast of Spain. He, I am sure, will do everything he ought; and, if the worst comes to the worst, will give the Junta, and the mission accredited to it, a lift across the Atlantic. That opens a glorious prospect, but I dare not here enter upon the consideration of it.

It is expected that the report of the Court of Inquiry will have been made to the king yesterday, and the present belief is that there will be a court-martial on Burrard, who will not escape without, at least, a reprimand. Wellesley, they say, will ride home upon Burrard's shoulders, and it is added—though rather upon opposition authority—that he will yet be made a peer. This I shall not believe until I see it in the Gazette. At all events, there will be a very busy and hot, and, to some persons, hopeful session of Parliament.

I did not see Merry before his departure. His

situation will be a cold and comfortless one in every sense of the word.

Lord Amherst is appointed to Sicily; by which I suppose that no great interest is now attached to that mission, and I daresay he will do for it as well as any other odd body that might be picked up in the street. But I must regret, even independent of any personal interest I may have in the question, to see our profession so lowered, both in its own consequence and in the estimation of the world. In the first place, it must be thought that those who have been labouring and acquiring experience, for many years, have done so to very little purpose, and, as a consequence, that it must be a very ordinary pursuit, which requires no previous knowledge or preparation for it, and that the first person we meet with may be employed in. But thus it is that we fail in so many of our undertakings; or if these ill-judged appointments are not altogether the cause of our failure they, at least, contribute very much to the ridicule which, in my eyes, so often adds to the bitterness of our disasters.

Nothing will be done respecting the American mission till the spring, when the probable conduct of the new President will be known.

1809.

Diaries—Seville, Jan. 2nd.—Our anxiety instead of being relieved is still further increased by the accounts we have received from Sir J. Moore from Sabagon, dated 23rd ult. He states that he was on the point

of setting out to attack Soult, who was at Carrion. This was the very day that Bonaparte left Madrid; on the 26th the French troops in Estremadura began their retreat, and there are none now left on this side the Tagus. In consequence of this information, and the report of there being not more than ten thousand men left in Madrid, Palacios and Infantado have both received orders to move forward and, if possible, to advance upon the capital. Romana had not joined Moore; why, we know not.

3rd.—Florida Blanca, who was taken ill directly after we left Aranjuez, and has never been well since, died on Friday morning, and was buried the following day with all the honours usually paid to royalty. The ceremony began at ten, and was not ended until after two. The body lay in state the evening he died, and the next morning was placed on a kind of sofa, dressed in the official uniform, cocked hat, cane, &c. It was attended to the burial-place by the whole of the members of both Juntas, as well as by Mr. Frere; but owing to the same happy kind of *insouciance* that prevented our being presented to the Junta upon our arrival, at the time Frere delivered his credentials, we—Bartle Frere, Hoppner, and myself—did not attend officially. I suppose there neither was, nor is, any help for that sort of thing; but I am sorry not to have seen, except as it were merely *en passant*, a man who had experienced so many vicissitudes of fortune as Florida Blanca.

This is the third death that has taken place in the supreme Junta, and *Prince Pio*, when at his last

gasp declared that he should very soon be followed by three of his *confrères*—a prophecy that has made some of them quake.

Don Pedro is about to set out on a special mission to our Government. God grant he may secure for himself a welcome reception by taking some good news in his pocket; an article that would, I should think, be particularly acceptable just now, to stop the mouths of some people at the opening of Parliament.

6*th*—Neither the Junta nor Frere has received one line from the armies for several days—we are in the most cruel state of suspense.

10*th*.—Two Spanish couriers have arrived, one of them from the Junta at Zamora, with a vague but gloomy account, dated the 4th, of a battle. We collect nothing from it but that a disaster of some sort has happened. The accounts from Aragon and Catalonia are, however, a slight relief to our despondency. The enemy having on the 21st gained the heights of Monte Torrea, and closely invested Saragossa, attacked it at various points; the struggle lasted five hours, and the enemy had actually reached the ditches, when they were repulsed, with the loss of two field-pieces and four hundred men killed. On the 23rd, when these advices came away, no further attack had been made, but the French were incessantly at work at their batteries, and had brought down an immense train of artillery. Monery and Mortier had summoned Palafox to capitulate, stating that Madrid had surrendered, and that they were determined to reduce Saragossa to ashes.

Palafox answered that he doubted the truth of the first assertion, and was determined to perish in the ashes to which they threatened to reduce Saragossa, rather than surrender. The feelings of the inhabitants, on learning this answer, were demonstrated by every expression of enthusiastic joy.

The garrison of Saragossa lost above twelve hundred men, killed and wounded. All the arms of the enemy were collected and brought into the city, and the quantity of money, watches, jewellery, and plate, found upon the dead is hardly to be credited.

In Catalonia, Reding has again collected together about eight hundred cavalry, and ten thousand infantry at Tarragona and Reus. Between him and the Marquis Lazun, who has mustered about seven thousand infantry and two or three hundred dragoons, the French—estimated at thirteen thousand infantry and twelve hundred cavalry—are stationed; at Altafalla, Vendrell, Villa Franca, and Martorell. Stragglers were continually coming in and increasing the number of the Spanish force. The spirit of the people seems to be excellent, and we have only to wish that that of the army may be as good.

We are truly glad to hear that Infantado is behaving very well, and is liked by his army, which Captain Whittingham, who has just arrived from it, represents to be of twenty thousand men. The advanced posts were somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood of Aranjuez. If he could get into Madrid, were he even to leave the next day, it would have an excellent effect.

In Estremadura the retreat of the French has given the Spaniards a little breathing time, and I am in hopes that Cuesta is making some progress in re-establishing order amongst the troops in the province. But it is obvious that the real value of all these favourable appearances must depend upon what *we* do; if Moore is successful they will produce the best fruits; should he meet with reverses, they will be nipped in the bud, to perish, I fear, altogether.

Jan. 11*th.*—Adlerberg, the Swedish envoy, is arrived, having had a very narrow escape in the Bay of Biscay, from a stray French seventy-four. The *Loire* took her for a merchantman, in the darkness of the night, and was only made sensible of the mistake by receiving a full broadside, which killed five men and wounded several others, amongst whom was the captain. The compliment was, however, speedily returned, and our frigate, by superior sailing and seamanship, got off. Admiral Cotton has sent after her, and probably De Courcy, so I trust she may yet repent of having discovered herself.

Madrid gazettes to the 30th Dec. have been received. They mention the departure of Bonaparte, but without any notice of the movements of the armies. One contains a curious proclamation, inviting the *Proprietarios* to form a national guard for the internal defence and police of the city, and ascribing merit to Bonaparte for this measure, on the ground of the evidence it gives of the great confidence he places in

them. "What more," says this document, "can you desire than what the emperor grants you. Your chiefs shall be chosen by yourselves, and you shall confer on them the ensigns of honour. Enjoying, therefore, the rights, begin to fulfil the duties of citizens."

14*th.*—The utter ignorance we are in respecting the events in the north, depresses us all most painfully. We know only that an action was fought on the 28th, in which the French are said to have lost eight thousand men, but whether between the French and our army, or Romana's army at Mayorga, in the immediate neighbourhood of Villalpando, we have not yet learnt. On the day following this battle, young Lefebvre was taken prisoner at Benevente. Bonaparte, we know, was at Astorga on the 3rd. But let what may have happened, Corunna will always have been open to Moore for the conveyance of intelligence to England. He has not sent us a line since he set out on the 23rd ult. to attack Soult at Carrion; but both English and Spanish messengers have been intercepted, which may account for it.

The Duke of Dantzig is in great disgrace; when Bonaparte left Madrid, his corps was put under the orders of brother Joe, and instead of obeying the instructions he received from *His Majesty* to march upon Madrid—his failing in which seems to have put them in some alarm for the capital—the duke amused himself in making *réconnaissances* upon Plasencia and in Estremadura. If his object was to alarm the good folks here, he has at least the satis-

faction of knowing that he succeeded completely, however little he may have gained by it. His corps was suddenly withdrawn from the province.

17*th*.—The French are again in possession of Zamora, and letters from Ciudad Rodrigo represent the inhabitants as much alarmed for their town, but determined to defend themselves to the last. The enemy's advanced posts were, on the 12th, at Peña Saude.

On the 6th, a considerable number of wounded, both cavalry and infantry, with four pieces of cannon, entered Toledo in the greatest disorder, and bearing the most evident marks of a defeat. There were near twenty thousand of them—where they could have come from we cannot guess.

Infantado, who made a forward movement on the 13th ult. from Cuenca, has had an action on the left bank of the Tagus, which seems to have been a warm one, but attended with no particular advantage on either side. He is now returned to Cuenca, and I only hope he may not be obliged to retreat, for, on the 26th, twelve thousand French were ordered to Madrid from before Saragossa. In the midst of all this uncertainty and painful suspense there is one circumstance which I think looks well—that Bonaparte intended leaving Astorga on the 3rd inst. for Valladolid, there to take up his head-quarters, leaving to Soult, who was strongly reinforced, the "glorious task," as he calls it, of pursuing the English to their re-embarkation. Now, if this "glorious task" were as easy as he would have us believe, I don't think he

would leave it to another to perform, and to reap the laurels.

However, to know what Moore is doing is our chief anxiety. If he chooses to defend the defiles of Gallicia the practicability of it is said to be undoubted.

The news from Lisbon, of the 13th, of all our troops having embarked for Vigo, has caused a great sensation in Seville; but we have the news only through the Spaniards.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Brighton, January, 11th, 1809.

As you will doubtless have arrived at Seville before the French cavalry could get there, it is not amiss, for the sake of seeing the country, that you made the *détour* by Estremadura. From your mode of travelling you will have had a pretty minute view of Spain, and an opportunity of observing the manners of the Spanish people. I learnt, too, with pleasure from some of your notes, that you had got the stroke oar, and I have no doubt that you will make such use of it as will be profitable to you hereafter. I suppose you will remain for some little time unmolested at Seville. Before the affair at Somosierra, I should have said you were safe there; but I cannot now tell how to reckon upon the passes of the Sierra Morena as a defence, even putting out of the question the possibility of turning them by a march through Murcia and Jaen. Nevertheless, I have much reliance on the spirit of the Andalusians, and

think that Cadiz and Seville offer such resources in the way of armament, equipment, and clothing, that not only a good defence of the mountains will be made, but also an army raised to dispute the progress of the enemy should he succeed in crossing them. However, nothing serious will be undertaken in that quarter until affairs are settled in the N.W. of Spain, and as they are there *à deux de jeu*, and two pretty formidable players, the events of their game may give you further breathing time.

We have but little information here either of the enemy's or our own movements, but according to such as we have, and which from the scene of action reach no further than the 17th ult., we are in daily, indeed almost hourly, expectation of hearing of a battle somewhere in the neighbourhood of Burgos. The skirmishing of the cavalry had begun with success on our part, and we calculate that the main body must be near where the outposts were. I do not reckon upon Soult's fighting at first; he will probably fall back on his reinforcements coming from France, but having done so, I should not suppose he would muster more than Moore's and Romana's armies united. After all, though I look confidently to a successful issue of this battle, I well know that with the French a battle lost or gained does not decide a campaign. But success on our part will have an electrical effect upon the Spaniards, and make armies rise, as it were, out of the ground, and with them, I would fain hope, commanders worthy of leading them. Reding *was* so superior an officer that I wonder he has not

been brought more forward. He is, however, past the prime of life, and youth and vigour are wanted. Such times as these ought to produce new men.

Frere's reverend messenger *s'est fait valoir* on his arrival, and not only figured in the newspapers but at the levee, in his capacity of chaplain to the Prince of Wales.

The emigrant Colonel Chamilly is a man who lived near us in Somerset Street, and failed in some speculation he set on foot whilst there, but he has contrived to insinuate himself into the confidence of some of our Generals. He is clever, and what the French call *délié*, a fellow that will stick at nothing on *either* side; in short, *I know from the best authority*, that he is a very dangerous *chap*, who might, perhaps, be usefully employed, but not trusted materially without danger.

You may suppose how much the political barometer here is dependent upon the state of the atmosphere with you, Parliament meets on the 19th, and we birds *de bon augure* are not without hope that something may come in in the interval to serve as a fillip to our spirits. There has lately been a great talk of changes; even the newspapers have spoken of a Regency, to be established in consequence of the king's declining health, but His Majesty, at his last levee, appeared to be in as good health as usual. Opposition is active, and imagines itself very powerful, and murmurs from afar announce a boisterous campaign. The Portugal Convention, and the Spanish war, will no doubt be their principal stalking-horses. On the first of these

topics the country *was* unanimous, and I do not find that the labours of the Court of Inquiry have changed many persons' opinions: but the public has, perhaps, had enough of the subject. The warmth with which it was at first taken up has, in a degree, subsided; other events have happened to occupy a part of the public attention, and it is a question whether any attempt to revive the clamour, which was two months ago so great and so general, would succeed. I rather think that what yet remains of popular feeling will be made use of to attack the ministers, and to strengthen other modes of annoyance against them, than to bring to justice the only persons, if any, who have been guilty of misconduct. In fact, the Generals have, in a manner, become objects of commiseration amongst a certain set, and it is openly maintained to be very hard that one of them should suffer for an error of judgment.

Lord Moira's opinion is very ably drawn, and he has gained great credit by the statements and deductions contained in it; but then they contrast so powerfully with the opinion he had previously signed, that no further proceedings were necessary—in which opinion the king has acquiesced—that he is considered to have thus laid himself open to censure.

The only diplomatic anecdote I have lately heard is, that the King of Sweden has taken a very great liking to Lord Somerton—whom you may remember at Berlin as Mr. Agar—and desires to have him as minister. But Merry was already named, and an intimation was given to Adlerberg, that if M. did not

please His Swedish Majesty we should be at a loss to find any other person.

I have just seen *a friend of ours*, lately arrived from Germany, who has given me a curious account of the Prussian Court, which, although it had been determined not to come to Berlin till the spring, was expected there on the 28th of December. The Prussians have a *cadre* for an army of eighty thousand men, but have only eighteen thousand on foot. After defraying public expenses, the king has reserved for his household twenty-four thousand dollars per annum. He and the queen, with the children and their tutor, all dine together upon four dishes; for supper they have but two.

Our friend saw Warburg recently, who told him that the *esprit* of the Berliners, as well as that of the people in general throughout Brandenburg and other parts of Germany, is decidedly bad. It was so before, and it cannot be expected that the French should have improved it. Poverty reigns throughout the north. There is no ready money. Whoever has any might lay it out there to advantage. Amongst even the better class of people, oak bark, carrots, and beans are very common substitutes for coffee, and sugar is hardly to be had for money.

Alopeus is at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. *We* have received no answer to any of our letters. *The friend* says *all* those that Jacobi took miscarried; *none* that went by Alopeus. Bonaparte has intercepted another letter besides Stein's,—it is from the old *grande-maîtresse* to Witgenstein, saying that they relied

much on the affairs of Spain, and, at all events, upon a dish of chocolate.

F. J. J.

Diaries—Jan. 27th.—It is the opinion of many thoughtful and well-informed persons that we must be prepared either to take the Spanish contest entirely upon ourselves, and meet single-handed whatever forces Bonaparte may be able to send against us, or to give it up altogether, it being in vain, for the present at least, to look for anything from the country itself. This is, indeed, a cruel alternative, but there really seems to be no other left. We hear, certainly, of many thousands of men under this and that General, but since the action of Tudela in no one instance have any of these so-called armies behaved even tolerably. The men fling away their arms upon the first shot that is fired, being for the most part raw recruits not many days enrolled. It is true that almost all of them escape again from the enemy, as well from the little account that is made of such men, as from the difficulty of keeping them if there was a disposition to do so. But, in the meantime, their arms—an article of which the greatest want is felt—are gone; and if fresh ones are supplied to them the same thing is sure to happen again. Infantado's last action unfortunately shows, but too clearly, how little we can hope for from such a force, however great its numerical strength may be; and, I fear, the forces under Cuesta, in Estremadura, and under Reding in Catalonia, are not much

more to be relied upon. Meanwhile, the but too well known fact that the British army has retired to the extremity of Gallicia, with the French at its heels, is but ill-calculated to bear us up under these other disasters.

28*th.*—The best, or rather the least bad, version of the affair we have yet received is, that Moore, seeing from the first the necessity he should be under of retreating, determined, before he began his retreat, to attack the corps under Soult. For that purpose he made the movement towards Carrion, which enabled the French to surround him. Nevertheless, he has fought his way through, handling very roughly those who attempted to obstruct him at Benevente, which has given rise to the various rumours that have been spread throughout Spain of a great victory gained by the English.

We know that the French had got as far as Lugo, which does away with all idea of Gallicia being defended; and, if it should appear that the only result of our military achievements has been the drawing the enemy after us to a province into which he had not penetrated before, how miserably low shall we have fallen! Not only in the eyes of the world at large, but even in those of the Spaniards themselves! Fortunately for us, in the latter respect, the treatment which the miserable inhabitants receive at the hands of the French, at every village and town they pass through, is such as to keep alive their hatred of that nation, and to inspire only a feeling of resentment and a yearning for revenge.

Their cruelty and excesses are so great that the unhappy people see no hope of their misfortunes being lessened by submission; so that however broken the spirit of the people may be for effectual and united resistance, the French will still find an enemy in every peasant they meet. Yet, as neither the means, nor the ability necessary for taking advantage of these circumstances exists, they can only produce increase of bloodshed without advancing one jot the general cause.

Will Moore embark, as some suggest, for Lisbon, and, abandoning *this* country, collect together the whole British force, including the reinforcements from home, and confine his operations wholly to Portugal, or will he reverse the scene, and, leaving that kingdom to itself, come with his whole force here? The practicability of either of these movements must be very uncertain; to say the best, it is, I fear, an even chance whether the French or the English would get to either point first; for though Cuesta is reported to be at Truxillo, actively re-organizing a respectable force, I do not believe that there exists one capable of effectually opposing the march of the enemy direct upon Portugal—and the long sea voyage from Gallicia hither it is impossible to calculate upon at all.

I am backward to speak upon military matters, but our great fault appears to me to have been the allowing our retreat upon Ciudad Rodrigo to be cut off. However, a very few days must put an end to these doubts and anxious fears. Meanwhile, the

Marquis Lazun has surprised five hundred French in the town of Castillon, between Figueras and Rosas; he killed three hundred of them, and took one hundred prisoners. The next day the enemy attacked him in force, and after six hours' hard fighting was repulsed, and finally driven into Figueras, with the loss of near six hundred men, the Spaniards losing about two hunded.

Saragossa still held out on the 7th. The garrison had made some successful sallies, and Palafox, though ill in bed, wrote in good spirits. But they were in the greatest want of provisions, and the enemy was hard at work at fresh batteries. At that time they hoped to be relieved by either Reding or Infantado; but knowing, as I do, that no relief could be afforded by them, I tremble for the fate of Saragossa—especially if provisions cannot be introduced—when its inhabitants shall find that they have no one to look to but themselves. Palafox is the life and soul of this gallant resistance. He was very ill when the assault of the 21st took place, but observing from a window that his people were giving way, he rushed out, sword in hand, on the bridge, cut down some of them, and by his harangues and his example brought them all back to their duty.

29*th.*—Young Wellesley is come from Lisbon with the messenger Shawe. He is greatly elated at his uncle's triumph, and says Burrard must inevitably be brought to a court-martial. He is a gentleman-like young man, but quite new, and amuses us not a

little. He told us, as a great feat, that he had been only eight days on his journey from Lisbon to Seville. He arrived in the evening, and being asked to stop and sup with us excused himself by saying that he had actually ridden eight leagues that day, and was so tired that he wished to go immediately to bed. Hoppner, who is rather a rough sort of diamond, laughed outright and said, "Why, you might have got over more ground in a *coche de colleras*." Wellesley answered that he had stopped a few hours at Evora to see the palace, &c., for which he would deduct a day from his journey, but that he would defy any courier in the world to do it in less than seven days. *Au reste*, according to all accounts, he is a pretty exact *échantillon* of our Portuguese mission, from Mr. Villiers—who it seems is never by any chance to be addressed but as *Monsieur l'Ambassadeur*—downwards through the dozen comprising it; amongst whom is Lord John Fitzroy—who used to make such very low bows to all the tradesmen in Leipsic—as well as Pole, young Casamajor, and, for private secretary, a colonel in the Guards, who—and not the *maître d'hôtel*—is the person who daily announces, "*Monsieur l'Ambassadeur vous êtes servi.*"

We are expecting Lord Holland here daily. Orders have been sent to pay him every possible attention; and I rather believe that Wellesley—who came with a suite of half-a-dozen servants, and poor Shawe always on before as *avant courier*—owes the reception that so delighted him at the places he came

through; such as deputations from the corregidors, salutes from pretty women, &c. &c., to their mistaking him for his lordship, who is very popular in this country.

Feb. 1*st.*—Some imperfect accounts of the sad events in the north have just reached us. How terrible, that the resources of our country should be thus frittered away! How disgraceful, that poor Romana should have been abandoned at Orense, with the whole French force ready to pour down upon him as soon as they have completed the task of pursuing the English to their ships! Oh, my poor country.

Cuesta, whose head-quarters are at the bridge of Almoraz, has pushed his advanced posts four leagues on the other side. This puts the Spaniards in spirits; not so me. The *grand coup* against this province will come, I fancy, by La Mancha, and not by Estremadura. In the meantime they are making preparations for defence both here and at Cadiz, and Stuart sets out for the latter place to-morrow, to prepare for the reception of three English regiments—two of infantry and one of cavalry—expected there from Lisbon.

3rd.—The further reports we have had of our calamities are so bad, that we think what yet remains to be known must be, in some degree, consolatory, if anything like consolation can be found in a disaster of such magnitude and extent as regards both the present and the future. We as yet know only of our own loss—surely the French must also have suffered greatly. A sad impression is pro-

duced here by these deplorable events; what must the feeling be in our own country!

Infantado has also met with further reverses. He began his forward movement on the 13th ult., and when he reached Carascosa met with a great number of fugitives, both officers and privates, who informed him that the advanced guard, under the Marquis de Venégas, after having retreated from Tarancon, had been attacked at Ucles by a very superior force, and completely routed. The advanced guard—composed as he thought of the best men he had in his army—behaved shamefully, throwing away their arms at the first fire. Infantado had had no accounts from their commander, but he estimates their loss at from five to six thousand men; that of the enemy at hardly as many hundreds. This news obliged the duke to make the best retreat he could without a moment's loss of time. The runaways were collected, and he endeavoured to rally his army, in which he succeeded so far as to impose upon the French, who did not attempt at first to oppose his march back to Cuenca. Their cavalry, however, overtook them at Tortola, and possessed themselves of twenty pieces of cannon, which, owing to the badness of the roads, they could not advance further, or even attempt to defend without risking a general engagement, which, under such circumstances, Infantado did not consider prudent. A battalion of infantry was, indeed, ordered to try to recover the cannon, but stopped short by the way and dispersed. Afterwards a regiment of cavalry did actually regain

possession of them, when the French sent up a reinforcement, and the Spaniards were finally obliged to abandon them.

Such are the outlines of this sad affair. Of course there are two versions of it. Infantado computes the advanced guard at between ten and twelve thousand infantry and sixteen hundred cavalry, and the enemy at less than that number; and he accuses Venégas of mismanagement, ignorance, and foolhardiness. This charge is as unreservedly retorted by the marquis, who says also that the numbers of the enemy were very superior to his own. For the one there is, as far as I have heard, nothing but the disaster itself to bear him out; for the other we have the testimony of many officers, who assert that Venégas was continually remonstrating against being left alone so much ahead of the *gros de l'armée*—Tarancon being nearly on the Tagus—and requesting either to be allowed to fall back, or that Infantado would march to his support, for that the French were coming down upon him in very great force; and it is certain that Infantado did neither. In short, I fear that my first impressions respecting the duke were but too correct. As far as being hearty in the cause goes, and possessing a certain kind of activity, or rather bustle, it is all very well, but Infantado is weak in the extreme, and utterly wanting in decision; he is therefore a very improper man to be at the head of an army—more particularly of one situated as his is; but I am afraid he will not be superseded. In Valencia he will meet with

succour of various kinds, and in the hands of a more able and energetic man such a force as he had might have become a respectable army, and have done some good service. As it is, we hear that with about ten thousand infantry and cavalry, and seven thousand raw recruits, he is retreating before four thousand French infantry, who, with thirteen pieces of cannon, are in leisurely pursuit at St. Clemente. For the moment our fears are for Saragossa, which still held out on the 16th.

5th.—A more detailed account of the late deplorable events seems to justify the assertion that if, instead of going home, our troops had immediately reappeared in this neighbourhood, we might so far from allowing ourselves to be beaten have claimed a victory. How much the French must have suffered is shown by their being unable to follow even Romana's small force. Moore, personally, appears to have behaved most nobly, but still there are two points I cannot comprehend, or rather satisfactorily account for—the one, what our armies were doing all that time, marching and counter-marching in Salamanca, the other, how the French could have been allowed to pass with their artillery, &c., such defiles as those of Gallicia, where one would have thought that the progress of a whole army might have been arrested by the merest handful of men.

6th.—We are most anxious to hear that the transports have reached England. About the same time the news of Austria having come forward—which it is positively asserted has caused Bonaparte to leave

Spain—will be known there, and even in the present sad state of our affairs this should inspire hope, as well for that empire as for ourselves. For as to Austria, I look upon her as playing for her last stake—conquer or die—in the full extent of the words. With us, all may yet be well if we are able to make the necessary efforts; but unless we send an army capable of making head in these plains against whatever force the enemy can bring to meet us, we had much better not send a man; for every day makes it more evident that we must take things entirely into our own hands if we are to hope for a successful result. I only trust that the storm will not be so violent at home as to distract the attention of Government from the favourable prospect again opening upon us.

7th.—We have a report that Sweden has not only made peace with Russia, but has also declared war against us. Adlerberg says he is sick of his mission, and as Merry is in much the same plight, this news will be at least welcome news to them.

9th.—Major-General Mackenzie is arrived at Cadiz with two thousand five hundred men, *but they have not yet landed.* The 40th regiment is come to Seville from Elvas. One of the officers, after reading Lord Moira's opinion, and acknowledging that it was able and interesting, said—and I think very justly—that it seemed to him as extraordinary that a man who had acquiesced in the general sentence of the Court of Inquiry, could immediately afterwards declare that such were his real sentiments, as that he who

won the battle of Vimeira should the next day, with a stroke of the pen, give away all the honour and advantages he had acquired. Of course, my residence in this country has not taught me to look more favourably on the Portuguese Convention, but, independent of such a consideration, all the well-informed persons I have conversed with on the subject, and especially the officers of the 40th, whose regiment was in the battle, unanimously agree in the opinion that, had we followed up, the French must have surrendered at discretion, and that they were, in fact, flying in every direction and in the greatest disorder.

11*th*.—It is thought that the new expedition we hear of, with four thousand men we now have at Cadiz, not yet disembarked, might perhaps be able to defend Lisbon, conjointly with the troops we already have there, for Soult is evidently marching against it. He was at Santiago on the 4th, and calculated on being at Oporto about the 21st. Romana, with eight thousand men, on his march, was expected at Coimbra on the 12th. Stragglers were fast coming in, and the spirits of the people on those frontiers was good. Hitherto Portugal has done little or nothing—we shall see if in this emergency she will be roused to exert herself.

In Estremadura the French have about seventeen thousand men, and Cuesta has a force not much inferior to them *in numbers*. They had passed the Puente del Arzobispo a second time, but have again been driven back. Cuesta's head-quarters are at

Jaraïcejo, and reinforcements are being continually sent to him from this province.

Infantado, who, if the news from Austria should prove to be true, will probably be ambassador from the Junta to the Court of Vienna, has been removed from a command to which he has shown himself so unequal, and is succeeded by General Urbino. By way of making a diversion in Cuesta's favour, ten thousand men under the Duke of Alburquerque, have been detached from this army, to threaten Toledo, where not above three or four hundred French troops have been left. Nearly half of these are Poles, and *we hope* that on the approach of the Spaniards they will join them.

13*th*.—Saragossa still held out on the 7th; but to add to the misfortunes of those ill-fated heroes, a pestilential disorder had broken out among them. Their fate, I fear, ere now is decided. Reding was to attack the French, who occupied a very extended line with a very small force, on the 12th, and an attempt was to be made to introduce provisions. God grant it may be attended with the success which the noble Saragossans deserve. If successful, besides saving Saragossa itself, it will be the means of re-uniting the whole country. But if we fail, and Saragossa should fall, the people of Catalonia and Valencia will be filled with despair, their spirit will be crushed, and the enemy will soon make his appearance from the eastward.

16*th*. — Not the least singular feature in the general aspect of affairs is the blundering of the

French; and the present proceedings of His Grace of Dalmatia may be reckoned, I think, as one of their blunders. I suppose he is in hopes of making himself amends for the hard blows he got in Gallicia by a little plunder at Oporto; or else why, instead of loitering in Gallicia, he has not marched straight down to reinforce his friends on the Tagus, I cannot comprehend; especially as the conduct of the Gallegos has shown how little he had to fear in that quarter, unless, indeed, his army is *mis hors de combat* for any present efficient service. In some sort, it is a consolation to know, though it is by no means an excuse for us, that the French have not in general acted with their wonted vigour and activity, and that if we have committed some blunders they have at least made as many. The leaving us quietly here all this time shows, either that they have not had the force we supposed—such a force as would have enabled them to make head against the British army, and yet to detach twenty thousand men in this direction, which two months ago would have fully sufficed—or it argues a want in the French commanders of that combination and energetic action to which, more than to anything else, they have hitherto owed their successes. I only wish we profited here as much as we might by the experience gained and the respite given us; but I see little hope of any change. The two Juntas go on as before, impeding each other's decrees and measures, and the people of *this town*—I hope it is different in the province generally—are not so active as they

ought to be. They are very ready to raise the cry of traitor, &c., but not so ready or eager to prove by their zeal and energy that they are not traitors also; for their supineness and lukewarmness are, to the full, as prejudicial to the cause as actual treason would be.

20*th*.—The Archbishop of Santiago had gone off on the approach of Soult, who wrote thence under date of the 4th, that the Bishop of Orense had refused to take the oath of allegiance. The French were then in possession of Vigo, and Soult reckoned, as we already had heard, upon being at Oporto to-morrow. He stated in this letter that his troops were greatly fatigued, and much in want of the first necessaries. *Our* troops have not disembarked at Cadiz, but whether they will act here or return to the defence of Lisbon is not, I believe, yet decided.

21*st*.—My heart aches for Saragossa. We have *certain* accounts, of a day later than the last, but they are bad. Palafox is ill, and writes in very low spirits, not a little increased by the ravages of the pestilent fever. He states that it is impossible to hold out many days longer, and implores that an effort be made to assist him, "*Luégo, luégo, luégo!*" That effort has already been made, with what success we know not; but a report is just brought of a fresh attack having been made on Saragossa at five different points, on the 9th and 10th, by Junot and Lannes—Monery having been removed from the command—who were repulsed with considerable loss.

The Catalonians and La Manchans are carrying on a sort of petty guerilla warfare which annoys the

enemy amazingly, more so, perhaps, than direct attacks. Hardly a day passes without some ten or twenty being *disposed of*; and the banks of the Tagus are lined with peasants armed with their fowling-pieces, whose fire has taken effect before the objects aimed at are aware of their danger. By this means wounded men are continually being carried into Toledo, which is made the depôt for the sick and wounded from Estremadura and La Mancha.

22*nd*.—We are very anxious to hear the confirmation of the report, of the Court of Vienna having declared war, though we believe there is no doubt of the truth of it. Stuart has prevailed on Frere to let him go there, and he will set out this week for Trieste. But this is a very great secret, nobody is to know it; it is therefore in everybody's mouth.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Brighton, Feb. 7th, 1809.

I went up to town to make my bow at the birthday, and was afterwards at the Office, where they seemed to know but little of what was going on in your part of the world, and to be very mysterious about that little. Ross, who as far as he is concerned is very attentive, told me he had just franked a large packet to Bath, that had arrived the night before. It has since been forwarded to me, and in more ways than one gives me very sincere pleasure. This would even apply to public affairs if it were not for the drawbacks, which our more direct intelli-

gence from the north of Spain affords, to all speculation regarding that country. Your notes contain matter enough on which to found the belief that Bonaparte is yet far from having attained his end if proper measures be pursued. I say this, even after the return of our ill-fated army from Corunna, where a very appropriate lesson was given to Blücher and his Generals of what *they* might have done, and what an English army can do under similar circumstances. I look upon it that the chase to Corunna must have resembled as nearly as possible that to Lubeck. The papers do indeed say that the bull-dog did once at Lugo turn upon his pursuers; but this we do not know from authority, nor do I expect that an official account of Moore's proceedings between the 23rd of December and the 11th of January ever will be published, and I should think it ought not. The 16th afforded a specimen of what might have been done had our army fought under more favourable circumstances.

I have yet heard nothing to shake the opinion I formed as soon as I heard that Moore had begun his retreat, namely, that it would have been much wiser to make his intended attack on Soult, taking the risk of what reinforcements he might receive, than to turn tail upon him before he was in any degree disabled from pursuing. I believe we should have been able to have made our retreat much easier, and Soult would have been much less disposed to march after us when he had had a good thrashing, than when he could lead on his troops and make them

believe we were already more than half beaten because we were running away.

I acknowledge that this opinion is formed with imperfect information as to the numbers of the enemy; but I think it probable that our commanders were themselves deceived in this respect. For in the first place, I believe that we have adopted in this country very exaggerated notions of the whole force Bonaparte had marched across the Pyrenees, at the time the attack was to have been made upon Soult. *I* set it at something under one hundred thousand, and deducting what was employed in Navarre, Aragon, and Catalonia, what Bonaparte had with him at Madrid, and what he had detached to the right and left, *i.e.*, towards Cuenca and Talavera, I doubt very much whether, even if the hero himself with his troops from Madrid had taken the command, the French would have had such a force as our commanders—to whom reinforcements were going—ought not to have engaged. In saying this I calculate the French army according to their own statements, as thus. Bonaparte brought with him from Madrid thirty thousand men. Soult had, between Burgos and Saldaña, nineteen thousand, and Junot, or whoever joined him just before the 10th, brought eleven thousand more, making a total of sixty thousand men. This I think likely to be beyond the mark; but supposing it to be correct, I set on the other side thirty-five thousand British troops and fifteen thousand Spaniards—the former in fine order, the latter well composed and eager to vie

with our people. That my statement of the British numbers cannot be far from the truth appears from the account published last week in the "Courier," viz., that returns had been received of upwards of twenty-eight thousand men being embarked at Corunna and Vigo. General Stewart stated our loss in the whole campaign to be under five thousand; so that it requires but a little allowance each way to make up my numbers. If you allow Bonaparte to have overrated his force a little, as he invariably has done, and suppose General Stewart somewhat to underrate our loss, as is in every country as regularly done—and as it might be good policy to do on the present occasion—you bring the French and the allied armies to within five thousand men of each other, and I then ask whether it would not have been advisable to risk a general engagement? But if it was possible to engage Soult before Bonaparte's army came up, of which there seems to be no doubt whatever, according to the dates given of his movements in the twenty-first bulletin, we can never sufficiently deplore the determination taken by Sir J. Moore to retire without fighting. But this is my own private opinion, which it is hardly safe to promulgate here; for so determined are all parties, from different motives, to contribute to the apotheosis of the deceased commander, that whoever ventures to doubt that he evinced as much wisdom in counsel as he displayed valour in action is cried down as a wretch, desirous only of snatching the laurels from departed merit.

I believe it will turn out that Romana, and, through him, Moore, was deceived, as many have been before, with false intelligence which Bonaparte purposely threw in his way, with respect to his force and the time of his leaving Madrid; and that without taking sufficient time to consider of, and to verify dates and probabilities, Moore determined upon that retreat which he had previously been intent upon when he heard of the issue of the affair of Tudela. That circumstance shows that retiring was uppermost in his mind, and that he might be expected to carry it into execution upon a less additional pressure than the actual march of Bonaparte from Madrid with thirty thousand fresh troops to oppose him. Why the twelve thousand men—a large proportion of whom were cavalry—that were about to embark, but were stopped on the first news of his *first* intended retreat, were not sent immediately when it was found he was going forward, I cannot learn. Some of them are since gone, and will land, it is now said, at Cadiz, where, undoubtedly, a large British force might even yet be assembled. Between fifty and sixty thousand men are destined, it is stated, for that srrvice, and at the end of the month another *grand expedition* is to sail from our ports. It may well be doubted whether, sailing hence only at the end of February, they will not arrive in Spain too late to prevent Bonaparte from completing the conquest of that country. Apodaca, indeed, told me that Cadiz is tenable against any force. If this *be* the case, there seems

to be a difference of opinion as to the way in which our army should be employed, and it is rumoured that instead of landing in a body and facing the enemy in a general battle, we are to hover on the coast, and attack whatever points may from time to time appear to be most easily assailable.

Of such a plan my opinion is, that it would render Bonaparte's possession of Spain extremely uneasy and apparently insecure, but would not prevent him from retaining it, and that upon these terms we should be much sooner tired of the game than he would, consequently, that we should incur an immense expense, and lose a number of our men without reaping any corresponding advantage. But I think that we have the means of carrying on, with considerable chance of success, what may be called not a continental but a peninsular war, and that we can for once meet Bonaparte upon equal terms; for against the superiority, in point of numbers, of his regular establishment over ours, I place the circumstance of having the native force in our favour, and that of his being at such an immense distance from his resources, whilst we, by means of the sea, have ours comparatively near at hand. This hovering scheme might serve very well for diversions; but I never, until now, heard of making diversions with the main body of an army in favour of small detachments. Yet the scheme may be efficacious, as far as it goes, because the enemy will judge of the number of troops embarked by the number of our transports, and thus afford us one possibility of deceiving him,

and may prevent his employing so large a force in his main army, and thereby facilitate our attack upon it. But unless this attack be made, and successfully made, all our diversions will serve to very little purpose; while, on the contrary, if you once fairly beat the enemy's main force in the field—as he has beaten his enemies at Friedland and Marengo—you will see the tide turn, and run at a great rate in your favour. His small corps would fall almost of themselves, whilst ours would become so many hosts from the accession of strength they would receive from the Spaniards. It may be said that this idea of beating Bonaparte's main army is easier talked of than executed, but it is quite clear that until it is executed he must remain master of Spain, so you had better either set about it in good earnest, with a knowledge of the difficulties to be encountered, and with exertions adequate to the purpose, or at once give up the attempt, and spend no more of your force upon it. For do not flatter yourselves that you will tire the French out in a petty warfare along the coast, or that the Spaniards, so long as there is a large French army unsubdued in the heart of their country, will again rise and make such an effort as of themselves to be able to overcome it. In saying this I do the Spaniards no injustice; they are a brave and honourable nation, and worthy of complete success in their glorious undertaking; but, with many and, I believe, most of the qualifications necessary for the making of good soldiers, they are not now a military nation, and they are more par-

ticularly deficient, in this respect, in that class from which their officers must be taken. What would even our navy be if the seamen had not constantly before their eyes the spirit and intrepidity of their officers to stimulate and encourage them? This defect is far from being irremediable in the Spaniards, but I think it is too much to look for the remedy in an uninterrupted chain of disasters; they are calculated rather to aggravate than diminish the evil. Then, there has been much distrust and jealousy, and some personal feelings arising out of the present circumstances, which must be allowed for.

Of Reding, I have already said, he *was* a very superior officer, and much might now be expected from him. As to Infantado, he began his career nobly and bravely. I remember, as though it were but yesterday, his mother showing me the cloak stained with blood on the breast, that he had on when he was wounded by a spent ball in Catalonia, in the campaign of 1793-4. He must have since gained experience; he has had sufficient insight into Bonaparte's character and plans, and, if the French bulletins have reached him, he must know that he is fighting for his existence as an independent man—circumstances that should go far towards making a good commander, though they do not of themselves suffice. I do not think that Infantado has much talent, but he might avail himself of that of others. Why should not Blake be the chief of his staff? He formed his regiment, that gained him so much credit, fifteen years ago; together, they might command the

army as ably as Blake carried on the war in the north.

Palafox will be another Leonidas; their names equally immortal. May he live long amidst the glory with which he has surrounded himself, and his gallant companions.

That French seventy-four, that so politely saluted Adlerberg, has been much in my thoughts. Is she bound, I wonder, for Buenos Ayres, or Vera Cruz, or only for Madame Josephine's dear native isle, to carry flour and biscuit to her friends. I think most likely to Vera Cruz, a station which, in my mind, is most important at the present moment. I have said so *à qui de droit—Liberavi animam meam.*

As the wind had blown for several days almost constantly from the southward, I was in expectation of hearing that another packet of your notes had been received at Bath, and therefore did not close my letter, already a pretty long one. I had also told you nothing of the passing occurrences of the day; having been drawn on to discuss the subject which, in your situation, must be most interesting, more fully than I had intended when I took up my pen. I now learn that, besides other arrivals, the *Loire* frigate is come in, and despatches from Frere of the 20th ult.

I have been surprised at seeing none of the interresting details you gave from Saragossa in our newspapers. As they formed such a contrast to some other proceedings, it was perhaps as well to sink them, especially, as even now it does not seem to be

known what measures are to be pursued respecting Spain.

My journey to town furnished nothing of interest, it was just in the hardest frost and deepest snow, and everything was as cold as the weather. I dined once with Canning, and once with my friend Lady Hester. We talked of little else than the fate of our army in Spain. Every day, almost every hour, brings the account of some additional individual loss; and this must go on for some time, it being impossible that anything like a correct return should yet be made of the casualties attending the retreat, and the subsequent battle. Poor Lady Burrard has lost her eldest son; but the death I most feel for is Charles Stanhope's, Lady Hester's second brother, who was major of the 50th, and was killed at Corunna. He had many very fine qualities, and was a most promising officer. The youngest, who is in the Guards, had a very narrow escape, but is come home safe. Lady Hester is also very greatly distressed at the death of Sir J. Moore. He was her best friend, and she feels his loss the more keenly, now that many, who used to court her during her uncle's life-time, are not so attentive as they ought to be.

A son of Lady George Cavendish —second brother of our friend—has also perished miserably, in a transport that was lost near Falmouth. Those who fell in battle are to be envied in comparison to this.

The drawing room was very thinly attended; little Brinckman was there, more ridiculous than ever. He seems to be quite well known, and treated accord-

ingly. He added very little to the information we before possessed respecting Prussian affairs — his stories running chiefly on himself, and *ses lettres de quatre pages*. However, he assured me that he who was always *Anglomane à bruler* is so now *à la folie*; and as a proof of it, he showed me a knife with twelve blades, and two pairs of brightly polished scissors he had bought, to send as a *cadeau* to his friends at Stockholm. Adlerberg, he said, was a *grosse bête*, but he had now found out the way of doing business, writing his despatches, &c. How far the former part of this is true you, perhaps, know by this time. I, who know very little of Adlerberg, must say that though he is not a poet, his exterior seemed to be the worst part of him. As to their respective ways of doing business, the only difference, as Brinckman told me, is that his predecessor sent a whole newspaper of each day to his Court, whereas he, to save them trouble—and I suppose to elucidate matters —is at the pains of making an extract from it on the afternoon of every post day.

There were, in general, very few people in town. Nobody seemed to care much about the opening of Parliament, or to think it necessary to come up to it. There did indeed exist some hope of a brilliant action in Spain, but that was soon done away with, and everything, of course, become flatter than before. The disastrous retreat of the army, with the death of its commander, and so many other officers, filled the country, at one moment, with lamentation and woe.

I received from our mother this morning, 15th, a

portion of your journal, to the 22nd ult., with some Spanish papers. What I have already written will show you that we *run together* as well as at such a distance, and with my imperfect information, it is possible to do. Foresight is the quality in which we have all along been deficient, and I do not yet find that we are making good the deficiency. The best that can be said is, that we form no plan at all, and so let matters take their chance; for it would be certainly worse than this to suppose that we are planning to-day what ought to have been planned a month or two ago, and should now be in the course of execution. I remember Haugwitz saying to me, with his impudent, cool tone, soon after I got to Berlin, "You English are always two months too late." I said everything I could think of to prove the contrary, feeling all the time that he was perfectly right.

The troops under General Sherbrooke seem to have been so dispersed that few of them will arrive together. It was impossible after the march of our army to Corunna, and the state in which the troops were embarked, to think of doing anything but bringing them home. They might perhaps, with adequate care, have recovered nearly as well at Cadiz, but there was against going there, the probable state of the wind, and that they would find neither arms, accoutrements, clothing, nor stores, of all which, as well as of horses, they were in want; most of the men, and many of the officers, having marched part of the way barefoot, and many having been obliged to break their muskets, because they

could not carry them any further. In short, Bonaparte's bulletins are, as to the details of our retreat, by no means overcharged, as we find from many officers that are, or have been, here.

The 10th, or the Prince's Hussars, as they now are called, are returned to their barracks with about fifty horses in the whole regiment. They covered the rear-guard nearly the whole way, having, consequently, seen all that was to be seen. The Rifle Corps, and several other regiments have also been at Brighton. There are great numbers of sick, both officers and men, owing to excessive fatigue and wet, want of clothing and food. The 52nd Regiment, which is to be quartered at Deal, marched fifty-four miles in forty-eight hours, abandoning, of course, their baggage and ammunition. During that time they had no food, and many perished by the way with cold and hunger.

Complaint against the Spaniards is universal, and I daresay *vice versa*, for as the inhabitants during the retreat shut up their houses and would give no provisions, our people, of course, forced their quarters and helped themselves; in doing which, as the black strap was always found in plenty, many of them got dead drunk, and then died a second death by the *cuchillo*. Of those returned, numbers are in the hospitals, unable to keep up with their regiments even here, and the clothes rotting on their backs.

The only comfortable inference to be drawn from the numberless narratives I hear, and that which is clearly established, is, that the French — neither infantry nor cavalry — have any relish at all for

closing with our men. On the contrary, they have been uniformly shy of doing so, and endeavoured to keep at long balls and skirmishing, in both of which they excel.

By way of trophies, we have got over some hundreds of French prisoners — amongst whom about one hundred and fifty Imperial Guards—and two or three Eagles, which have been actually sold in the neighbourhood, for double their weight in silver. They must have been unscrewed, and thrown away by the French ensigns, to prevent their being wrested from them, and afterwards found by our people; for I do not hear of any being taken in action, or noticed in any official reports.

Vaughan has published a narrative of the first siege of Saragossa, of which the most painful scenes seem to be about to be repeated. Our people returning from Spain treat the whole as a fable; they cannot believe the Spaniards to be capable of anything like energy and bravery. The several accounts we receive of the Lisbon *Embassy* and its satellites amuse us very much. It was, perhaps, truly enough said on his appointment, that for that sort of work nobody more fit than "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur" could be found. I met Lisle at the Office lately, just returned from Spain; he said he had seen you, and that you were grown. "Stouter or thinner?" I asked, but he said, "Taller, decidedly taller!" If that be the case, I suppose we shall not be allowed to look at you gratis when you return.

F. J. J.

February 18th.

Mrs. Jackson to George Jackson.

Brighton, Feburary 24th, 1809.

I have been to town for a day or two, my dear George, and am now making a short visit to your brother before returning to Bath. And a pleasant change it is from London I assure you, for there are ten to one more pleasant faces here than are to be met with in the metropolis, where everybody is shrugging shoulders or looking glum, for some reason or other. I daresay it is this week, much worse than last; amongst other reasons is the great rise in the price of many articles. Cloth is, or will be, two pounds or two guineas per yard—such is the scarcity or monopoly of Spanish wool. Coals are four pounds per chaldron, and likely to rise higher. Linen, Bingley told me, when I gave him your order, will be sure to rise, because they had no supply of flax seed last year from America, and so on, and so on.

The prince's regiment of light dragoons is here, and of course we hear many histories of the campaign; but my chief anxiety is to know how *you* will all act when the news of the calamitous fate of our army reaches Seville.

That the wretch, Bonaparte, will get possession of all Spain I have no more doubt than that I shall send this letter to the post. An old officer, who has seen some service, said to me lately at Bath, "Such armies as we are likely to send out will never stop the progress of the French in Spain; you might as well send your cook to Newbury to stop the progress of

the mail coach, which, even if she were to shoot the coachman, would nevertheless find its way to Bath under the guidance of the guard or an ostler." I find that many people here entertain the expectation, as well as the hope, that something of this sort will happen; and from all I have heard of the lower classes in Spain, we ought really to feel surprise that it has not yet happened. Until latterly Spain and our ill-fated army absorbed everybody's thoughts, and formed the chief subject of everybody's conversation, but now all interest seems to be centred in the inquiry going on before the House of Commons. Bonaparte and his projects, the dead heroes of Corunna, and the suffering survivors, are all forgotten, and Mrs. Clarke and Colonel Wardle—for I think the latter occupies only a secondary position—now supply the place of all other topics. From reading the details of what passes, for you and your party no doubt receive all the papers, you will readily understand what a variety of jokes, comments, reflections, regrets, and reprobations this disgraceful business gives rise to, according to the various sentiments of various people upon the subject. But I think one ought not to form any decided opinion upon it till the examination is closed, and the whole of the evidence that Wardle can bring forward is known. Many people suspect that he is keeping back some things contained in the duke's letters, but there is but one opinion as to the dirtiness of the means the accuser has made use of to get at them, and as to the unworthiness of the

witnesses he has brought forward. It is supposed that this will induce the House of Commons to declare the charges not proved, which will not prevent any one from reserving to himself the liberty of forming his own opinion of his royal highness's conduct and his knowledge of the practices in which there can be no sort of doubt that *his piece* was engaged; though there is as little doubt that many of them took place without his knowledge, as they are dated after the time when he had given her up. But upon the whole, it would have been much better, I think, if this scandal had not been brought forward, and that the Duke of York had been advised to pay this Mrs. Clarke her annuity, and even to cancel the woman's debts. For, after all, what is gained by this *exposé?* The only result I can see, is, that the itching ears of scandal-mongers are gratified, and that royalty is brought into contempt.

For my part I have heard, and still hear, so much of this Mrs. Clarke, and the low set and the low doings appertaining to her, that I am heartily sick of the nauseous subject. It would be better to take a lodging in St. Giles's at once, and then we should have this sort of stuff at first hand. But the House of Commons represents the *people;* so it's right, I suppose, that they should have all the slang of such *pieces*, drunken footmen, &c. Meanwhile, if Bonaparte does not laugh in his sleeve, he may well do so, and very complacently ask whether the morality of *his* Court—which so often makes our good people

raise their eyes and their hands, and shriek, "shocking!"—will not bear comparison with that of some of his neighbours.

Your brother's house is in the New Steyne, but I think you are not well enough acquainted with the place to distinguish the parts of it, and they have so many, and such odd names for them that I should not have understood half before I came here. Brighton is much enlarged and improved since I knew it, and they are building better houses, which, indeed, is very necessary, for few of the old ones were weather-proof. It will soon become a formidable rival to Bath. It wants but little now of being full; it is a sociable place; a great deal of good company; and nightly meetings on a pleasant footing without the fuss of London assemblies. Lord Charles Somerset is commander of the district, and sees a good deal of company. Mrs. Fitzherbert has parties frequently, and a family with a West India fortune, ditto. I have seen your friend, Lord Burghersh, here, and a very fine young man he is. He has, I understand, a little of the hankering after diplomacy which is so common now-a-days. I should say he has really a great deal of merit; Francis says, much more merit, as well as more zeal and energy, than the generality of our young men of fashion. You may have seen his evidence in the Court of Inquiry. *Apropos*, I have felt much for poor Sir Harry, and for Lady Burrard and her family. He is a very good sort of a man, and if he was unfit to command an army, they who gave him the command ought to

have known that, for I am sure everybody else knew it.

There was a very grand ball and supper at the Castle about a week ago, given to the officers of the prince's regiment on their return from Spain, by a Mr. and Mrs. Parker, whose acquaintance I have made, as they will shortly irradiate the atmosphere of *our* Queen's Square. These good people have more money than sense or acquaintance, and they must needs make up for the latter deficiency by giving this ball to all those whom they do not know, and to the very few they do. Francis and Elizabeth, who were of the former class, were there until three in the morning. Mrs. P. was delighted with the crowd she had collected about her, but told everybody on coming in—by way of compliment, I suppose—that she was disappointed of the *flower* of her party, by some four or five persons not being able to accept her invitation. She said to Elizabeth, "If you will do me the favour to dance I have a *very nice* partner for you. Upon her declining, she offered him to another lady, and then to Mrs. Fitzherbert, who is still fat and fair, but no longer forty, only.

Mrs. Parker began by asking Lady Boyne, who is in deep mourning for her daughter, to open the ball, which might be thought, from anybody else, a good cut upon her ladyship.

Lady Chichester is here, but as she never returns any visits at Brighton I don't mean to call on her, as I should certainly pay her the same compliment if

she called on me at Bath. Sir George Dallas and family are just gone to town for the marriage of their second daughter, a nice girl of seventeen or eighteen, with the grandson of old Sir Peter Parker, Admiral of the Fleet. The young man is about twenty-three, and has been post-captain three years. He made between twenty and thirty thousand pounds in his last cruise; he has, besides, great expectations from his grandfather, and may look for everything his profession can afford, having been Lord Nelson's first lieutenant at Trafalgar. He is said to have been well worthy of that distinction. We have here a full share of baronets—a race that bids fair to overrun the earth—no less than three dined with us yesterday.

I find that the Brighton people are, as to conveyances, in much the same predicament as we are at Bath, that is, at the mercy of the chairmen. But this inconvenience has lately been in a great degree remedied by a gentleman's coachman, who had saved a few pounds, and bought a coach and a pair of horses. He conveys people all over the town at one shilling per person each trip, before midnight, and one shilling and sixpence after. By this means the man is making a fortune, often two and three guineas a day, and the chairmen are now coming to their senses. I much wonder that something of the sort is not done at Bath. When I first saw this vehicle, I thought our friends the Blackburns had arrived, for it is their old blue coach with the trumpet and cock upon it, just as we used to see it in

Park Street. It now carries the finest of us out in the evening, six at a time.

Here is a budget of gossip, my dear George. I wish you would send me something of the same sort from your part of the world, and would tell me a little about your health; though in the midst of such scenes, and under such circumstances, I suppose you have not time to be ill. At all events, I comfort myself with that idea, especially since you left that unhealthy spot, Aranjuez, and have got into a better climate. You may now eat as many Seville oranges, and drink as much *Agraz*—which, when I was in Portugal, I found a very delicious beverage—as will go to the improvement of your health by thinning your blood. If Bonaparte should be inclined to pounce upon you, you have now two exits, Gibraltar and Cadiz, by which to secure your retreat. This tends greatly towards allaying the anxiety I could not but feel for your personal safety.

C. J.

Letters—Seville, Feb. 24th.—It is so long since I heard from you, my dear mother, that I sometimes think the Bath waters must have the same properties as the waters of Lethe, and that you have entirely forgotten my existence. The crack of the postilion's whip, the jingling of the bells, and the tramp of the horses very often raise hopes that are very rarely realized. Every scrap of paper from your side of the water is looked for with anxiety, yet,

truly, "like angels' visits, few and far between," are they vouchsafed.

The events that are taking place in this country keep us so constantly and actively employed that I have really little else to write about, and very little time to write that. As for the *guitarres*, *jalousies*, and *poignards* you once thought would give such a pleasant flavour of romance to my epistles, we who are on the spot know that they exist almost exclusively in novels and romances. Of *guitarres* and national music in the streets, I have scarcely heard a note since I have been in Spain; and as for the *bellas doñas Espagnolas*, I have hardly seen one for whom the *jalousie* would be necessary—except indeed to hide the poverty of the land—much less for whom it would be worth while to run the risk of being stabbed by the *poignard* of a rival. The inhabitants of this beautiful country are, I fear, sadly degenerated; the higher classes are a bad imitation of their French neighbours, the lower a mass of ignorance and superstition; but, perhaps, a more intimate acquaintance with Spanish manners and character might lead me to modify this opinion.

We are now just beginning the fine weather, and if we had horses and time to mount them, we might enjoy some charming rides; as we have neither, the *agrémens* of our situation are confined to its interest in a political and military point of view. However, I have snatched an hour, now and then, from business, to look about me a little. The other day I went to Italica, about a league from Seville, to see the ruins

of an ancient amphitheatre, and a tesselated pavement, the subject of which is the Muses; six still very discernible. It was discovered a few years ago, and there is little doubt that many more specimens might be found if they were looked for. A commission was appointed to make further search, when the above-mentioned one was discovered; but they went to work with little spirit and judgment, and soon gave it up altogether; not however till one or two statues had been dug out, which are now at the *Alcazar* or palace of Seville. I met at Italica with a ruin of another kind—General Castaños, with whom I had, accidentally, a short conversation. He is *relegué* at a monastery there, and from his manners and appearance, and what he said to me, I imagine that he is, as I have heard him described, a weak and vain, though a brave man. Had he proved himself as active and clever, as he was personally bold, we should not have had to deplore the battle of Tudela and its results.

By degrees I have seen nearly all that is thought most worthy of being seen in Seville. The principal object is of course the magnificent cathedral; perhaps I have spoken of it before, for I have visited it on more than one occasion when lighted up, and prepared for some solemn act of worship, and left it with the impression that I had strayed into the dark walks of Vauxhall, or the lobby of a theatre, rather than that I had been present at a religious solemnity.

There are many beautiful pictures in the different churches and monasteries, of which *connoisseurs* speak

very highly. With but one or two exceptions, I believe, they are all Murillos, but they are for the most part very disadvantageously placed, with regard to light, &c.

The *Alcazar* is remarkable only for its great antiquity. The finest specimens of modern architecture are the cannon foundry and the snuff manufactory —the latter is a particularly handsome building, and in ordinary times two thousand hands are constantly employed there. It is worth going over, if only to see how very backward they are in this country with respect to their manufactures. It will hardly appear credible, that in so large a concern there should not be a single steam-engine. I was shown a large room, more than three hundred feet in length, in which the Havanna snuff used to be worked, and where several hundred people were once employed, but since our war with this country it had remained, and still remains, quite empty. So great was their distress for that article, that one of their first objects, on the re-establishment of their relations with us, was to send to Gibraltar to buy up all they could get. This building is the *manufactory* properly so called; there is another in the heart of the town, where the tobacco is *sold*; for not so much as one pennyworth is allowed to be disposed of at the former place. It almost takes one's breath away to go through these immense magazines, where the snuff is piled up in canisters of different sizes with as much regularity as the books in a well-arranged library. Going over them, I stole, for the fun of the thing, and *because it was so*

strictly forbidden, a couple of cigarros, and, upon the same principle, I suppose, the fair one to whom I presented them declared they were the best she had tasted for a long time. If you only would take to smoking I would send you some over. I cannot help laughing, when I think that I should have been four years in Germany without acquiring that elegant accomplishment, and that in hardly as many months in this country I should have taken to it so readily. The banter of the Señoras, perhaps, had something to do with it.

But I have told you nothing of the cannon foundry, which is of especial interest just now, and has a great reputation here. The people, too, are hard at work, and the pieces they make are very handsome. There are two points in which they differ from ours; one as regards the mortars, which, from the shape they make theirs, lie close to the powder; whereas in ours, there is a great vacuum between the powder and the shell, consequently a great diminution of force in the discharge. The other point of difference is in the touch-hole. We simply drill a hole; the Spaniards add a plug of the purest copper, which enables them to fire off their pieces without intermission much oftener than can be done with ours.

I don't know how far this part of my letter may be interesting to you, but I have gone on writing until I find that, after having administered a pungent pinch of snuff, I have imperceptibly drawn you on to the cannon's mouth. I begin to be frightened, and fancy

you will be more so, at the subjects I have chosen for this separate despatch which I intended for your especial edification. How it would have ended Heaven only knows, but luckily for you Frere calls for my assistance, so the conclusion remains for another opportunity.

26th—I am able now to give you the account of a riot, which has its comic as well as its tragic side, that took place at Cadiz. A regiment had been raised, composed of deserters and prisoners of all nations, except French, and was sent off for the purpose of garrisoning Cadiz; but as they had no arms themselves, it was ordered that they should take those of the volunteers of that city—a very respectable force—leaving them altogether unarmed. This enraged the populace; they refused to admit the regiment, sent deputies to Mackenzie to invite the British troops to enter, and rose upon the governor of Santa Maria, a friend of Godoi's, and put him to death. They would have done the same by the Catalonian sprig of nobility, the Marquis of Villel; but after they had pulled him out of his house, and ill treated him, the military came to the rescue, and they were then obliged to be satisfied with taking him to a *convent*, where he is now confined. This is in a great measure owing to his conduct at Cadiz, where he was sent on a commission respecting our troops, and most imprudently did not confine his attention to his own business, but thought it right to interfere in the police regulations of the city—ordering and counter-ordering *ad libitum*—and that,

too, without any reference to, or consultation with the governor.

At the end of the Carnival it has always been the custom to have a public ball, for which leave was this year applied for, and was obtained of the governor; but when the company were assembled, the Marquis de Villel, without having given the slightest previous intimation of his intention, took upon himself to send some soldiers to disperse them. Besides this, he has been playing the Bishop of Durham, with respect to the women's dresses, and has actually sent a lady to a convent who refused to conform to his orders on that head, and who told him to his face that it was very hot, and that she would wear no more clothing than she pleased, it being also no object with her to dress to please him. This has excited all the women against him, and one peculiarity of the mob that surrounded his house was, that very well-dressed women, much above the common class, were observed there actively inciting and encouraging the people in their riotous proceedings. I don't apprehend that it will lead to any further consequences.

March 1st.—Frere has delayed his messenger so long that I shall send this off to our consul, Duffe, to take its chance of an opportunity for England. All is now quiet at Cadiz, but I understand that a severe example will be made of the ringleaders of the roit.

G. J.

Diaries—March 5th.—The result of Alburquerque's movement has been to rout the French from Consuegra.

The duke's plan had been kept so profound a secret—a more uncommon merit than it ought to be, I am sorry to say—that they were all gone quietly to bed when the Spaniards entered the village. The consternation was, of course, very great, and the confusion general. The accounts do not mention the fate of Dejon's wife; which I heard from Whittingham, who is with Alburquerque, and speaks of him in terms of high praise. While her husband went off as fast as his horse could carry him, she mounted hers, *pistolet à la main*, and was killed by a ball while trying to rally and inspire the troops.

We learn that the garrison of Madrid consists of Sebastiani's division of five thousand infantry, and two thousand guards. A pestilential fever had broken out, and Joseph is said to have made that a pretext for leaving the city. This is by no means unlikely, but it is certain that French troops have repassed the frontier on their return to France; they have also recrossed the Puente del Arzobispo, and we hear of no forward movement on the part of Soult. In the French newspapers I have observed various articles under the head of Vienna, Frankfort, Ulm, &c., which, with the other circumstances, would seem to leave no doubt of war being about to take place between France and Austria. Indeed, if one could forget the equally strong symptoms which appeared with regard to Prussia in 1805, it might be said that war is inevitable. My only fear is that Bonaparte, who was at Paris so early as the middle of January, should have imposed upon the Court of Vienna and brought about what

he would call an amicable adjustment. On the other hand, it is to be hoped that the example of that same poor Prussia would put Austria on her guard against any snares of that kind; and this hope puts us all in good spirits—the most sanguine being very high in their expectations. At all events, we are making good use of the respite afforded us. The armies of both Cuesta and Urbino, are fast increasing in numbers, and improving in discipline, but we are in great want of arms. Saragossa held out yet, on the 17th. But it is reported that Reding, who was to march to the relief of the city, has been attacked, and has been obliged to fall back on Tarragona.

6th.—Mr. Frere has just proposed to me to ride post to Lisbon, on a commission to Sir John Craddock. Its object is to be kept so secret that even Hoppner is not to know it. We have arranged that I shall set off to-morrow before noon. Lady Holland, who must have known of my proposed journey, before I knew of it myself, has given me several commissions, and this evening sends me a note laying further commands upon me.

"8 P.M.—If you have any means of writing to Sir John Craddock, ask him to inquire at Lisbon where the Frenchman, who lived as cook with Sir John Moore at the time of his death, is to be found, to ascertain a point very material to the ease and happiness of many persons. The Napier family cherish a latent hope that Major Napier is still living. The hope rests upon this, that Lieut.-Col. Walker, whose regiment Major Napier commanded in his

absence, when he arrived at Coruña sometime after the battle, heard from Bouvier—Sir J. Moore's cook—that Major Napier had been carried, wounded and a prisoner, into France; and what indeed confirms this is that his brother could not find the body, which he sought for on the field of battle.

"Lord Mulgrave has sent a flag of truce over to Coruña, and Wm. Napier has obtained leave to go over in it. It would, nevertheless, be satisfactory to have some account from this Bouvier, and I wish you would exert yourself to obtain it. We have heard a very distressing account about poor Mr. Arbuthnot, who embarked some weeks ago in a small vessel which conveyed the body of Mr. Spencer Smith from Schillen, and the vessel has not since been heard of, and there is every reason to dread its having foundered at sea. I hear with great delight that Venégas has arrived to take the command from Alburquerque, whose rashness I dreaded.

"E. V. H."

Lisbon, March 9th.—I arrived at Aldea Gallega at four this afternoon, after a very pleasant ride through a most beautiful country. We made the passage to Lisbon in about two hours, with a splendid setting sun reflecting on the city, the neighbouring hills and the river covered with shipping, which made it appear to me one of the prettiest scenes I had ever looked upon.

11*th.*—I had promised myself a fortnight's idleness, and fully intended to devote it to seeing all that is

worthy of a visit in this interesting city and its environs, and own to having felt a little disappointment when Sir John asked me an hour ago, when I thought I should be ready to return to Seville; but I did not think myself justified in giving any other answer than that I was ready now if necessary. Accordingly I go this afternoon. I like things done in a business-like way. I am scribbling this in Sir John Craddock's room while he is preparing his letters.

I have seen little or nothing of Lisbon but its walls and its hills. Yesterday I dined with *Monsieur l'Ambassadeur*, from whom, as well as from Sir J. Craddock, I met with the best reception.

The accounts we have received of the great ceremony observed on all occasions at the *embassy* are but little overdrawn; but to make up for it I found the greatest civility and, the ceremony over, much friendliness and good humour. Of the two extremes, "the embassy" and another establishment I have been used to, I really think I should prefer the former. Mr. Villiers rides and drives about with the royal livery, having, besides his own carriages, the use of the prince's equipages. One of these he lent me for a drive round the town.

Sir J. Craddock, who asked much after my brother, is one of the pleasantest and most gentlemanlike men I have met with for a long time. If he is able as an officer as he is genial as a man, we shall do extremely well.

General Beresford is just arrived, and Sir J. Crad-

dock told me they hoped, in the course of two or three months, to have a very fair army of thirty thousand Portuguese, under English officers. I have met here my old friend, Sontag; he has a brigade, is much liked, and is making himself very useful; also Colonel Tonkin, who was at Copenhagen, a clever officer, but a very odd fish. Not the least entertaining personage here is His Majesty's consul-general, who wears a flaming embroidered scarlet coat, which of course does not escape the quizzing of the mission. He seems to be quite out of his element, and thoroughly uncomfortable. No one knew anything of the history of his appointment.

I have received my despatches, and Sir John has just told me that this mysterious expedition of mine may probably cause Frere to send me on another commission to England, soon after I return to Seville.

Seville, March 14th.—I set out on the afternoon of the 11th for Aldea Gallega, whence, two days before, I had arrived, with the finest sky and the fairest breeze, but to which I returned in a violent storm of wind and rain, in an open boat and the tide against us. Sick as a dog, for the sea could not have been rougher, perished with cold, and wet to the skin, I and my companions—a messenger who accompanied me from Seville, and my faithful Paddy O'Rafferty—landed at two in the morning on a bed of wet sand. By the help of one poor lamp we had with us, we at last discerned a miserable hut, whose inhabitants we roused and frightened out of their wits by the noise we made. We wanted four horses, which

were not to be had; but after a time two miserable animals were brought forward; the baggage was placed upon one, and I mounted the other, intending to get on, with a guide, to the next post-house. But the animal was loth to proceed, and so we all trudged on together as best we could for the next three leagues. We then got mounted, and to make up for the time we had lost I determined to push on to Seville without breaking our journey. The following night, an hour or two after our people had all gone to roost, we arrived, not a little fatigued, but without any further *contre-temps*; for a few rolls with our broken-kneed beasts, and the being pursued by half a dozen *ladrones*—whom, by a little exertion, however, we soon distanced—count for nothing in this country.

After a night's rest we were not a bit the worse for our journey, and I had the satisfaction of finding Frere well pleased that it had been so expeditiously accomplished, while I on my part am equally pleased to learn that he does not think a trip to England will be necessary for the present.

15*th*.—I do not find that much more is known here of what is passing in Spain and elsewhere than when I left. When the master is *distrait* everybody that depends upon him will be so too; and as to any other news than that which the French papers contain, indifference for it is carried almost to affectation. There is a pretence of dreading the sound of the whip and bells, and a wish often expressed that we were cooped up on board ship where no posts

could arrive to torment us. Things are done by fits and starts, and when a messenger is despatched it is a standing rule never to trouble oneself any more about him. However, some of the members of this Government are willing enough to communicate the information that reaches them.

16*th.*—I must say I am disappointed that the events in Gallicia have not caused a greater sensation in England. The country seems to have been so dazzled by the *brilliant victory*, especially after the despondency previously experienced, as to have lost sight of the events preceding the battle of the 16th. The conversation I had at Lisbon with several officers just arrived from England, and who had been in Gallicia, fully confirmed the idea prevalent here of what might have been done in the way of *offensive* measures long before Bonaparte left Madrid, as well as in *defensive* ones in the defiles when a retreat was determined upon. As an Englishman, it grieved me to hear that our troops who behaved so well in action conducted themselves infamously out of it. The pillage, the scenes of disorder, of wanton cruelty, could not, they say, be exaggerated; for no pen could describe, or imagination conceive, the horrors that were perpetrated. If British officers say this of their men their conduct must have been bad indeed, and it accounts, too, for the harrowing reports that reached us from Gallicia at that time. However, there can be as little doubt, though it does not excuse us, that the Gallegos themselves behaved shamefully.

The result of Reding's operations has proved that

too favourable an opinion has been entertained of his talents as a General. In the action of the 25th, in which he received five wounds, all of them slight, he evinced the greatest personal courage, but had allowed himself to be found in such a situation as to be completely beaten by a very inferior force, and that without any fault on the part of his troops, for they behaved admirably. His unaccountable infatuation, too, in retaining persons about him whose fidelity he had the strongest reasons to doubt, and who, it now appears, were no sooner made acquainted with the deliberations of the various councils that were held than they betrayed them to the enemy, admits of no excuse. At his own request he has been removed from the command, and Blake is appointed to succeed him.

That Blake is an able officer seems to be unanimously allowed; indeed in his case facts speak for themselves, and we have only to hope that in his new command he will show as much ability as when resisting the repeated attacks of the French in November last, and be rewarded with better success.

Of the battle of Valls, perhaps one of the most discouraging features is the ignorance we are in, to this hour, of our actual loss. Reding was on his retreat from Mont Blanch to Tarragona when, at about six in the morning of the 25th, half of his army having already passed Valls, several batteries opened upon him unexpectedly as he was in the act of passing a bridge, and shortly after the French were seen coming down from the heights of Valls.

Reding immediately halted, recalled the troops that had already crossed, and took up a position on a height, where he planted some artillery that did great execution. The action then became general, and very hot. The Spaniards fought desperately; for some time they had the advantage, and actually drove the French back to the walls of the town. A reinforcement of the enemy however arrived, and made a pretended attack on the Spanish right, whilst their efforts were really directed against their left, composed chiefly of young troops, which after much hard fighting they succeeded in penetrating at about five in the afternoon. Immediately all became confusion, and they retreated, or rather fled, as best they could, to Tarragona, where their General himself arrived in the course of the night.

I can obtain no further authentic accounts of this affair; but these suffice to show what might have been expected from troops who, under all the disadvantages of their position, still stood firm for eleven hours, had they been the attackers instead of the attacked. It is much to be lamented that Reding did not carry into execution his general plan, and attack the French when they occupied that very extended and weak line from Martorell to the neighbourhood of Tarragona. He might have cleared Catalonia, and probably have saved the ill-fated city of Saragossa.

Wholly destitute of provisions, and the inhabitants dying daily by hundreds of the famine and pestilence that raged within its walls, Saragossa surrendered on

the 20th ult. On the afternoon of that day some members of the provincial Junta presented themselves at Lannes' head-quarters, and proposed terms of capitulation, which were granted, on condition that the army and the authorities, civil and military, swore allegiance to King Joe; those who refused, to be sent to France as prisoners of war. The French, to the number of fifteen or sixteen thousand, marched in the next morning. Of the importance of this triumph to the enemy much will depend on the measures we pursue. In a military point of view, we have lost but little by it. The garrison was reduced by sickness and completely exhausted. Palafox was ill, and nothing certain is known of his fate; but it is conjectured that, being one of those who would not swear allegiance, he has been conveyed to Bayonne as a prisoner.

What I most dread from the fall of Saragossa is the effect it will have on the minds of the people of that and the neighbouring province, an effect which St. Cyr, who commands, is likely to make the most of; his conduct being conciliatory and politic as contrasted with the savage barbarity and rapacity of his predecessor, Duchesne. Yet I believe that, if the spirit which *did* exist in Aragon and Catalonia still survives, the French will be able to detach but a very small part of their late besieging army for any other service; though, on the other hand, should the way in which we have suffered Saragossa to be abandoned damp the ardour of that spirit—and it will be a mercy if it does not—then we shall see a very formidable

reinforcement sent from those mud walls, that Vaughan speaks of, to the French force on the Tagus or in La Mancha.

17*th.*—There are circumstances that lead us to believe the enemy's force considerably weakened at Almaraz and Arzobispo—very strong points, which Cuesta is supposed to be fully equal to defend—and that he is drawing his troops together more on the side of La Mancha.

Reinforcements are continually joining Cuesta and Urbino—or Castajal, as he is sometimes called—and a combined attack on Victor is in contemplation. The latest news we have here of what was passing in Gallicia and Asturias, I brought from Lisbon. The people of those provinces were fast recovering from the panic that seized them in January. An attempt had been made by Soult's advanced guard to cross the Minho, in which they had lost seven or eight hundred men, and their General was drowned; but our people at Lisbon did not think this indicated any serious intention to advance, as Soult, by doing so, would leave Romana behind him to overrun Gallicia; and there are not less than ten thousand sick and wounded French soldiers in the hospitals of that country.

Besides ten thousand men at Braga, under Silveyra, the Portuguese have seven thousand men between Thomar and Salvaterra, and *we* have now an effective force of seventeen thousand; so that we need have no fears on that side. But then, again, the French are said to be assembling strong at

Salamanca, and this state of things baffles all our calculations and speculations. I, however, venture to think that this last corps will prove to be no other than Soult's, with the troops that were directed against Asturias; and who *there* will be in a position either to unite with the force against us in the south, or, in case of war with Austria, to return to France, a *route* which we know that some of them have already taken. Our only fear is that the arrival of Bonaparte at Paris so early as the middle of January, together with the return of our expedition, may have been made use of to terrify or bamboozle Austria into another treaty, such as Haugwitz signed at Vienna, after that of Potzdam.

There is no doubt of the departure of Joseph from Madrid; whether to escape the disorder prevalent there, to enjoy a *parti de chasse*, or, *enfin*, to prevent being *chassé'd* himself, be the motive.

Waldegrave has just arrived at Cadiz with a convoy, and has brought, most opportunely, thirty thousand muskets, which is an augmentation to the Spanish army of as many men. Fifteen thousand, well trained and disciplined, were only waiting for arms to take the field. Despatches, or rather a despatch, and a cargo of private letters, have also been sent by Colonel Roche, one of the numerous horde of military agents our Government sent out at the beginning of the Spanish business. He is a sad, foolish fellow; but, with all his assurance, and the pains he takes to puff himself off, I don't think he is able to *se faire valoir*, even in England,

beyond the public prints; and here, certainly, not at all. Lady Holland favours me with another of her missives.

"You will, I am persuaded, rejoice at hearing that all further inquiries after Bouvier are superfluous. Major Napier is alive, and in England. He was grievously wounded in the battle, and when almost expiring, and a French soldier was going to despatch him, a drummer interfered, saved his life, and conveyed him to good quarters; and he is full of gratitude to the French, who, he says, treated him with the greatest kindness and consideration.

"Sir Arthur Wellesley is certainly coming to take the command in Portugal. At Oporto the French seem to be in *en très mauvais cas*. They entered with nine thousand men only. The regiments of cavalry that are coming out, are the 4th and 16th.

"E. V. H."

22*nd*.—Our prospects have changed within the last few days, and considerably for the worse. Whether the information sent to us was incorrect, or the enemy's plan was suddenly altered, we know not; but, on the 17th, the French appeared at the bridge of Arzobispo, to the number of twelve thousand infantry, and six hundred cavalry. The Spanish light troops, posted there, retreated to the Mesa de Ibor, where, joining a larger body, they made an obstinate resistance. Superiority of numbers compelled them to yield, and they continued their retreat

to Campillo, after having again faced about at the entrance of the pass, where they kept the enemy at bay for full an hour and a half. Cuesta himself was stationed at Mirabete, and it being evidently the intention of the French to attack and dislodge his vanguard, stationed at Almaraz, he had determined to support it, and make that the point of combat. But Major-General Henestrosa, who commanded the vanguard, as soon as he heard of the retreat of the troops on the right, instantly abandoned his post, in full view of the French, who as quickly took advantage of it, and crossed with their whole force; while the twelve thousand who had passed at Arzobispo, divided into two columns, and marched one to Deleitosa, the other to Valderañas, thus threatening Cuesta in front, and on his flank. As this exposed him also to be cut off from his resources at Truxillo, he had nothing for it but to begin a retreat, which he did that night, and continued without halting, until he was on this side the Rio del Monte. There he learnt that the column of the enemy, which was at Deleitosa, had taken the direction of Garravillas. Again, therefore, he put his army in motion, and passing by Truxillo—to cover which he left his vanguard—arrived in the afternoon at Santa Cruz, where he had taken up a position in the hope of being reinforced by a part, if not the whole, of Urbino's corps.

At the Mesa de Ibor, where every inch of ground was disputed with the greatest courage and tenacity, the loss on both sides was considerable; but beyond

some slight affairs between the advanced guards and light troops, on the first night of the retreat, Cuesta saw nothing of the French on his *route*, though they were at Deleitosa before he began his march. From this circumstance, and their not attempting to surround him and cut off his retreat, I would fain hope that the enemy is not so strong as is apprehended—thirty-seven thousand, they talk of. All may yet be well, if the army of the centre should be able to act on the enemy's flank; if not, there is little hope that either the vanguard will be able to maintain its position at Truxillo, or Cuesta his, at Santa Cruz; and, in that case, he has nothing but an open country before him till he comes to Monasterio, which is within fifteen leagues of Seville. But I cannot see —though such a hope is entertained—what right we have to expect, if he could not oppose a successful resistance at such posts as Almaraz and Arzobispo, with the river between him and the enemy, that he should be able to do so now; without succour from Urbino, with the whole of the enemy's force, either actually across, or at liberty to cross, with as much ease as one would cross Westminster Bridge, and without a single musket opposed to them from its banks.

24*th*.—The French attacked the vanguard on the 20th. They retreated to a bridge on this side Truxillo, then faced about, killed and wounded many, and afterwards repulsed the enemy in an attempt to reconnoitre Cuesta's position at Santa Cruz. On the morning of the 21st, Cuesta, expecting an attack,

continued his retreat unmolested as far as the neighbourhood of Miajadas; but having halted to refresh his men, the French made their appearance on the heights. Two regiments of cavalry and one of infantry were ordered forward, and attacked them in gallant style, completely routing the French cavalry, and killing and wounding many. The action lasted till sunset, and the pursuit of the Spanish cavalry was only checked by a body of the enemy's infantry, who, however, could do no more than act on the defensive, and the former retired in very good order, Cuesta continuing his retreat to Medellin. The French were so greatly discomfited, that they did not enter Miajadas until the following evening.

25*th*.— Alburquerque was to be at Cabeza del Buey yesterday, with a reinforcement, and Cuesta had removed from Medellin to Campanario, for the purpose of accelerating the junction. Urbino was to make a feint attack on Toledo, but I very much doubt the French being diverted by this from pursuing and, if possible, crushing Cuesta's army. The people here are now in very high spirits, and, certainly, affairs do wear a more favourable aspect, which serves, above all things, to inspire our troops with confidence. I shall be glad if Cuesta, for the present, should be able to confine himself to this sort of partial warfare, and attacks of cavalry — in which, I believe, he is both in numbers and efficiency superior to the enemy—for I own that I dread a more general and regular engagement; unsafe as it would be to say so. However, everybody waits with

something of tremulous anxiety, the daily arrival of the army *parte*.

26*th*.—A vessel that left Trieste on the 16th ult., reports that they were every day expecting to hear of the commencement of hostilities. I wish to Heaven we could hear that the sword was actually drawn. It is so long coming out of the scabbard, that I begin to despair of seeing it thoroughly unsheathed.

The French papers report that *this city* has sent deputies to submit and swear allegiance to King Joe. Their being reduced to publishing such falsehoods has rather a good appearance, we think, and has afforded much amusement in Seville.

One of Wilson's aides-de-camp, Major L'Estrange, has been caught in the mountains in the neighbourhood of Ciudad Rodrigo.

29*th*.—Cuesta and Alburquerque have effected their junction, and are about to advance again, to watch the enemy, if not to engage him. Urbino was at Molagou.

30*th*.—Yesterday's accounts left Cuesta at Villa Nueva de la Serena, with his advanced guard at Medellin, where it had been skirmishing all day with that of the enemy, who was advancing in great strength, and had sent a detachment to the right, in the direction of Merida and Benito. The people of Seville are in a great fright. I do not feel the same sort of alarm, for I never had an idea that after the French had once passed the Tagus, we should be able to oppose them with effect. They talk of Cuesta

having now from twenty-five to thirty thousand men. I would willingly compound for an effective force of twenty thousand.

The army *parte* is not arrived to-day; this is attributed to the rain, which is falling in torrents. I wish that it may not be caused by a torrent of another description.

A few days must decide the question of our stay here. In the course of their working in Cadiz, with a view to the possibility of a siege, a spring of excellent water has been discovered, which removes the great apprehension they were under of a want of water, their supply having hitherto been drawn only from the Puerta de Santa Maria.

They have at last sent the French prisoners to Majorca, under convoy of some of our men-of-war.

31*st*.—An officer arrived here a few days since, from Vienna, a Frenchman, who has been in the Austrian service, but left it, as he says, to come and serve with *our* army in this country. He has dropped, however, as it were, from the clouds, and is without any other recommendation than the most positive assertions that war was to be declared by Austria before the 1st of this month. To say the best of him, he is a bird of bad omen; for, unfortunately for the credit he wishes us to give to his assertions, he has claimed acquaintance with me, reminding me that he was at Graudentz at the same time as myself. I had forgotten his person, but remembered perfectly well his presenting himself at that place under precisely similar circumstances, at

the moment they were destroying the bridge, upon the alarm that drove us away from Graudentz. He was believed to be a spy, and they were about to secure him, when, luckily for him, he met an aide-de-camp of Prince Coburg, who had known him before.

April 1st.—News was brought at midnight that, Cuesta's scouts having given him notice that a column of the enemy had taken the direction of Merida, he had determined on attacking the main body between Medellin and Benito. The supposed column turned out to be but a single battalion, so that Cuesta found himself engaged with the whole French force. The Spaniards, however, attacked with their usual impetuosity, and drove back the French at every point; but at length, the latter making a desperate charge of cavalry on their left, it gave way, and great confusion and a precipitate retreat ensued. The loss on both sides was considerable; Cuesta was knocked off his horse, but escaped with bruises only. He was retreating on Berlanga. Such are the meagre details which have as yet reached us of this important battle; they suffice, however, to show that our stay here is not likely to be of much longer duration. The Junta are about to issue a proclamation, to make public the real state of affairs, and to call upon every individual to put his shoulder to the wheel; to order trenches to be cut in the streets, &c. Thus I fear we are nearly at our last gasp, having nothing left for it in the peninsula but Cadiz. After that, we must look far indeed. But some are still very stout; declaring that as long as an inch of Spanish ground remains

free—be it continent, or be it island—they will not desert the cause. Query—will Frere like a trip across the Atlantic, or if he has no objection will Bartle like it. A lady of his acquaintance has told me, that had things gone on more favourably, he was very soon to have returned to England; not being able to bear the heat of the climate. The Hollands are leaving for Cadiz.

With regard to Austria, I dislike the idea of Duroc having been to Vienna, and Bonaparte still at Paris the end of last month.

4th.—Most unsatisfactory indeed are the accounts of the proceedings of the armies, as well from their actual result as from the little hope we can henceforth entertain of troops led by such commanders. Yet both Cuesta and Urbino were popular favourites, from whom much was expected, and they were unanimously elected to the command of the armies; the impolicy of placing two men who were opponents in the affair of Valdes, and are so ill disposed towards each other, in such relative situations having been either not felt or entirely overlooked. What are the military talents of Urbino may be inferred from the fact of his having—after he had detached Alburquerque to the support of Cuesta—advanced as far as Yevenes, upon an enemy avowedly of equal, and probably of superior force, with the whole of his cavalry; leaving *all* his infantry at Santa Cruz, Viso, and the other villages at the foot of the Sierra. The consequence of this egregious blunder was that they were very nearly surrounded by the French infantry,

and only escaped by a full gallop retreat, leaving behind them their military chest, and whatever else would not admit of being thus hastily carried away.

They say Urbino is to be displaced, and it would seem impossible after this that he should continue to command. But these particulars are not generally known. We are told in the report that in this *action* our loss did not exceed five hundred, which is probably correct; but then it must be accounted for, rather by our good luck in being able to take flight so rapidly than to any resistance that either was, or could be made. Indeed, so situated, the best troops must have run for it; no wonder, then, that newly raised ones were not able to decamp with the order and regularity of old soldiers.

The letters of my friend Doyle are as emphatic as the man is himself—almost every other sentence is underlined, and marked with notes of admiration; certainly, they could never be more appropriately used than in narrating such proceedings as the above.

The Duke of Alburquerque, who, like Nelson, is a proof of how little appearances are to be trusted—for a more insignificant looking little fellow one does not often see—was adored by his troops. He was always the first to engage, and the last to retire. By way of inspiring his men with confidence, he one day in the midst of the action called for pen and paper, and taking off his hat began very composedly to write his despatch upon it to the Junta, while the balls were flying around him. This may seem, at first, to have

been somewhat inopportune, and to have the appearance of fool-hardiness rather than bravery; but they who know the Spaniards will judge differently, and will see in it a proof of how well the duke understood the men he had to deal with. He has given up the command of the advanced guard, and there is general regret and dejection throughout the army.

The enemy's reconnoitring parties had appeared near Magaña. On the other side they had advanced as far as Almendralejo and Villa Franca; they have some heavy artillery with them, and for that reason Cuesta thinks they will not push on here, but proceed to Badajoz. Would to God they would do so!—but I fear they are not such fools; for there are many reasons against it.

5th.—In Cuesta's report he spoke of Henestrosa having abandoned his post at Almaraz in such terms as to induce the Junta to order a court-martial upon him immediately. However, the order was not carried into execution, and it has since been proved that had he *remained* at his post, he would then have merited all those indignant reproaches which were in the first blush of the business so undeservedly heaped upon him. Now, he has full justice done him, and it is felt that he is one of their best and bravest officers. But bravery is a quality which the battle of Medellin has proved to be less general among the Spanish officers, than one would have expected. Those who commanded the Infante and Almanza cavalry regiments in the action of the 28th, did all but refuse to advance, and, in fact, did not execute the movements

that were ordered. Another officer, on being told to place his squadron in a certain position, replied at the head of it, "If I do I shall be cut off."

The battle began at 1 P.M. in a plain between Benito and Medellin, no one—not even his confidential aide-de-camp and right-hand man—being acquainted with Cuesta's intentions. He deployed his *whole* force, leaving no reserve, *obliquing* to the right and left into one long line, extending a full league; but by so doing a great space was left in the centre, of which the French did not fail to take advantage. His line being formed, he did not immediately begin the attack, for which a very favourable opportunity offered while the French were deploying, but suffered them to form theirs, when the action began along the whole line at once. The Spanish infantry behaved nobly. Though great numbers were without shoes, and almost without clothing, they advanced with a coolness and resolution that would have done credit to veteran troops, and drove back their adversaries. But the cavalry on the left turned tail almost at the first fire, their officers remaining in *the rear* of their squadrons when advancing, and of course being foremost in the front when running away. Henestrosa commanded, and several reports say, he did all that man could do, and three successive times rallied his men; but they faced about only to look at the French, and then to the right again; and this without a single horse opposed to them; nothing but long shot. The infantry, in the meantime, persevered in their gallant conduct,

until the cavalry having fairly run off the field, the French infantry turned the Spanish left, and then—but not until then—the infantry gave way, successively from the left to the centre and right, the latter, commanded by Alburquerque, being the last in the field. Such young troops could not be made to stand again, and the *déroute* and dispersion became general and complete. The loss was considerable on both sides. The French did not pursue the stragglers; if they had they must have taken Cuesta, who passed the night at a very short distance from the scene of action, with hardly a dozen people round him. His next move will be to Santa Olaya, for between that place and Ronquilla is our only remaining chance of resisting the progress of the French. The mountain passes are certainly very strong there, and they have placed one or two batteries advantageously; but I own that my faith in natural barriers is completely destroyed. If thirty thousand British troops could not stop the enemy in passes of even greater difficulty, we cannot reasonably expect that the *débris* of a dispersed army of new levies—supposing them to join again—will be able to do so. A wholesome but cutting lesson of what might have been done, is being given us by the Gallegos—a body of five or six thousand peasants keep Ney in a continual state of uneasiness; completely cutting off his communication with Castile, making traverses across the high road, &c.

6*th*.—We have just learnt that a party of four hundred horse has appeared before Badajoz, and

summoned it to surrender. The answer was, that the open town of Saragossa had held out for six months, and cost the French fifty thousand men, that they might, therefore, judge what they had to expect from a regularly fortified town; that, *au reste*, if they were not satisfied with this answer, they had nothing to do but to come and make the experiment. So far so good, and if the spirit of the defence corresponds to that of the reply we shall do very well.

Cuesta is at Monasterio; he has been joined by a fresh detachment of two thousand men, from Guadalupe. I could never understand how Cuesta escaped with his life, having been thrown from his horse by a shock of cavalry, until I learnt to-day that he was actually knocked down by his own people in their haste to run away.

Alburquerque, who has been here for the last three days, left yesterday to resume his former command. No avowed preparations are yet made for our departure, but everything seems to denote that it cannot be far off. The town is in a great state of agitation.

Lady Holland to Mr. G. Jackson.

Cadiz, Monday.

We are going immediately to Chiclana. A large convoy from Lisbon is coming in, supposed to be transports from the ships. We return hither on Thursday, our letters follow to Chiclana within an hour after their arrival. I mention this that you may continue your obliging habit of writing.

Who are the colonels at head-quarters? Is Cuesta in any danger of dying? Why cannot the English army strive to move sooner than the 18th, and where is Mackenzie?

E. V. H.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Brighton, March 13th, 1809.

For the last ten days or fortnight, the probability of an Austrian war is become greater and greater. It is certain, that both parties are preparing for war, and when things have got so far, and it is understood that there can be no means of peace, but by Austria's disarming, one might look upon the event as certain. If it does happen, we may suppose a blow to have been struck by Austria, about the end of last month, or the beginning of this.

I have just been reading a set of "Correspondentens" to the 25th of February, that Nicholas sent me. By them, I see that Oudinot's corps, *said* to be twenty thousand strong, was assembling at Augsburg, as a *noyau*, no doubt, for the Bavarians and other confederate troops to form upon. Still, if Austria should profit by the lesson of 1805, there will be nothing to resist her on the east of the Rhine. But it is supposed that *this* time the main attack upon her will be from Italy, in which quarter Bonaparte himself will take the command. It is very uncertain what Russia will do. Caulincourt, apparently, maintained his supremacy at the date of the last accounts. The only favourable symptom anywhere perceptible is that

of the Turks having despatched plenipotentiaries to treat for peace with Russia, about the same time that they concluded with us. If they sign with Russia, some good may come of Adair's Treaty, if not, and Russia should continue, or rather undertake, active hostilities against them, and the war with Austria breaks out, there must be an end of Turkey in Europe. It is impossible for *us* readily to give credit to any wise or well-combined plan, but if such did exist, and were vigorously executed, Master Boney would have jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire when he left Spain.

The history of the journey of the Prussian Court to St. Petersburg, their reception and stay there, and their departure, occupies much space in the Hamburg papers. All passed as you would suppose. Fêtes, reviews, presents of jewels, furs, orders. Old Madame de Voss, and Mlle. de Moltke were of the party. Pretty little Hardenberg has, like many other of her countrywomen — Hanoverians — married a Frenchman. Alexander accompanied their Majesties a good way back, the last part of the road like a *Studenten jung*, in a *traineau* by himself. The most interesting article I found respecting Berlin was Beym's appointment as *Grosz Kanzler!*

I should say, too, that Alexander chose most opportunely the period of their Majesties' journey to assume and publish the additional title of *Herr zu Byalistock*, which you know is derived from the district he took from Prussia at the peace of Tilsit.

In common with *all* others I am but ill-informed of

the state of continental affairs; but if the prevalent opinion be correct, that the quarrel with Austria is of Bonaparte's picking, and that he thinks he has proceeded far enough in the subjection of Spain to begin that of Austria, I conceive that he is only rendering his success more certain by postponing the moment of attack. This would render the inactivity of the Austrians unaccountable, to whoever did not know them. But, on the other hand, if the Austrians originated the dispute, and meant to proceed offensively, they are doing all they can by procrastination to lose the vantage ground on which they stood, and an arrangement will probably take place of which some sacrifice on their part will be the basis, and which will leave them to sodden for an easier mouthful at some more convenient moment. We have not lately had any arrivals from Paris, but from what reaches us indirectly, there appears to exist a state of fermentation, both in France and Holland, of which the story of Massena being killed by Bonaparte, and of some violent changes in the Dutch ministry, are the only symptoms by which we can form any judgment. But whether for the purpose of peace or war, delay must be of use to Bonaparte, for if the Austrians had moved at the beginning or middle of this month, with the forces they pretend to have on foot, they must at once have carried the theatre of the war to the Rhine on the one side, and to the Weser on the other, and must have disjointed the Confederation before they could be opposed in force.

The Prussian Court does not return to Berlin; the

ostensible reason, the queen's approaching confinement, the real one, I understand, the expected war, and the discovery of a plan formed by Bonaparte to kidnap the Prince Royal, and keep him as a hostage for his papa's good behaviour. The short distance from Potzdam to the frontier would give great additional facilities for such a scheme.

It is now impossible to guess when a conveyance will or will not offer for Spain, so much time being necessarily devoted to the House of Commons. I therefore go on writing *à différentes réprises* until opportunity offers for despatching my budget.

Petitions will be sent up to the House from all parts of the country to solicit the duke's dismissal. *On dit*, also, that strange things have come out before the East-India Committee of Inquiry; that the sale of patronage has been proved upon many of the directors, and that they have got at a story, and proved it, of Lord Castlereagh having given Lord Clamarty two writerships for a seat in Parliament.

If the papers reach you, you must look to them for an account of the proceedings at the meetings now holding throughout England, in honour and laudation of Wardle. You will see that the *soi disant* patriots are trying to carry things further, but I believe they will have little support besides what the mob and Whitbread will give them. It is true that Mrs. Clarke's book has been suppressed at a very great expense; exactly *what* I cannot say. The highest sum named is 10,000*l.* down, and an annuity of 600*l.*, the lowest 6,000*l.*, and 400*l.* a-

year: but the former sum is more likely to be nearest the mark; at all events, I know that she has been amply paid. She had got hold of many letters from his relatives, and some most private ones, from the queen, had been incautiously left in her possession by the duke. If their contents are truly reported, the above sums are not too large, and have been well employed. But the blackguards are trying to turn even this transaction to account, by insinuating that more has been suppressed than is really the case, and building upon it imaginary charges of delinquency.

By way of diversion from the grand affair, we have had the little episode of Lord Paget's elopement with Lady Charlotte Wellesley, wife of Henry Wellesley of the Treasury. It has been a long flirtation. At last he wrote to his father to say that, he had struggled with his passion to the utmost; that he had gone to Spain in the hope that "some friendly ball would lay him low," but found it would not do. He could struggle no longer, and so must be off. He leaves his wife, a sister of Lord Jersey, and eight children. Lady W. wrote to Arbuthnot, desiring him to break the matter to her husband, then got into a *jarvey*, went and took up Paget at his house, and they set off together on the Oxford road. She leaves her husband and four children. Poor Henry Wellesley is much out of health, and very miserable. He is a most amiable man, but apparently too profuse of his confidence; all the world, except himself, has for the last twelve months

seen very plainly what was going forward. I write you this because little else has been talked of since it occurred.

Henry Wellesley has vacated his seat, and resigned his place. Arbuthnot, they say, succeeds him; indeed, he has given up the world in consequence of his wife's adventure, and is thoroughly wretched. I saw to-day the letter her brother, Colonel Cadogan, wrote to Lord Paget to challenge him to a meeting—in which he had before declared that one of them must die—and Lord Paget's answer, which says that he has nothing to allege in justification of his conduct, which was the effect of an unconquerable passion; he is sorry he cannot give the Colonel the satisfaction to which he is so well entitled, because he considers his life as no longer his own, but hers to whom he shall devote it; with more in the same strain. Sir Arthur is become quite the moralist of the family, and has given his brother some good advice.

This sad affair has been something more than a nine days' wonder, satiated though the public has lately been with scandal.

The good people here are rejoicing at the capture of Martinique, where Bonaparte seems to have been worse served than is usual. It *has* its advantages, no doubt, but I wish the twelve thousand men employed there, and the fifteen thousand in Sicily, had been with Sir J. Moore, and that both islands had gone to the devil for the chance of what good might have been done in Spain.

By your wondering that the transactions in Gallicia made so little sensation here, I see you have no just idea of that produced by Mrs. Clarke and Co. If half a dozen Spains had been lost, and half a dozen armies with them, they would not have been thought of, and now the people are almost weaned from that subject, and reluctantly bestow any attention upon it. If they do, it is but to notice failure, and predict more mischief.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, with two brigades of cavalry and some artillery, was to sail in about a week, but his departure is put off in consequence of some news brought from Lisbon by the *Iris*. The plan, as publicly reported, is that Sir Arthur should have thirty thousand British troops, and as many Portuguese with British officers, and that this force should garrison Portugal in the first instance, and only enter Spain according to circumstances. How far Soult's entering Portugal, whilst we have recaptured Vigo, and Romana is said to he marching towards Astorga to raise the intermediate country, will allow of this plan, you will know better than I do. The Spaniards have now certainly again an opportunity of emancipating themselves; and although we are not proceeding as I think we ought, if the Austrian war goes on they should be able to do the business independent of any of our plans. If they do not, why then let them be Bonaparte's slaves. If Sir John Craddock should be lively enough to dispose of Soult we should get to Ferrol again.

The only connected account I get of the public transactions in Spain is from your notes, for the newspapers translate only here and there a short article; they will probably be interesting hereafter, and are all in the safe keeping of our mother. The "Gazetas del Gobierno" and the "Centinela" have reached me safely. By way of doing justice to the former, I sent some of them, for the information of my neighbours, to the editor of the Sussex paper, but the poor man could not understand them. I, therefore, could not resist the pleasure of translating for him one of Palafox's performances. Gentz is the author of the answer, you may see in our papers, to the observations on Austria in the French gazettes. He has also written the Austrian manifesto.

Mrs. Jordan's son dined with us last week; a fine-spirited lad whom you may have seen figuring in the papers as Lieutenant Fitz-Clarence. He is now at Portsmouth with Sir A. Wellesley, and set off post haste from hence to take leave of his mother before *he* sailed, and *she* went upon her expedition to Bath. He reverses La Fontaine's fable of the mule, who was always talking of his mother, the mare, but said little of his father, the ass. A foolish fellow, General Slade, to whom he was aide-de-camp in the Spanish camp, was always showing him about to the Spaniards as the King of England's grandson.

I told you that the Duke of York's business, let it end how it would as relates to him, must have very serious and extensive consequences. It has, in fact, created a fermentation throughout the country of

which some weak, some wicked, and a few well-meaning men are endeavouring to make the most. Reform is their watchword, but hitherto they have confined themselves to generalities, and as long as they do that they will carry all before them, for, as I said, the fermentation is general, the wish to do something becoming daily more so; but as to what to do, I don't know of six people that are agreed on that point. It will therefore be when some specific proposal is made that those who most try to stem the torrent will take their stand, and until that is done it would be hazardous to say what will happen. You will observe that the agitation is now kept up by a third party, professing to be unconnected with, and even to despise equally, both the ministry and the opposition. Hitherto they have much turbulence and some talent on their side, but very little property, and still less consideration, except it be such as a mob would now bestow upon anybody that would harangue about abuses and reform. Still there must be a set-to, and I hope *something* will be done; because I believe there is sense enough in the country to be satisfied with a *little* properly done, and by those who ought to do it, and to reject a *great deal* of what is intended by those who ought to do nothing because they would do nothing properly. In the midst of all this, the Spaniards past, present, and future are forgotten, and the parliamentary discussions that are to take place will excite but little interest. All you have done affords me so much satisfaction, on your account as well as my

own, that I have only to say, go on as you have begun, and God bless you.

F. J. J.

14th April.

Diaries—Seville, April 15th.—Events have taken an unexpected turn. The French have remained quiet, and each army retains its position. It is difficult to account for this, but whatever the cause, the time is, I trust, gone by when the enemy might have driven us hence. Cuesta's army is fast recruiting, and in a few days, with the reinforcements on their march to join him, he will be stronger than ever. Victor, we hear, is intrenching himself; whether for the purpose of maintaining his position or merely to secure a better retreat, we shall know very shortly. Urbino, who has made so many *coups d'épée dans l'eau*, is succeeded by Venégas, the same man that commanded at Ucles, and complained so much of Infantado.

We have escaped, as it were, by a miracle. God grant we may make the best use of our good fortune; but I dread the effects of a too seducing aspect of affairs almost as much as the reverse. The retreat of the French last year from Madrid was the cause of half our misfortunes, and a similar danger presents itself now, for the inactivity of the enemy is believed to be caused by hostilities being actually commenced with Austria, though neither from England nor Trieste have we any positive confirmation of it. Should it be so, I am convinced that with proper exertion *we might* in the course of

this year clear the country of every Frenchman in it; would I could add that I believe *we shall* do so. More has been done within the last fortnight for the defence of this city than in the whole time we have been here, but if the enemy should again withdraw the alarum from our ears, we shall, I doubt not, again go to sleep.

The French have taken Jaca, a place of considerable strength and importance in Aragon, without any resistance; they had also taken Morella, with a view to an attack on Valencia, but, after destroying the walls, have again abandoned it, which seems to accredit the idea of their retiring in that quarter also.

An idea may be formed of the kind of spirit that exists in Aragon, in opposition to the French accounts of it in the "Moniteur," from the fact of the people of Molina having invented and used with success *wooden cannon*, which they have found capable of resisting eight or nine discharges.

Blake is at Terruel with Lazun's corps, and we hope he is doing something; the Valencians have about five thousand men on their frontier, under a General Roca.

16*th.*—We had yesterday a spectacle in this place that attracted thousands from far and near—the execution of the friar who edited the "Bayonne Gazette." He had been to England, and had made application to Mr. Canning for a passport to South America. He was suspected, it appears, and on his arrival at Lisbon was arrested, and brought to

Seville. It is said that he has made very important disclosures, and has declared that though he has failed in his purpose, yet the Spanish Government would never be able to resist the intrigues of Bonaparte. It is, indeed, in his intrigues that much of his power, with respect to this country, lies; but the fate of this friar will, I hope, be productive of great good, and with a few more of such heads off we may finally triumph.

18*th*.—Our letters from England do not relieve our anxiety respecting Austria, nor do those I have received confirm the hopes that Lady Holland, who is again here, has led me to indulge in. When they first came to Seville I called to pay my respects, and to offer my services to Lord Holland and her ladyship. I was received very politely and with thanks, but B. Frere, she said, had undertaken everything for them. Knowing the footing he has hitherto been on at Holland House, this was what I expected; I, of course, had nothing more to say, and we remained for a considerable time, they having dined here but once, on terms of formal, if not of cold civility. I speak of her particularly, for Lord Holland is such a noble, generous-minded man, so perfectly genial and good-humoured that, however one may differ from him in politics, it is impossible not to like him in private life, and to admire his frankness and candour. Of her I will only say that she is *une intriguante de la prémière classe*; certainly clever, and to some people appears more so than she really is, from the little restraint she imposes on herself; saying on all occa-

sions whatever comes uppermost. Thus, she can be either very pleasant or very much the reverse, and I know no one from whom more might be expected as a friend, or more might be feared as an enemy. For some time I was not even asked to dinner, though she was very civil when we did meet; but that was not often, until I went to Lisbon, when her ladyship charged me with some commissions, and from that time she gradually became very friendly. After the battle of Medellin they left this for Cadiz and Gibraltar, there expecting to meet with a ship for England. Shortly before their departure she said to me one morning, "I wish you joy, Mr. Jackson of your new appointment." On my answering that I knew not to what appointment she alluded, she said, she had understood Bartle Frere was returning home, and that I was to succeed him; "but," she added, "if you know nothing of it, I suppose I must have been misinformed," and then changed the subject, though her manner plainly implied that she did not think so. I had more than one reason for not pressing the subject further, but before they left Seville she again voluntarily entered upon it, by asking me if I *then* had heard of my appointment. I could only answer that I had not, and begged she would be more explicit, because, from the known connections of Mr. Frere, it surprised me, and, indeed, did not seem likely, that such a step should be taken without his wishing it, which from his having applied to come out with his brother was not, I thought, probable. "I am not so sure of that," she answered,

significantly, and then told me that B. Frere was not more a favourite with Canning than with the other party; that his conduct when he was before at Madrid was much censured by both ministry and opposition; that his accompanying Lord Morpeth was her whole and sole doing, she having made a point of it with Lord Grey, against his will; and, that when, at the instance of his brother, he was named to his present post, one positive condition was annexed, to which he had had the "*meanness*" to agree, viz., that when Lord and Lady Holland arrived where he was, he should set off to England immediately, and not breathe the same air twenty-four hours after. In consequence of this, he had neglected, she said, to send them, on their arrival in Spain, any account of the advance of the French, and, had not Sir David Baird despatched a courier to them, they would infallibly have been taken prisoners, which, far from regretting, had so untoward an event happened, she accuses Bartle of having had in contemplation. However, they reached Seville without let or hindrance, and as Bartle neglected to beat a hasty retreat, according to the above-named arrangement, which she pretends was peremptory and without appeal, it produced an immediate recall and my consequent appointment.

This statement amused me not a little, and I was able to thoroughly understand and appreciate it, on calling to mind the Spanish proverb, *De amor al odio no médio mucho*, as well as the *amourette* that is now going on, and that takes my friend B. out every

morning as soon as he has breakfasted, and keeps him till midnight with one of the daughters of Cruz. This will account for her ladyship's satisfaction at his losing both friends and place, for the latter of which, she says, he sacrificed the former, but it will not account for that part of her story relating to my nomination.

20*th*.—By the zeal and alacrity of the peasants a considerable quantity of stores, abandoned in Urbino's shameful retreat, have been recovered. Much more might be done, but Venégas, though a good routine officer, has not dash enough about him to allow us to hope for any change for the better in that quarter. If we had but arms, we should soon have large armies in Granada, Murcia, and Valencia.

21*st*.—We just learn that the French marched out of Barcelona on the morning of the 14th, whether with a view to besiege Gerona or to march back to France we do not know, but they took everything with them and all the Spanish prisoners. Crespigny sent a corps after them to watch and to harass their operations. There is now not a single corps of French in Catalonia to the south of Barcelona. An expression, in an intercepted letter, proves that a good spirit still reigns amongst the inhabitants of Madrid, "*Ils ne revient pas de leurs folies.*"

29*th*.—The people are still in an agitated state, and it is probable that, had the French pushed on, as they might have done after the battle of Medellin, the ferment in which the public mind has been kept for the last six weeks would have broken out into

violent popular commotions. The Junta and authorities of Seville have also shown a disposition to act independently of the Supreme Government, and the vigour and policy of their measures do certainly contrast strongly with those of their Supremacies. Various means are resorted to by the latter to check and subdue the aggressive spirit of the Seville Junta, and to avert an impending storm; for the people are not satisfied with a Government which, though changed in name and form, still retains all the vices of the former one. The supreme Junta have had people brought from their prisons, after an eight years' confinement, and sentenced them to immediate death, in order to afford an opportunity for proclamations on the necessity of obedience to the Government, and have sometimes commuted the punishment at the moment it was about to be inflicted, that they might display that "divinest of all the attributes of Majesty," mercy, and give a proof of "peculiar attachment to the noble and loyal Sevillanos." At one time, they have issued intemperate denunciations of the severest penalties, against these very Sevillanos, at another, ordered the execution of three or four persons convicted or suspected of treason, and, as a *coup de grace*, which was to crush the ugly monster, rebellion, Father Gill, who was the life and soul of this place, was appointed to a special mission to Sicily.

This last measure, which was hastened by the approaching expiration of Tilly's powers as a deputy, might, had Father Gill so chosen, have had a directly contrary effect; and such was the feeling at that

moment that I know, for a certainty, that the Countess Altamira, who, as the wife of the vice-president, was a few days before parading up and down the *Paseo* with all the appurtenances of royalty, and attended by a military escort, literally went to his cell to ask his protection until she and some other of the "royalties" could remove to Cadiz.

Tilly's powers were shortly after declared by this Junta to have ceased, and they were proceeding—after having announced it to the Central, and waited some time for an answer, but in vain—to another election, which would certainly have been in favour of Father Gill, when they received a peremptory mandate from *Their Majesties* to desist. Another motive, was the precedent it would have established for the other provinces to pursue a similar independent course.

May 1*st*.—Doyle is come to Seville for a short time, and brings more perfect information than we have hitherto had of the strength of the respective forces in this country. Victor has been reinforced by La Piesse. Cuesta has an effective army of thirty-two thousand; and Blake, who is now Captain-general of Catalonia, Aragon, and Valencia, is much superior in numbers to the enemy. According to the most correct calculation it is possible to make, the French force, actually in the Peninsula, is estimated at about one hundred and fifteen thousand; our own, British, Portuguese, and Spanish, really armed and disciplined, at one hundred and sixty-five thousand.

Besides these, there are thousands of armed peasants, in the eastern provinces particularly, who swarm together under the name of *Miqueletes*, and are continually picking off men and convoys. A division of them annoyed the French force that left Barcelona, exceedingly, and took a portion of their baggage. We have a most seasonable supply of arms from Malta and Sicily, which secures us as many soldiers as there are muskets. The Spaniards remind me of the fable of the blood of one man being the seed from which another instantly springs up in his place—such hosts of them are always forthcoming. I wish our friend, Sir John Stuart, and ten thousand of his men, would come too; for, as Bonaparte has set off for Strasburg, an Austrian war seems certain, and we, therefore, need have no fears for Sicily, while a landing in Catalonia might be of the greatest service at this moment. I think we again hold fine cards, and that if we play them well there will not be a single Frenchman on this side the Ebro in two months, nor on this side the Pyrenees in six.

2*nd*.—Barcelona is relieved with both provisions and ammunition. I do not understand why we let the French fleet in and out of Toulon in this way, unless Lord Collingwood shall prove to us that he did it only to accommodate them with a snugger berth in one of our harbours.

3*rd*.—Sir Arthur Wellesley was to be at Coimbra on the 4th, with his forces united. If Soult should wait for him, which I cannot believe he will do, or if, having driven him into Gallicia, Sir Arthur is able

to keep him there, *à la bonne heure*; but if, as soon as his back is turned, His Grace of Dalmatia can again advance, I shall greatly regret that Oporto was not left a little longer in those hands to which the people were so ready to deliver themselves, and an advance made direct on the eastern frontier, which would have at once prevented the progress of Soult, and probably have compelled Victor to retire without striking a blow. But these are my own speculations. Whatever our plans may be, from the progress Sir Arthur has already made, we may hope to see them carried on with activity.

4th.—Reding and Vives are both dead, the former, a victim to the distemper existing in Tarragona from too large a number of people being shut up in it. The country has lost in him a zealous, honest, and brave man, if not a great General. It may be said of him that he exemplified, in his earlier and later career, a line in Voltaire's Henriade, "*Qui brille au second rang s'éclipse au prémier.*"

The election for a president has at last taken place, and Altamira has been unanimously chosen to succeed Florida Blanca.

6th.—We have lately had before us so many details of passing events, which have kept me for days with the pen almost constantly in my hand, that Lady Holland's statement respecting Bartle's recall had passed out of my mind. I really had, for many reasons, also given little heed to it. Yesterday, however, she returned to the charge, and inquired if I had *yet* heard anything on the subject.

I told her, "not a syllable from any quarter, nor did I expect it; for if anything of the sort had been in agitation, I believed that my brother would have known of it." She replied, "I might rest assured that her information was correct; that she had it from 'head-quarters,' and that if it was delayed it was only until the hot weather should afford Bartle a pretext—on account of his health—for retiring without *éclat*, or giving rise to unpleasant surmises."

In confirmation of this she asked me if I had not perceived much ill-humour, and symptoms of great annoyance in both the Freres, after the arrival of the messenger who brought, as she says, the recall. This was certainly very apparent, but I attributed it to the then unfavourable aspect of public affairs; though the cessation, about that time, of all *private letters*, which before were more frequent than the despatches, I did not find so ready an explanation for. After these renewed positive assurances of her ladyship, I am, at least, anxious to have the matter cleared up; and the more so, for hints from the same quarter, that the head of the mission may also be changed. Some people are very violent against him, I know, on our side of the water, and he himself has begun to talk of having originally come out only for a short time. I have heard Lord G. L. Gower named as his successor, and I am aware that it is the wish of the Junta that an ambassador should be accredited to them. A more unfit man for the post than its present occupier could not well be found. No one, who knows him, will deny that he has great talents,

both natural and acquired; but that man who ought to take a leading part here, who ought to know, and be known by, everybody, by the whole nation I may say, and to give in a manner the tone to it, lives like a recluse, and is scarcely known by one person in Seville beyond the members of the Junta, and to them only so far as the transacting of business makes necessary. He is a man of warm passions and strong impressions, but of the most indolent and procrastinating disposition, and however lively and brilliant his abilities, in some respects, may be, he has no fixed principles, no decision of character, or capability of perseverance. He is, therefore, as a minister, very unpopular here. In the business of admitting our troops into Cadiz, he gave great offence, by the form of his proceedings rather than in the thing itself. However, I should not desire to be the apologist of this Government on that occasion, for I think they behaved shamefully, and I only regret that Frere was not more resolute, but in a different manner, and at a different moment. They now pretend to say, that he failed in a measure in which at first there could have been no difficulty, if properly managed, entirely from his mode of procedure; but that this was so opposite to that used at home as to make it a point of honour not to concede. There may be something in this; and I have little doubt that with more coolness, firmness, and temper he would have succeeded, but it would have been owing to his having taken such ground that the proposal could not have been refused, rather than to

any more favourable disposition on the part of their Supremacies of the Junta.

13*th*.—The messenger, Robinson, arrived to-day with Frere's recall. This has given rise to various sensations amongst us. The Hollands again left Seville three days ago for Cadiz, to sail for England in the *Ocean*.

The recall of the Swedish minister, Adlerberg, was also received a few days ago, and he set off for Cadiz the next day, on the chance of a passage in the *Ocean*. He is a very obliging, good fellow; *d'une société* by no means unpleasing, and if he is not *un aigle*, he is very far from being the *grosse bête* his colleague, Brinckman, has represented him.

The Junta have given the command of the foreign corps, formed of prisoners and deserters from Dupont's late division, to a Swiss of the name of Turtas, formerly in the Prussian service. They have made him brigadier, and it is the fashion here to like him very much. To me his story has something very *louche* in it. Being *congedié* by the King of Prussia, he went to Bayonne for the avowed purpose of entering Joe's service, but finding, on his arrival there, the real state of affairs very different from what they were represented, and that the *intruso*, instead of being the peaceable possessor of an undisputed throne, was every day apprehensive of the necessity of running away, he contrived, under various pretexts, to delay accepting the posts he was offered, and finally to escape. I have asked him for news of several Prussian officers, but he knew

nothing of them. I have no faith in the people who come into the country in this manner. At this moment the Austrian war might have afforded this man an opportunity of gaining his bread—the only reason he assigns for having wished to serve Joseph.

15*th.*—We are every moment expecting to hear that Sir Arthur has attacked. All accounts state the improbability of Soult being able to escape. The French have retired from Merida to Caceres, which would seem to confirm the idea of Victor's attempt to effect a junction with Soult; Cuesta's whole force has, in consequence, received orders to advance. The French fleet was in Rosas Bay, so I trust we may yet catch them. In La Mancha, *no hay novedad.*

18*th.*—I am favoured with an epistle to-day from her ladyship.

Cadiz, May —, 1809.

I live in hopes of having some confirmation from you of *some* of the good news.

Our foolish governor read aloud in the theatre the contents of the "Catalonian Gazette," and quoted the authority of Mr. Frere, who had received, he said, a confirmation of it from his correspondents at Bourdeaux and Holland.

Many vessels are now in from the eastward, North in one, and Sheridan in another. The former is quite despairing about Arbuthnot, who, I fear, is not so safe as we were led to expect; for, on the 27th of April, Mr. Wellesley Pole told him the Admiralty had no expectation whatever of the sloop *Viper*, the

name of the vessel in which poor Arbuthnot embarked.

Mr. L. and his friend, Mr. Ward, have *of course* parted; the latter is left full of complaints, mental and *bodily*, in consequence of hard riding. Perhaps we go to Lisbon, *viâ* Seville, again. Is the Badajoz road open? Where are Cuesta's head-quarters?

E. V. H.

22*nd*.—The Junta have issued a proclamation convoking the Cortes for *the end of next year*, and appointing a committee, composed of five members of the Junta, to consider the form in which they are to be assembled, and the objects they are to take into consideration. This I think requires no comment.

26*th*.—It seems that Victor had an idea, on the 13th, of crossing the Tagus at Alcantara, but afterwards turned about again; however, I believe one division has actually passed, they say, of ten thousand men; but they will probably soon have to retreat, as Mackenzie is very close upon them, and Sir Arthur with his whole force is marching on that point. They were to cross the Mondego to-day. The French head-quarters are at Brozas. They occupy Caceres and Truxillo, and their advanced guard is at Montanches. Cuesta is at Fuente del Maestre; an advanced guard, under Zayas, is in front of Merida. The former had entered Merida, and was summoning a body of about four hundred men—whom the French had left there, fortified in a convent—to surrender, when he was obliged, in conse-

quence of the march of a superior force, which had turned about and come down against him, to recross the Guadiana, in order not to run the risk of bringing on a general action.

Mortier's corps was at Burgos on the 27th ult., and we know that Victor, so late as the 29th, had the intention, I have all along supposed, of coming to Cordova by the mountains of Guadalupe, and so on to this place.

Blake has begun his operations well, by driving four thousand French out of Alcanitz. The peasants have driven another corps out of Barbastro.

St. Cyr, who is succeeded by Augereau, for having been *too humane*, is with the army before Gerona, which it was expected would be attacked. Wimpffen is not far from him, but all accounts agree in saying that he will do nothing; this is fully felt and acknowledged here, yet he is allowed to retain his command.

27th.—I set off this evening for Cadiz, with Doyle, to assist at the gaieties that are to take place there in honour of San Fernando and George III.

Lady Holland to Mr. G. Jackson.

Cadiz, May 28th, 1809.

We are all much out of spirits at the news from Portugal. Soult should not have escaped; *at least*, if that were inevitable, the hopes of the public *ought* not to have been raised to the high pitch of expectation which seems to have been studiously done by some over-zealous partisans. What is become of

Romana? Surely he is much to blame for idling away his time in foolish squabbles with the Asturian Junta, instead of organizing and augmenting his army, which now cannot make much head against the united forces of Soult, Ney, and Mortier. The latter, I find, has shown himself about Salamanca—tell me in what force.

Purchase for me half-a-dozen rosaries of different kinds of beads; you will see heaps in the shop windows. I want a cross and order of Santiago, Calatrava, and Alcantara; perhaps you can pick them up somewhere.

E. V. H.

Letters—June 9th.—I have been spending ten days at Cadiz, my dear mother, the first holiday I have had since I left England, and I have enjoyed it very much. The town of Cadiz is beautiful, neatness itself, particularly after the narrow, dirty, ill-paved streets of Seville, and I might add, with the exception of two or three in Madrid, of all that part of Spain I have seen. I know of few towns, even in England, which can compare with it in cleanliness and for comfort in walking, every street having *trottoirs* that you might, as the common phrase is, eat your dinner off. The situation, too, is delightful; a neck of land running out into the sea, and which, but for a very few hundred yards of sand, would be a perfect island. Doyle and I arrived there on the eve of Saint Fernando—the saint day of their "beloved Ferdinand." Every house in the town and

every ship in the harbour was illuminated, and gave it the appearance of some enchanted residence, especially to eyes long accustomed to the sombre city of Seville.

We went with a party to the theatre the next evening. The house is neat and elegant, but of the performance the less said the better, it being by way of compliment to the day a repetition of the same sort of nonsense we had at Corunna. In the midst of it, the governor read, from the state box, some good news in the papers that had just reached him. All the ladies then rose — among the rest Her Majesty the Countess Altamira, wife of His Majesty the president of the supreme Junta—waving their handkerchiefs, flirting their fans, and crying "Viva Fernando," "Viva Jorge Tercero," &c., &c. After the play, the audience, including the ladies, in full dress and diamonds, repaired to the principal square, the Plaza de Santo Antonio, and there promenaded for a considerable time. The night was beautiful, and the numerous lights, the variety of costume, the sparkle of jewels, the veils, and the fans, and the pretty women that were there—for this little peninsula seems to have a monopoly of this *valuable commodity*—their pleasant chat and light laughter, the general bustle and the joy observable on every countenance, made up one of the prettiest and liveliest scenes you can imagine.

The next day our consul, Duffe, a fine hearty old fellow of the old school, near eighty, but with the life and spirits of half that age, took us *en gala* to see

the blessing of the colours of the volunteers of Cadiz, of which he is Captain Commandant. We were a party of twenty English, amongst whom was Sir J. Craddock, whose acquaintance I made when he was in command at Lisbon, and who is now gone to Gibraltar as governor. The ceremony of blessing the colours took place in the cathedral—a very poor building, compared with that of Seville. When it was concluded, we embarked for Puerta Santa Maria, about two leagues across the bay, where we paid our respects to the Cardinal de Bourbon and his sister, the wife of the Prince of Peace. The cardinal was the picture of stupidity itself, the princess rather a pretty woman. Both of them were covered with jewels.

In the evening we assisted at a bull-fight, given *in all form*, in honour of the day and of ourselves—the "*noble English visitants*"—having previously partaken of a banquet prepared for us by our worthy commandant.

We saw two bulls, and one horse killed; and two men nearly shared the same fate. I am glad to have had so advantageous an opportunity of witnessing this favourite diversion of the Spaniards, for we may be said to have seen it in perfection, and I may now venture on giving you my opinion of it. I have the bad taste to own that it is not a favourable one. No doubt the vividly expressed impatience of so many thousands of people, naturally of a sedate and serious character, the anxious eagerness depicted in every eye, the rapture, the enthusiasm to which the vast

assemblage has worked itself up when the bull makes his appearance and the combat begins, is a fine and thrilling sight, which, with the variety and richness of the costumes, forms a most striking spectacle. But here I must stop; for all the rest I can regard only as cruel, barbarous, and revolting.

The advocates of this amusement urge, in its favour, that it keeps up the spirit of the people; but that this is necessary, as applied to the Spaniards, I deny, and, besides, I cannot think a spirit so inspired worth much—it is very like making a man drunk in order to give him courage. But the attractiveness of this diversion to some of our party had well nigh cost us dear; for their reluctance to come away, detained us so late, that there was barely enough water on the bar to allow of our crossing it. As it was, we touched ground three times, and the boat which followed could not get over: its passengers, after wading up to their middle in water, thought themselves lucky in getting on shore by midnight. This would have happened to us, if we had been a few minutes later, which, as I was anxious to accompany Lady Holland and party, to whom I was engaged, to the play, would have been a double bore. Sir J. Craddock, who sailed the next day for his new command, pressed me to accompany him in the *Surveillante*, Sir G. Collier—the same vessel that I had such a race with, when bringing home the news from Copenhagen — and I should have been very glad to have availed myself of so good an opportunity of seeing Gibraltar, but I was under promise to

Mr. Frere to return, if required, at a moment's notice, and therefore gave it up.

We concluded our gaieties by celebrating our king's birthday with salutes from the batteries and ships; a banquet, of course, illuminations, and a new piece at the play-house: it represented Romana's escape from Denmark, and it was no bad fun to see the figure they made of Admiral Keates and others.

We—that is, friend Doyle and myself—got back to Seville on the 7th, having had a very pleasant jaunt.

While at Cadiz, I read Erskine's letters in some American papers Lord Holland had received. It seems to me, that by Erskine's arrangement we are letting the Americans off very easily, or rather, perhaps, letting ourselves down very much. Lord H., on reading it, flew out immediately. "They called mine and Lord Auckland's language," said he, "too submissive; what do they say to this?" I, of course, made no answer, but could not help feeling the justice of what he said. In fact, if the business was to have ended in this way, we might as well have come to these terms from the first. Erskine says, "A minister with full powers will immediately be sent out to sign and put the finishing hand."

Will this minister be Francis?

G. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Lower Grosvenor Street, May 13th, 1809.

The wind has been much in the S.W. lately, yet I hear of no arrivals from Seville. I suppose Lord Wellesley will find Frere there, if Victor or Sebastiani do not interfere with their respective plans.

There is a report that Frere is to go to Constantinople, and it is not *unlikely* to be true; in that case I hope you will go with him, instead of coming home. I say not *unlikely*, because I know nothing of the matter; but, as well for your sake as that I think Frere has been very ill-used, I wish, and expect that it may be true. Instead of the reprobation that is attempted to be thrown upon him, he deserves some public testimony of approbation and reward. In saying this, I doubt that I should find one man in a thousand that would be of my opinion—a fine elucidation of the saying, *Que les absens ont toujours tort*, and a pretty sample, too, of what foreign ministers may expect, when, at a distance, and in the most zealous performance of their duties, their actions are to be taken to pieces, and misrepresented to serve party purposes.

I daresay that, when the subject comes to be discussed, Canning will set it in its true light.

In the Upper House, Lords Liverpool and Mulgrave made what they thought was a defence of Frere; but though they approved him in general, they gave up the particulars of his conduct. In short, the Opposition say they completely gave him up. "Deliver

me from my friends, I'll take care of my enemies." Burdett, Cobbet, and Wardle have taken the field for a parliamentary reform, and before they have done will probably make a row, but no reform. It is unfortunate that they are furnished with such good materials by the passing events of the day. Lord Castlereagh's business, and that of the Dutch commissioners—but particularly the way in which both have been treated by the House of Commons—produced, and produces still, a great and most unfavourable sensation. The demagogues, of course, make the most of them to prove that the Commons, as at present composed, will in no case of misconduct, however glaring, inflict punishment or censure. The country people were calculating that Lord Castlereagh would resign, and Lord Wellesley take his place, when the latter's appointment to Spain was announced. I heard it with pleasure, because I consider it as a proof that those best informed on the subject entertain hopes of things yet doing well in Spain. But I still retain my own opinion, that that cannot be, unless we make greater exertions—unless we employ at least fifty thousand men—which would be, I imagine, neither difficult nor dangerous, as the volunteering from the militia has been successful, and the local are in a fair train for organization. I did think that less than ninety thousand men would not suffice, but I bate forty thousand now, on account of the Austrian war. This is now well begun; the scabbard is thrown away, and at times I flatter myself with hopes of success. But the flattery does

not last long—it will recur more or less frequently, according as I see the war conducted, and the spirit that prevails in the Austrian troops.

I was, in the outset, quite dismayed that we should attempt nothing about the Elbe and the Weser; not by way of a campaign—that would, I know, be incompatible with our pursuits and with our means—but by way of diversion; by way of preventing the French from leaving the north of Germany to carry all their forces to the south; by way of establishing a *noyau*, on which the thousands of Prussians and Hessians that are at liberty in those countries might form themselves; by way, in short, of opening a communication with Vienna, by which we might concert any other measures that may be advisable.

We are, at present, entirely at the mercy of the enemy for information, and know very little more than he chooses of what is passing. The "Correspondenten," which I receive regularly, does not even insert the official papers of Vienna, and I doubt whether the Prussian papers are more independent.

We are very anxious for an account of the further operations of the army on the Danube. The report of a battle on the 3rd, near Lintz, is not believed; one will be fought nearer Vienna, and the archduke has a more numerous army than at the beginning of the campaign.

All the north of Germany is in full insurrection. Schill marched from Berlin, *sans dire gare*, with seven hundred hussars, and is in possession of Halberstadt. Blücher is gone to Hanover, to take the command of

the insurrection there; Dornberg is acting *pour le mieux*. In short, Jerome will not hold his ground much longer at Cassel. All this looks well, but everything here, there, and with you, must depend on the battle on the Danube. I do not know what is likely to become of Frere, now that Adair's appointment has put Constantinople out of the question. My advice to you, is to keep out as long as you can, by any means, and in whatever country or service. Perhaps Frere, before he returns, could despatch you, on detached service, to Vienna, Constantinople, or South America.

Henry Wellesley goes with Lord W. as secretary of embassy, probably to succeed as chief hereafter. The Wellesley who is with, or near you; Pole; an East India aide-de-camp, secretaries, &c., &c., will be in *part* only the composition of the new embassy. It would evidently be *infra* for you to come in at the tail of all that; but I think you may possibly, by your *facultades*, raise yourself pretty high amongst them, and Lord Wellesley may perhaps like the assistance of one who has all his parts about him. Frere will not leave until after his arrival; when that will happen I cannot say, but he will probably not leave this before the birthday.

You will see that this disposal of you is a very disinterested one, when I tell you that I should have much wished to have brought you over to set out with me to America, for which I have, this day, engaged to be ready in three weeks from this time, and I shall think myself well off, if I can crib a

fourth week. Erskine has been doing everything he ought not, and very little of what he ought; in short, he has been playing the devil—acting contrary to his instructions, or omitting them altogether, and is completely disavowed and recalled—*instanter*.

I am about to enter upon a most delicate—I *hope* not desperate—enterprise. The mission is made the same, as to pay and emoluments, as Berlin, with the addition of a service of plate.

Yesterday, Canning settled that you should be at the same time appointed secretary of legation; to-day Hammond has suggested a difficulty—how to remove Oakley—and your appointment is *postponed*, only until that is got over. This will be the better for you, and something must come out of it for your advantage. If you get no appointment in Europe—and I do not expect a permanent one, because I have no opinion of European politics—you will be sure of one with me. In the meantime, it will be better that you should end your Spanish career well, and remain in Europe, as you could not arrive in time to go with me, to inform me a little of what is going on. God bless you; remember me to both Freres.

I had almost forgotten, in the bustle we are in, to say a word to you on the subject of your friend, Lady Holland. You have judged her character accurately, and you must, as I daresay you will, be upon your guard not to make an enemy of her. The principal exception I should make to this rule, would be not to let her take me as a successor to Bartle; for which purpose you must not be too intimate with her upon

other subjects—*principiis obsta.* Her good-will, as well as her lord's, it may be well to conciliate, for what may happen. I understand why she is so savage against both brothers, and so do you, I suppose. She was well informed on some points, and I daresay that, if things had gone on well, you would have succeeded Bartle; but now I can find no certain opening for you in that quarter.

F. J. J.

P.S.—*Downing Street.*—I have just learnt that the *Donegal* is ordered for Lord Wellesley; the *Africaine* for my conveyance. Who should make his appearance to-day, but our old friend Ompteda—come, as he says, to see his brother, who commanded a battalion of the German legion, but is now out of his mind. Indeed, I believe this to be the probable cause of his journey. He gives a terrible account of Berlin; of the poverty and misery, and the entire *bouleversement* of society. People living in garrets, who used to live in palaces; all burning tallow instead of wax candles; Jews and tradesmen forming the cream of their *parties élégantes* at Hatzfelt's, who now lives in the house that Engeström had, having sold his own.

Lord Paget and Colonel Cadogan have this morning fought a bloodless duel; the former not choosing to return the fire of the latter.

I say again, you may depend upon it that Frere, notwithstanding any error he may have fallen into, has been very ill-used.

May 30th.

Diaries—June 14th.—I happened to be crossing the hall when the messenger, Ross, arrived this morning with despatches from England. He ran eagerly up and stopped me, and began in his easy, flippant way, "Well, sir, are you ready for a journey? I had orders to hail any ship I met, to inquire if you were on board. Your brother will be gone before you can get home," &c., &c. He then drew forth Francis's letter, and presented it with a look and a nod that seemed to say he was acquainted with the contents. Mr. Frere very kindly sent to me immediately, and said, wishing me joy of my brother's appointment, that he desired to anticipate anything I might have to say to him, and to beg I would have no hesitation in setting off instantly, if such was my object. I took that opportunity—which I was not sorry to have, for we have all lived together on very pleasant terms—of thanking him for the attention I had met with from him throughout, and particularly for this fresh proof of it; and I then told him, confidentially, how matters stood with regard to Oakley. He said that was all very satisfactory to him, and that he had mentioned my leaving only because he thought I should be glad to get out of the way of Lord Wellesley, who, from my understanding the language, would probably wish to lay hold of me—I should be glad if he did, for I have a great desire to see this game played out in Spain. My expectation is that I shall have to return with Frere; but as the marquis, I understand, is not likely to set off in a hurry, and Frere does not move quickly,

we shall probably make out another two months here.

15*th*.—Since the arrival of the fatal messenger, Frere's pen seems paralyzed, and so sore a subject is his recall, and all connected with it, that until yesterday, when it was slightly alluded to, not one syllable has he uttered respecting it. There has been, indeed, but little to write about as regards military operations; they remain much in the same state as when I left for Cadiz, and will continue so, as *far as depends on us*, until the arrival of Sir A. Wellesley—if the enemy will allow of it. As a symptom that he will not, Bassecourt has been threatened with an attack from Miajadas, and Alburquerque, who was in the rear at Zafra, is gone with his division of cavalry to reinforce him. Cuesta's head-quarters are still at Fuente del Maestre.

Joe returned to Madrid at the end of last month from his trip to Aranjuez and Toledo: at the latter place he amused the people by attending several masses.

Sir Arthur is to be at Badajoz on the 16th, and his arrival, they say, is to be the signal for attack.

19*th*.—He has, however, written from Abrantes, under date of the 13th. He was waiting there for money, and a string of etceteras, and to be joined by some of his troops from the north, in order to advance. The French, meanwhile, appeared to be concentrating their forces for the purpose of attacking Cuesta before Sir Arthur can come up.

We have at last heard from Romana. He was at

Orense, on the 5th, with fourteen thousand men, and hoped to be able to maintain himself behind the Minho and Sil. He gives no account of his operations in Asturias, but what we do learn, though it is a confused story, is of a very odd nature, and confirms other reports that had reached us—quarrels with the Junta of Oviedo, attempts to arrest him, &c.

Ney had returned from his expedition into that province, and had again near twenty thousand men with him.

27*th*.—The French, under Victor, have gradually abandoned all their positions on this side the Tagus; Cuesta has, *as gradually*, followed them, and on the 24th he was placing his bridge to cross, with his whole army, they having continued their retreat towards Navalmoral, without even leaving any troops to harass him in or dispute his passage, but merely a few cavalry as a corps of observation. The old man talks of overtaking them in two or three days, but hitherto he has suffered them to move off without molestation, and, but that their retreat is now so precipitate, I should fear their turning about and attacking one part of the Spaniards before the other could have time to cross over; the more so, as, from very heavy rains, the river is just now considerably swollen, and Cuesta has only one bridge of pontoons to cross with. It is thought that he might have annoyed them more in their retreat; but with an enemy of nearly if not quite equal force, it would no doubt be a difficult operation, to say nothing of the difference in the composition of the two armies. It

is, however, regretted by many that *we* should again have lost so much time as we appear to have done at Abrantes. The march northward was not liked here, and the only effect produced by it has been the checking of the peasant warfare, without any solid good attending it, for the enemy did not want this fresh taste of the British bayonet to keep out of its way as much as possible. If Ney and Soult, unless they also are to leave the country, do not shortly reappear on the Minho with such a force as will oblige Sir Arthur to look once more to Portugal, we shall be most agreeably surprised. On the 22nd he was still at Abrantes, but daily expected to move in the direction of Plasencia.

Sebastiani has also retreated, but not so rapidly as Victor. He was at Consuegra by the last accounts; Vanégas was pursuing.

28*th*.—Intercepted letters from Paris speak of the probable recall of the French armies from this country, in consequence of their great reverses in Germany. Of these we know only what the French bulletins tell us. The tone of Nos. 12 and 16 would seem to justify our flattering hopes, though their date proves that the Austrians had not *then* been able to follow up their advantages, whatever they may have been. The latest light we have from England is what the "Sun" of the 7th affords, and our darkness is not much lightened by that.

The irregular warfare carried on by the peasants, and even by individuals of a higher class, in Castile and Navarre, is become very distressing to the enemy,

who in the former province has avenged himself, as the Duchess of Ossuna herself told me last night, by burning to the ground that beautiful castle at Benevente, certainly the handsomest and most curious building I have seen in Spain.

29*th*.—A most untoward event, particularly in the present state of things, has occurred as regards Blake and his army. An action took place at Calanda on the 7th, in which the Spaniards attacked the French with their accustomed impetuosity, and were ending with the usual disorderly retreat, when Blake, with great courage and presence of mind, put himself at the head of a small reserve that guarded his artillery, and, contrary to the expectations of those about him—who, conceiving the day hopelessly lost, urged him to quit the field, crying out, "General, *no hay remedio!*" he replying, "*Si, todavia hay!*"—succeeded in rallying his flying troops, and finally in completely repulsing the enemy. This speech to Blake, and his answer, I saw in the handwriting of one of the officers who advised the retreat. The way in which he relates the circumstance does him much honour.

From Calanda, Blake and his eighteen thousand men advanced without delay, in order not to allow the French time to receive reinforcements before he made his intended attempt on Saragossa. But on the morning of the 15th his advanced guard was attacked at Maria, and on the evening of the same day, the French having drawn out all their troops from Saragossa, a general action began, Blake's head-quarters being then at Bujaratoz. The ground

here is very uneven, a succession of hillocks and flats. After three different attacks the Spaniards were driven from their positions, but retired from height to height in as good order as the nature of the ground would admit of. When night came on they effected a retreat, with the loss only of some pieces of cannon which they had previously destroyed. The whole of the next day they remained quiet, but at nightfall the enemy showed symptoms of renewing the attack. They had however sent a corps, as Blake suspected from their apparent inactivity, to flank him, and about eleven they fell upon him with great fury, hoping to force him to change his position, and thus expose himself to the fire of this corps. But in this they were disappointed, for the Spaniards stood their ground valorously, and Blake was enabled to retreat that night to Belchite without molestation, and, with the enemy still in sight, to take up a position there. Would that the account ended here; for though the Spaniards were, no doubt, worsted, yet they had behaved well and had met with no considerable loss. But the next morning, the 18th, they were attacked in their new position, "and completely routed and dispersed." In his letter, Blake uses only these expressions. His spirits, he says, are so broken that he cannot enter into any details of this disastrous event. This may do honour to his heart as a private individual, but reflects little upon him, I think, in his public character. He calls for a military investigation of his conduct, though he has nothing to reproach himself with, because it is

due to the nation, and he concludes by begging permission to give up his command, "acting henceforth only as a private soldier; the only situation his unlucky star fits him for, as shown by so many unfortunate proofs." He requests only a small pension for the maintenance of his family, and resigns the estates and pensions lately granted him, of which, he says, "a man so useless to his country is unworthy."

I have been particular in noting down these circumstances, for I think they reveal the character of the man; but however generous and noble-minded we may be led by them to consider him, I cannot but regard him as very reprehensible in allowing feelings of such a nature to get the better of a proper sense of his public obligations, which surely should have led him to give particulars as to his losses, and the hopes we might still entertain of retrieving this disaster. But neither of this nor of his future plans does he say one word. It is too evident, however, that his army no longer exists, and that it depends only on the enemy to march, when he will, straight upon Valencia.

Como quiera, a consolatory letter has been written by the Junta to the disconsolate General, telling him that "the battle was not always to the strong," &c., refusing his proffered resignation, and desiring only immediate and *unreserved* details.

Their sentiments with regard to Romana, though they may be afraid of him, are of a different nature, and he has been recalled under pretence of his

presence being necessary in the Junta, where he succeeded Prince Pio.

Lady Holland to Mr. G. Jackson.

Cadiz.

I suppose after wishing you joy of your brother's appointment to the United States, we must congratulate you upon accompanying him, at least it seems to be an obvious arrangement. You will not like my countrymen after European courts; they are, *in general, a sad* money-making and low-minded set *of beings.*

I have petitioned Frere to send us a complete set of newspapers, from 9th May down to the latest date. There are none in Cadiz. The "Morning Chronicle," or "Times," or, indeed, any will be highly acceptable.

The victory at Oporto did not prove quite so brilliant an affair, by the official reports, as by these transmitted to us here. There are ugly reports afloat, but we cannot trace them to any authentic source, viz., a defeat of Blücher's army; the junction of Ney, Soult, Kellerman; reinforcement of Victor. The sloop that deposited Romana at Ribadeo is *said* to be here. The troops from Gibraltar are on their way to Lisbon. All our letters, most perversely, were sent to Gibraltar. Inquire of Onis if Apadoca has sent him a parcel for Mde. Contamina, also of Rodenis, if *Very* has brought my shawl from Valencia.

Lord Wellesley has not sailed. He is to come with

Cevillos in the *Donegal*—the finest ship in the navy, which sails as swiftly as any frigate.

E. V. H.

Xeres.—We performed our journey prosperously, but I was so excessively fatigued I am obliged to remain in bed all day. As we don't know where Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan lodge in Seville, I venture to give you the trouble of making that discovery.

Where is Alburquerque? I dread the event of his attacks.

E. V. H.

Diaries—July 2nd.—An office letter of the 16th ult. mentions the possibility—but in a tone as if the writer would have said *probability*—of Lord Wellesley not coming out at all. This makes us very anxious. And without regard to this or that minister, the delay that has taken place in his arrival is to be regretted; for at a moment when more than usual authority and exertion is required, on the part of the British representative, his hands and tongue are tied, as it were, by the feeling that his successor may be here to-morrow, in full possession of the latest sentiments of Government, and that it is better, therefore, to wait his arrival.

3rd.—Blake has written from Tortosa, a full confirmation of the disastrous accounts we had from other sources of his battle, if battle it can be called, where, upon the first fire, the regiments all ran away, one after the other. General Caro is said to have been at the bottom of the whole business. He

had had orders to leave Valencia, and join the army, which was contrary to his wishes; to avoid obeying the order, he caused a riot to be got up in the town, and pretended that the people would not let him go. The Valencian division, however, did march, but so misconducted itself that to it, and the ill-will of Caro, whose egotism would not allow him to act in concert with Blake—he having desired an independent command, and to be appointed captain-general of the province—much of Blake's misfortune is attributed.

The Junta had not yesterday decided on the steps that should be taken in this matter, but it would scarcely be credited that a proposal was actually made, and debated, to *excommunicate* the province of Valencia, and to declare all its inhabitants rebels, unworthy of partaking of the blessings enjoyed under the present Government.

As long as their Supremacies are allowed to go blundering on in this way, we must not hope for anything favourable from them. Popular opinion begins again to manifest itself very unreservedly, and there is hardly a man you meet who does not tell you that the old system, bad as it was, was a thousand times better than this.

Cuesta had not, on the 28th, passed over all his army. Victor's corps kept retreating in the direction of Talavera, where they had destroyed the bridge. On the other hand, Sebastiani's corps had been considerably increased, and Joseph has joined it with six thousand men. It is feared that Sir Arthur has not force enough to stand against Victor and Sebastiani

united—to whom some add Mortier—if they should determine to attack him. Sir Arthur broke up for Plasencia with his army on the 26th.

4th.—News is just arrived that Cuesta is back again with his whole force, on this side the Tagus. He thought the French were going to attack him; they are still hovering about Talavera, but their movements are so varied, there is no forming any opinion of their intentions.

8th.—An intercepted letter from Victor to King Joe, dated Calçada, 25th ult., has in some degree cleared up the uncertainty we were in about the movements of the enemy. From it, it appears that the utter want of provisions compelled him to leave this side of the Tagus, and he seems fully aware that he will not be much better off on the other. He gives a most interesting account of his situation: "Ma position," he says, "est affreuse; je touche au moment de voir la dissolution du premier corps d'armée. Les soldats tombent d'inanition. Je n'ai rien absolument à leur donner; ils sout au désespoir. Je ne vois pas sans effroi les effets de cette détresse; ils seront funestes à notre gloire, ils le seront à votre Majesté. Je suis forcé de me réplier sur Talavera, où il n'y a pas plus de ressources qu'ici. Que devenir ? Si votre Majesté m'abandonne, honneur—service—tout est perdu. Je ne serai pas la cause du désastre, néanmoins j'én porterai la peine," &c. From this gentleman then we have little to fear, and I trust that Sir Arthur, who by this time must be near Plasencia, will find a ready cure for all his wants.

. On the side of La Mancha, the French have had as many as twenty thousand, and Joseph was advanced as far as Madridejos, with all the Spanish renegados, O'Farril, Negretti, Azanza, &c. This circumstance gave rise to the belief, which secret intelligence seemed to confirm, that an attack was intended in these parts, but for some reason they have again suddenly retired.

10*th*.—Cuesta is at the bridge of Almoraz—Victor in a strong position at the confluence of the Tagus and Alberche. Sir Arthur has twenty-eight thousand men with him, and daily expects reinforcements, so that we may hope to see the Cintra convention, and our Gallician campaign, obliterated by the result of the impending battle. But there is no time to lose, for Soult has left the mountains for Zamora, to be ready for what may happen.

General Franceschi, his right-hand man, has been captured. He was the bearer of most interesting despatches to Joseph, and still more important verbal information. Of this Sir Arthur will have had full advantage, as Monsieur dined with him the other day at Zarza Mayor.

Soult's letters are dated the 25th, from Sanabria. He says, that for the last five months he is without news, without orders, in complete ignorance of what is passing, and in absolute want of everything requisite for an army—money, clothing, shoes, &c.—so harassed that, if sick or wounded, the soldiers have no choice but to "perir de misère ou sous les coups des paysans." That Ney, unless reinforced, cannot stand

his ground; that the disposition of the inhabitants contributes with other causes "à augmenter de jour en jour le nombre des ennemis et à rendre la guerre qu'on fait dans ce pays très meutrière, infiniment desagréable et d'un résultat fort éloigné. On se battra encore long-tems avant que votre Majesté en rétire quelque avantage, leur systême étant d'harceler sans cesse et d'éviter une affaire générale. Avec le tems ils useraient l'armée la plus forte, et ils finiraient, même sans combattre, par la détruire, si elle n'était soutenue et on férait une perte d'hommes incalculable sans obtenir le résultat qu'on se propose."

Such is the description given of the condition of their armies by two of their renowned marshals, varied according to the difference in the character of the writers, but in both cases clearly showing the extreme distress to which they are reduced; that they are beginning to discover that "war-making" in this country is not quite so agreeable a pastime as they have hitherto found it, and that the inconveniences they complain of, as Soult himself adds, "I must not conceal from your Majesty, begin to operate upon *le moral du soldat.*" I wish the Germans would take due advantage of all this, and that the people, particularly, would take a leaf out of the Spanish peasant's book.

The difference of style, so characteristic of the men, observable in the account of Victor, and that of His Grace of Dalmatia, should not, I think, be regarded as a mere matter of curiosity, but rather as a warning of what such a commander as Soult may

be capable of. Like Victor, he admits that he is in a miserable dilemma, but instead of giving way to despair, he boldly looks his difficulties in the face, and in his letter goes on to suggest remedies for them; talks of reforms he is making in his army, and that had become necessary from a spirit of *intrigue et conspiration* which had shown itself at Oporto; of removing some Generals, who, though not implicated yet, had not on all occasions shown the same spirt and activity as he himself plainly evinces, and, as he says, is necessary in such a war as we are waging.

He complains also of Ney, for allowing himself to be intimidated from the execution of a project concerted between them for the retaking of Vigo, and surrounding Romana by a march along the coast, while he, Soult, should join him by a march along the eastern frontier of the province. Ney's reason for not attempting it was, first, the show of resistance made at Vigo, where the crews of three English men-of-war had been disembarked, and had erected batteries; and secondly, the repeated arrival of British reinforcements, and the strongly defended position of a bridge which he would have had to carry.

Ney, in stating these objections—which Soult terms groundless ones—had at the same time sought to induce him to remain in Gallicia, and expressed his apprehensions that the worst consequences would follow if he did not. But Soult did not regard this, and was to be at Zamora on the 2nd inst. He does not say in what force, but Romana, from whom, under

date of Orense, the 28th ult., we have just learnt the subsequent evacuation of all Gallicia, states it at from ten to twelve thousand. Ney evacuated Corunna, Lugo, and the rest of the province on the 22nd, and took the direction of Astorga and Castile. Nothing is said specifically of Ferrol. They consider it here as included in the general expression, "all Gallicia;" but naming as he does Corunna, with the destruction of the powder magazines, and all warlike stores, it is odd that nothing should be said of the fleet and arsenal at the former port. The Spanish troops in that province are represented by Romana to be in as great want as their adversaries were, and for some time to come we must not expect to see them out of their mountains. Unless, therefore, Wellesley can *acabar con* Victor *luégo, luégo, luégo*, we shall have him exposed to the united forces of Soult, Ney, Victor, Sebastiani, and whatever detached corps there may be in and about Madrid.

In numbers, eighty-three thousand men, we should have the advantage, but in the composition of the armies—fifty-five thousand of ours being Spaniards—fearful odds against us. This very day Sir Arthur is passing with old Cuesta at Almaraz, to-morrow all our troops unite at Plasencia, and then—*veremos*. This is if possible a more anxious movement than that of December last. Would to God we had here sixty thousand true Britons! I would lay my life that the game would then be up with the French.

18*th*.—On the 25th they had thrown six thousand shells into Gerona; most of the buildings were

damaged. Sooner or later it must fall, for it cannot be relieved, and thus near twenty thousand additional troops will be at liberty to act against us.

19*th.*—The marquis seems to be in no hurry to come out to us, and it begins to be suspected that he will not make his appearance at all.

20*th.*—There are various reports afloat of a change of system at St. Petersburg, grounded on a message to the senate to Bonaparte, in which he says, that "although he has no doubt of the emperor's personal sentiments, he has yet reason to fear that the Russian senate and nobles have been bought by English gold." I have been positively assured that a "Moniteur," of the 28th, had reached Madrid with this message, and that great pains had been taken to suppress it. Though the report is almost too good to be true, it is certain that a similar one has been received here through another channel.

Extract.—Lady Holland to Mr. G. Jackson.

Lisbon, July 10th, 1809.

From Elvas we made an excursion to Evora, and visited its antiquities, and venerable bishop, the latter —as Mr. Wellesley prettily expresses it—is as curious and nearly as antique as any of the antiquities. He is a fine old man of eighty-six, in full possession of his mental powers, although they were shaken by Loison's visit last year, when he came to pillage and to chastise the people of Evora for their want of loyalty to the Duke of Abrantes. He even threatened him, and three times told him he had forfeited his

life, by publishing an edict against the French Government. He then became pacified, and gave his honour to the bishop that his palace should not be touched during the sack of the town. However, he himself, the next day, with some officers and a few soldiers, broke open a private door into the cabinet of medals, and stole every one of silver and gold, leaving for the learned the copper coins, with their venerable rust of antiquity.

We sail to-morrow in the *Lively*. Do not forget the rosary with *gold*. Lord Wellesley, upon the point of sailing off, was arrested by a severe fit of the gout.

Lord Harrowby is in the Board of Control, with a seat in the cabinet. Lord S. Leveson, War Office—seat in the cabinet. Lord Chatham certainly takes the command of the expedition, supposed to be destined for Holland. Sir Harry Mildmay is going to be married to the pretty Miss Bouverie, who last year refused Lord Primrose.

The king sent for Lord Grey, and saw him for two hours at Windsor—this is *certain*—our friends, afraid of appearing in the "Moniteur," do not detail particulars.

Mr. Ward is arrived. He took a house here, and yesterday settled to go with Mr. W. Ponsonby to Cintra; last night he took his passage in the packet, and sails at six A.M.! and then people say *women* are fickle.

All the military chiefs squabbled about the patronage in the Portuguese army.

Lord Wellesley ordered two splendid equipages for

his lady, Mrs. Leslie, *alias* Douglas; but it was represented that he ought not to bring her out with so much magnificence, and for a week he gave up the embassy; however, she is to come, but in a more modest guise.

There is no news. Kind regards to all who think or care about us.

Yours, with regard,

E. V. H.

Diaries—July 28th.—The 10th was passed by Sir Arthur and Cuesta in conference together, upon the plan they should pursue. Their interview was productive of mutual satisfaction; though, as Cuesta declined to speak French, everything that passed was through the medium of an interpreter, General O'Donoghue, Cuesta's confidential aide-de-camp, and, as his name indicates, an Irish Spaniard.

Sir Arthur was received with the greatest respect and attention. Cuesta drew out his whole force, and sent the grenadiers forward a league or two to meet him. When he arrived, all Cuesta's aides-de-camp went to receive his orders, and every officer, from the rank of colonel upwards, waited upon him at his quarters. Sir Arthur having presented Cuesta unexpectedly with a snuff-box, with the king's picture, he was much embarrassed how to return the compliment, having nothing of any value to offer. But he extricated himself from this difficulty by presenting his cane to Sir Arthur, and saying, con mucha gracia, "Es el baston con que mando a mi exercito."

All this is mighty well, if there be but, in matters more essential, a corresponding disposition. But Cuesta, I am sorry to say, has not begun well. It was determined to attack the enemy in front with the united British and Spanish forces, while Venégas, driving back the corps of Sebastiani, should cross the Tagus, in the neighbourhood of Aranjuez, and thus menace Madrid. It was proposed to detach, at the same time, a Spanish corps of about ten thousand men, in the direction of Avila, to turn the French right; but Cuesta declined to detach so largely, and not more than two battalions of infantry, and a few cavalry, to support Sir R. Wilson with his Portuguese legion, could be obtained of him. The rest of the plan was however adopted, and, in pursuance of it, the French have been driven from Talavera. The Anglo-Spanish army entered it on the 22nd, *pêle-mêle* with the French. They, however, made no resistance, and lost not more than a hundred men. The enemy took up a pretty strong position on the other side of the Alberche. Sir Arthur and Cuesta reconnoitred it, and it was the wish of the former to attack it on the following morning, the 23rd, when they would have had only Victor's corps to contend with.

What was our anxiety for the arrival of the army *parte* of that day, and what our disappointment when it did reach us, to learn that, in consequence of Cuesta having differed in opinion from Sir Arthur, the attack had been deferred until the 24th, when it was found that the enemy had decamped.

On the same day, we received news of Sebastiani having begun his retreat—to join Victor, no doubt—and though Venégas is after him, I fear he will not prevent it. Thus, if it comes to an action, the enemy will have a considerable increase of strength.

29*th.*—Sir Arthur is detained at Talevera by want of provisions, and Cuesta is going on, I fear without sufficient caution, after the enemy. As the messenger was coming off, a smart fire was heard in the direction of Torrijos, and it is supposed that the two vans have met. I dread the consequences, when the enemy shall have discovered that the British forces are not with Cuesta.

Joseph being apprised of the intention of the allies to commence active operations against Victor, left Madrid with the reserve, and sent orders to Sebastiani to retire upon Toledo. He himself passed the night at Navalcarnero, where he received the news of the movement of the 24th. Instead, therefore, of continuing his march, as he had intended, to Castilejo, he turned off to the left, and established his head-quarters at Bargar, near Toledo.

30*th.*—On the 25th, the three corps united, and on the 26th they moved forward. At Torrijos they fell in with Cuesta's vanguard, which they attacked, and in the first instance routed with great loss. Fortunately, Alburquerque came up with a reinforcement, and, repulsing the French in their turn, saved not only the advanced corps, but the whole army, by preventing the enemy from carrying out his plan of bringing on a general action with the Spaniards

when completely separated from their allies. What would then have been the result, is not difficult to guess. Cuesta himself saw his error; he speaks of Alburquerque's conduct in the highest terms, and it is to be hoped that his partial defeat, and the great loss he sustained, may teach him more circumspection in future. He began his retreat immediately, and such was the activity of the duke, and the excellence of his dispositions, that Cuesta might have regained his position on this side the Alberche without any material annoyance.

August 1st.—The battle of Talavera has been fought —a battle glorious for the British arms, lamentable for the blood which has flowed in vain.

The 28th was the day of hardest fighting. On the morning of the 27th, the different armies formed a spectacle in the highest degree picturesque. Cuesta had not regained his position; the French were in pursuit, and he himself was disposed to make a stand. His whole army was in the greatest confusion on the other side of the bridge, the passage completely blocked up by his carts and baggage, so as not to be able to move any way without much difficulty, and the enemy coming fast down upon him from Castilejo. Sir Arthur had sent to him repeatedly, begging him, for God's sake, to retire; but he had hitherto obstinately refused, and it was only by a personal visit at five o'clock that morning that he could induce him to do so. It was, however, five in the afternoon before all his army had crossed the river, the enemy constantly advancing and halting with the utmost

coolness and precision, as our troops, stationed in advance, and who covered the retreat, retired and fronted, which they did every two or three hundred yards.

No sort of precaution had been taken to annoy the French in their passage, and if it had not been for Whittingham—in whose praise it is impossible to say too much—they would have crossed without the slightest opposition. He, of his own accord, sent for two or three pieces of Spanish artillery, and, posting them on this side of the river, was enabled to check a little the rapidity of their pursuit. Cuesta was then suffered to continue his retreat unmolested, and to take up a position with his right on the town of Talavera, and the French turned their whole force against Mackenzie, who was posted in a wood, and from not expecting the attack, was nearly surrounded —the enemy having crossed at two fords above the bridge, attacking in front, as well as sending a corps round to the right. This was the most critical part of the whole action. Sir Arthur saw this last movement, and ordered two regiments to make head against the enemy, at the same time warning them that they would be attacked instantly, and that everything depended on their maintaining their ground. He himself got on the top of a small house in the wood, to superintend the whole, and there had the mortification to see those two regiments give way, and the enemy pressing on in such numbers, and with such rapidity, that he had but just time to drop himself from the roof of the house, mount his

horse, and order the whole of the corps out of the wood, to form in line in front of it. This they did with great rapidity, and poured some most destructive volleys on the French as they advanced, which checked them, and our troops retired in good order, and took up another position.

A hill on the left of the British line was afterwards the great point of contention; it was carried towards the close of the evening, owing to the misconduct of our German infantry—the cavalry behaved very well—but was almost immediately after retaken, and the repeated subsequent attempts of the enemy during the following day to dislodge us, were made in vain.

3rd.—The famous charge of the 23rd Regiment took place in the plain between the above-mentioned hill and the Sierra to the left, where the sharpshooters were placed. A ravine runs there, which, being covered with brushwood, was not perceived beforehand, and they all fell into it—thus one of our finest regiments was cut to pieces, opposed to solid columns of the advancing enemy. The ill-timed impetuosity and rashness of the Guards were also the cause of much mischief, but gave occasion for the execution of a very beautiful manœuvre—the first line opened *en échelon*, allowing the retiring Guards to pass through their intervals, then forming again in close line, with a rapidity and precision which all who saw it speak of as admirable. The whole brunt of the battle was borne by the British, and the two Spanish divisions of Alburquerque and Bassecourt,

who acted with them. Had the right of the whole position been occupied by troops that could have been depended upon, it would have been all over with the French; they would have been so surrounded that few would have escaped to tell the story. As it was, nineteen thousand men gloriously repulsed an army of from forty to fifty thousand, but were prevented from following up their victory from want of food; the British troops were starving, and destitute of the commonest necessaries and assistance for their wounded men. The French, therefore, made good their retreat unmolested in whatever direction they pleased, and they did not entirely disappear until the morning of the 1st. Our loss in killed and wounded is computed at about five thousand, that of the Spaniards at something less than half that number. Generals Mackenzie and Waldewerth are killed, and Generals Hill and two Campbells wounded. Whittingham, a most active and intelligent officer, for whom I feel a sincere friendship, is also, I regret to hear, amongst the wounded.

The loss of the French is computed at ten thousand, killed and wounded, and Cuesta writes that the number of dead they have left on the field is so numerous that he is obliged to send whole battalions to collect the bodies and burn them. The fruit of this victory—to speak *à la Française*—has been nineteen pieces of cannon, and much baggage and ammunition, but we have made very few prisoners. Sir Arthur speaks in the highest terms of the cavalry regiments, *El Rey* particularly, which made, he says,

a most excellent and well-timed charge. The colonel was promoted on the field. Cuesta has got the Order of Charles III. of the first class, and to Sir Arthur, a most flattering letter has been written by the Junta, in which they tell him that, from the moment they heard of his appointment to the command of the army they formed the most sanguine hopes, which have been fully justified by the event, and that although it is impossible fully to repay his services, yet they trust he will accept, as a small token of their gratitude, the commission of Capitan-General de los Reales Exercitos, which they offer him in the name of their sovereign and of the Spanish nation. It was at first intended to offer him the *Toison d'Or*, but some difficulty being started as to its compatibility with other Orders, the above nomination was preferred, accompanied by a present of four of the finest chargers that could be found. It will have this advantage—and the Junta is supposed to have had it in view—that if Cuesta from any cause should be compelled to give up the command it would, as a matter of course, then devolve on Sir Arthur.

We have just learnt that intelligence reached him on the 1st, of Soult having advanced as far as Plasencia. He had collected the different scattered forces in that neighbourhood at Zamora, making up an army, including Mortier's corps, of from twenty to twenty-five thousand men. Had Cuesta detached the ten thousand men, as Sir Arthur advised, to defend the Puerto de Baños, this could not have

happened; but in order to turn the circumstance to some advantage, it was determined that Sir Arthur should march to the attack of Soult, who, ignorant of a battle having been fought at Talavera, was hurrying on by forced marches, while Cuesta remained to defend the position of the Alberche. But scarcely had the British forces reached Oropesa on the evening of the 2nd than they were overtaken by the Spanish army, Cuesta having decided on following them, in consequence, as he pretends, of information that had reached him of Soult's army being superior in numbers to Sir Arthur's, and that it was necessary to reinforce him to secure a victory. It is said that a desire of sharing *à peu de frais* in what he considered a certain victory was his chief motive, but it is likely that he was apprehensive of an attack when left alone at Talavera, though his outposts were then six leagues advanced without meeting an enemy. By Cuesta's movement, however, more than two thousand wounded, English and Spanish, were left to the mercy of the enemy in the town, and Sir Arthur was exposed to an attack in his rear while occupied with Soult.

The result of all this is, that Sir Arthur has retreated; Soult and Victor have effected a junction, and both friends and foes have repassed the Tagus. Cuesta is now at the Mesa de Ibor, the British army at Deleitosa.

Bassecourt was ordered to defend the bridge of Arzobispo to the last, but the French crossed at a ford lower down the river, and would have com-

pletely cut him off had not Alburquerque rushed to the assistance of Bassecourt, and saved his two divisions, though with the loss of a great number of his own men and some artillery.

5*th*.—In his report of this business, Cuesta accused the duke of having been surprised, and represented the disaster in so unfavourable a light that all Seville was in the greatest consternation. By the next despatch he contradicted all this, saying that the previous report was made on the first blush of the business, and from the accounts of the dispersed troops, declaring finally that he owes everything to the duke, and that his talents and activity render his services indispensable to him.

6*th*.—As regards Cuesta himself, debates have run very high in the Junta as to the expediency of removing him. The president has threatened to resign if his opinion is counteracted; but there is a strong party for as well as against Cuesta, by whom every engine of intrigue is set in motion, even so far as sending people about the streets to talk of Cuesta, and to declare that the country will be ruined should he be removed. "Consider," they say, "what he has done for us. Six months ago he succeeded to a *negative* command, and you see him now at the head of an army of near forty thousand men." "True," reply his adversaries, "but in what state are they? Any man could have received recruits, and have given them clothes and arms when these articles were sent to him, but, for the rest, is not everything that constitutes an army wanting?" No one denies

his great personal bravery, but when his talents as a General are mentioned, they remind you of Medellin, or rather they did, until his obstinacy in refusing to attack the French on the 23rd, in pursuing them when they had retired, and his abandonment of his post at Talavera were made known. These are powerful additional weapons in his enemies' hands, and it is reported that they have made such good use of them that his resignation is looked upon as certain. *Oxala!* Yet should it prove so, it will be only *'reculer pour mieux sauter'*; for the disasters which I fear are now hanging over us will then be attributed to his removal, and we shall see him return to power more powerful than ever, if anything remains to exercise power upon; for what we have done will not drive the French from the peninsula.

Much blood will yet be shed; and as to British *military* assistance, if Sir Arthur's army leaves Spain, I should look upon that as at an end; for a third army would probably not readily be sent out, at least in sufficient strength to enable us to cope with Bonaparte, should success in the north allow of his sending reinforcements into this country. Sir Arthur Wellesley and his small army have certainly reaped unfading laurels at Talavera; but the desired end has not been secured, and it is grievous to an Englishman to reflect on the blood and treasure that there, as elsewhere, have been spent in vain. The aid we have afforded to this country has had, from the way in which it has been doled out, but little

effect on the minds even of the Spaniards themselves, and has, consequently, not only failed in attaining its great and primary object, but also in procuring us that weight in the country to which we are, in fact, so justly entitled, and which is indispensable to the success of the cause.

12*th*.—Lord Wellesley arrived at Cadiz the end of the month. He has brought such a tribe with him that I fear I have little chance of seeing, as I should have wished, the game played out to the end in this country. Except his son, none of them speak a word of Spanish, and they already begin to talk of being heartily sick of their expedition, and complain bitterly of the hard fagging, &c. But I see no symptoms of an inclination to admit any one else—of our party at least—to a share of their labours. Bartle seems to have a complete sinecure. However, in a general way, I have made an offer of my services, if they choose to accept it. . .

16*th*.—The moment seems to be fast approaching when, by foul if not by fair means, great changes will take place here. Anonymous appeals to the people are stuck up in the streets every night. This morning at ten o'clock the following words were everywhere visible: "O la Junta cede ó perece." Pasquinades without end are invented; some amusing enough, others very violent, and supposed to be put up by persons more *nearly* interested in the desired changes than even the people themselves. All this excites considerable sensation, and great pains are taken in some quarters to represent it as

the work of England. There is an affectation, too, of complaining of her interference, which I believe to be nothing more than a precautionary attempt to give the measures adopted and the persons adopting them the support of an apparent sanction on *our* part. I trust that Lord Wellesley will see through all this; but when I recollect that the only information he has, as to the views and character of the people he has to deal with, is derived from the notions formed of them by his predecessor—who, whatever his talents may be, is, I think, blinded in this particular—I own I have my fears. This language would no doubt be thought presumptuous in me, were I to express it openly; but it is the result, not of my own observation only, but of the best information I could obtain from persons well able to form an accurate opinion, and with whom I have lived in intimacy and conversed unreservedly. What part Lord Wellesley is taking I am not, of course, supposed to know; but report speaks of him as very active, and as adopting a firm and decided line of conduct, and insisting strongly on the necessity of internal changes. Had he come out three months ago, supported and justified in such language and conduct by an army that could have acted independently of the Spaniards, he might, I have no hesitation in saying, have saved Spain. The spirit that still exists in the country would have been fully called forth; the respite which the Austrian war afforded us would have been taken due advantage of, and things would have been in such a state that had

Austria made peace to-morrow—which she probably would not then have done—we might still have bid defiance to the efforts of France.

18*th*.—Ribas, the Intendant-general of the army, has been released. He was arrested for neglect of his duties, to which the sufferings of the troops—who were two days under forced marches without a morsel of bread—were attributed. He was said to have attended rather to the furnishing of his pockets than to furnishing provisions to the army; to have run away before hardly a shot was fired, and afterwards to have returned to Talavera and made out a long report, dating it from thence as if he had been actually present throughout the action. It was expected, as excessive leniency is not one of Cuesta's failings, that this man would be punished with the rigour he so justly deserved. In justice, however, to Ribas, it should be stated that he was at Oropesa on the 27th by Cuesta's orders, and that he wrote twice to him to tell him of his arrival, and to ask for instructions; Cuesta received these letters from two of his orderlies, and put them into his pocket without reading them. At one o'clock, on the morning of the 28th, General O'Donoghue made his appearance at Oropesa, when Ribas expressed to him his surprise at not having heard from General Cuesta, and asked if he could account for it. O'Donoghue replied, "Es que habrá sido atropellado! atropellado!" "Como?" said Ribas. "Si, atropellado," rejoined O'Donoghue, "todo el exercito está en completa derrota, y mañana habrá aqui caballeria

Francesa." He then advised him to move bag and baggage as quickly as possible.

Ribas, accordingly, began his retreat; but, with great judgment and presence of mind, fell back only a league or two, and sent, as soon as day came on, for further information, when finding that the intelligence he had received was false, he returned. There were three witnesses to this conversation. Ribas on his release demanded a court-martial, but it is doubtful whether these facts will ever be officially known. In the meantime, O'Donoghue is at liberty, and some forty or fifty poor soldiers, who probably never saw a shot fired before in their lives, have been put to death for running away! Surely such things cry aloud for judgment.

19*th*.—Venégas has been defeated and is reported killed, but Lasey has had a very brilliant affair at the Cuesta de la Reyna, the steep hill whence, coming from Madrid, the *Sitio* is first descried. The Spaniards came off completely victorious, as they almost invariably do in that kind of engagement. Lasey, originally Irish, is likely to be one of their best officers, and if the war continues will, I daresay, distinguish himself. He served through all the late campaigns with Bonaparte and his best Generals, but, when this revolution broke out, he escaped and presented himself to the Junta. At first he was taken but little notice of, but having displayed much courage and intrepidity they gave him the regiment of Burgos, which he had disciplined after the French system, and brought to a high state of perfection. He

was afterwards made brigadier for the affair of Torralba.

22*nd*.—Young Wellesley was again complaining here two days ago of the way in which he and his companions had to fag, and went so far as to say that his father must look out for a *Spaniard* who could assist them. I desired him to tell his lordship that I should be happy to render him any services in my power if he thought proper to accept them, and Young W. seemed well pleased with my offer. But I have heard nothing from either of them, and shall, therefore, in all probability accompany Frere. The *Donegal* is waiting for him, and he is continually talking of moving, but as he has not yet delivered his letters of recall, we are not likely to embark for at least a fortnight to come. I have done, I think, all I can, or ought to do, to prolong my stay here, and must leave the rest to the nod of fate and his lordship. If I return, I must console myself with having been an eyewitness of the events of one of the most interesting epochs which history has to record, and, speaking in the sense of the fox and the sour grapes, congratulate myself on not being doomed to behold the expiring gasp after having seen the glorious efforts that preceded it.

Cadiz, Sept. 7th.—I arrived here two hours ago from Seville, where I left things going on as badly as may be. Every means is being used to subdue public feeling, and nothing will be done there until the Government is forced into it. This is very grievous. The flattering expectations held out by

Bardaxi, the Spanish minister at Vienna, have done great harm, and have contributed for the moment to divert the attention of the Spaniards from the affairs of their own country.

Our army has taken up a position *appuyée* on Elvas and Badajoz; the Spanish army, commanded by Eguya—Cuesta having gone to drink the waters near Granada—is at Deleitosa. The French remain, hitherto, quiet before them, that is, at the bridge of Arzobispo; one day they say they are advancing, another retreating, but I imagine they are endeavouring to occupy the Spaniards, without coming to action, until the affairs of the north are settled one way or other.

Letters—Gibraltar, Sept. 27th.—As I was leaving Seville, on the 6th of this month, to see Gibraltar before returning to England, Mr. Frere told me I should barely have time to do so, and led me to expect he would follow to Cadiz in a very few days, and would give me notice of his arrival. From that time to this I have not had one line from him; the *Donegal* is still very snug at Cadiz, and I know not the cause of the delay. The uncertainty I have been in has prevented me from making the jaunts I should so much have liked to have done to the eastern coast of the Peninsula. This place is well worth any trouble to see, but a week is quite long enough for seeing it thoroughly. I have made one very pleasant excursion to the opposite shore of Ceuta—just to enable me to say that I have been in Africa—and passed two days very pleasantly there. The passage is about

four leagues across, and we made it each way in about three hours, in very good style, in a nice little cutter lent me by a friend. I think Ceuta is even more curious than this rock. It is very strong by nature as well as by art, and if the fortifications were properly kept up would, I suppose, be impregnable. Its chief strength is on the land side against the Moors, whose territory begins about a mile from the town. We went out as far as the boundary, called the Moorish camp, beyond which, though the two nations are not at war, no one is allowed to pass. The sentries, for the most part, were fine looking men, their dress picturesque, and their squatting attitude —the whole weight of their body resting on their crossed legs, which would be intolerable to our men for five minutes—was apparently a very comfortable one to them, for they remained thus, as firm as rocks, during nearly two hours that we spent with them. They carry very long muskets, one of which, out of curiosity, I wished to handle. The man at first flatly refused to allow me, and eyed me very suspiciously. But the rhetoric of our interpreter prevailed with him, and after much hesitation he gave it into my hands. I really think he had an idea that I should present and fire, taking him for a mark, when I had got possession of his musket: he certainly was better pleased when I returned it than when he gave it up.

28*th*.—I have heard nothing from Frere; if I do not very shortly receive his summons, I shall probably return without him if a favourable opportunity

offers, but your wish, my dear mother, that I should spend my twenty-fourth birthday with you is, I fear, not likely to be realized.

Cadiz, Nov. 11th.—I came here three days ago, ignorant of what has been passing for the last six weeks in any other place but the little world of Gibraltar. After my return from Ceuta I felt very unwell, and, not hearing from Frere, determined on going to Cadiz, when I fell so ill of a fever as not to be able to move. I met with the greatest attention from everybody, and particularly from Dr. Pym, the head of the medical staff, by whose care I at last got round, and was able to come here in a brig of war. You may suppose how anxious I have been all this time, without the slightest idea of Mr. Frere's movements, much less of what was going on in the political world, every moment fearful of hearing of F.'s arrival at Cadiz, and knowing that I could not possibly join him. In the midst of this worry, we had the news of what has been passing at home, and of Lord Wellesley's return. Luckily, I got about again in time to bid adieu to Gibraltar, after having passed there nearly two months, the last six weeks in the most uncomfortable manner, and to arrive here before his lordship.

The satisfaction I have derived from my interview with Lord Wellesley, if at all justified by the event, will amply repay me for what I suffered at the Rock. Finding Frere not likely to move, and having written to him to know if I could be of any further service to him, I requested Lord W. to allow me to return to

England in the *Donegal*, explaining to him, as a reason for wishing to return without delay, how I was situated with reference to my appointment to America. He answered, that he was afraid the number of his suite would not admit of my sailing with him, but he added, "America! do you wish particularly to be employed in that quarter? would not you prefer employment in this country, the language and people of which you are acquainted with? I can make you now no positive promise, but I am going home for the purpose of receiving the seals of the Foreign Office; if I do so, my brother, Lord Wellington, will probably hold a very high situation in this country; I know your claims, and should certainly consider myself bound to pay attention to them." I thanked him, and said that my only wish in returning home was to settle my future prospects. Our conversation ended with a promise on his part to ascertain whether I could accompany him in the *Donegal*.

The next day I received the inclosed letter, which I send you, that you may judge what will probably become of me.

Lord Wellesley to Mr. G. Jackson.

Cadiz, November 9th, 1809.

I am concerned to be compelled to inform you that I cannot have the pleasure of your company on board the *Donegal*, Captain Brenton having already received a greater number of gentlemen at my re-

commendation than the ship can with convenience accommodate.

The *Nonpareil* will sail for England with despatches in the course of a few days; if you should wish to take your passage on that vessel I shall be happy to mention your wishes to the officer in command.

When you arrive in England I shall derive great satisfaction from any opportunity which may occur of promoting your just claims in the public service, if my situation should enable me to be of any use to you.

WELLESLEY.

I have given you his lordship's first answer to me in the identical words he made use of, because it was entirely voluntary on his part, for though the public papers all sent him to the Foreign Office, I, of course, took good care not to hint even that I had an idea of anything of the kind. He sailed this morning with a fair wind, and I shall follow in the course of a week, more or less, according to Bartle's activity with his despatches. Lord Wellington came with his brother, and spent two days at Cadiz. The play-house was illuminated for him on the first night, and a bull fight ordered the next at Santa Maria, but beyond this, and a little extra gaiety, nothing took place worth repeating. The ardour and enthusiasm with which Lord Wellesley was received on his arrival, three months ago, was wanting on this occasion. Lord Wellington is now returned to the army, which still occupies its old flank position of Elvas and Badajoz.

While I was at Gibraltar the *Formidable* came in, with a Persian ambassador on board; Morier was with him as interpreter. The French interest is quite knocked on the head in Persia. His Excellency was received with all possible honours by Governor-general Fraser, a most obliging, pleasant man; he took him all round the excavations, and I never saw a man more thoroughly pleased, than he appeared to be. It will have given him no poor idea of the strength of the place, when he heard near five hundred pieces of cannon discharged almost at the same time, in honour of the jubilee. The ships in the bay followed the example, and the troops, drawn up on the road which leads to the top of the rock, fired a *feu de joie*; the whole had a very good effect. We all dined at the convent, the governor's residence, and in the evening there was a ball, a very thin and miserable one, which, were it to be considered as the criterion of the loyalty of the residents, would tell very much against them. Amongst the regiments in garrison is the 88th, commanded by Colonel Taylor, who used to visit us in Paris. He spoke in the warmest terms of the civility and attentions he then met with from Francis, of which I reaped the benefit, for he seemed to think he could not do enough to repay him by his friendly attentions to me in my illness.

Mrs. Spencer Smith, who had escaped from Trieste, was also a passenger in the *Formidable*. Her husband used to carry a miniature picture of her always about him, and frequently showed it to us at Berlin, with rapturous remarks on her beauty. She is not so

pretty as the miniature, but she is very pleasant and amiable, and I had the good fortune to have her as *compagnon de voyage* in the brig, from Gibraltar to Cadiz, where she intends passing the winter. On our passage I, of course, looked with a proud and eager eye at Trafalgar. I trust we shall soon see the victory gained there matched by another, as the Toulon fleet got out on the 21st ult., and Collingwood, with one of the finest fleets ever sent out, is close after it. The French have the superiority over us of two or three sail of the line; but, if Collingwood does but come up with them, I have no fear for the result.

G. J.

12*th.*—Since I closed my letter, accounts, though not official, have come in of Lord C. having taken three sail of the line, two frigates, and fifteen transports, in Rosas bay.

Diaries—Nov. 13*th.*—As the opinions and principles of any man under whom one is likely to serve are interesting to know, I note down what passed at our consul's, Mr. Duffe. The good old man has the custom of drinking, as a first toast, *every day* after dinner, "to the downfall of Bonaparte." He was rallied the other day on the inefficacy of his toast, when Lord Wellesley, who was dining there, said "Though it is not done yet, I do not despair of it with time and perseverance; but it must be done by a steady, undeviating, straightforward resistance, and not by expeditions calculated only to excite momentary *éclat* at home." He also said to me, when

alone with him, "It is possible I may find the Opposition in before I can reach England, but if not, notwithstanding what they say, I think we shall form a very strong ministry. The king's friends are determined to stand by him, one and all, and for my part I am determined to do so to the last." He had not, he said, been twenty-four hours in Spain before he regretted that those thirty or forty thousand men, that formed our late *grand* expedition, had not been sent to the Peninsula. "*There* it was hardly possible but that they must have done the most essential and decisive good; in Holland it was almost impossible to effect any."

As to the difficulty of provisioning such an army, it was all very well to hold *to the Spaniards* the language I was obliged to do during the summer, viz., "If twenty thousand men are starving in your country, where would you find bread for forty thousand more?" To the *Government* it was a language they deserved, but speaking *de bonne foi*, it was ridiculous. It is certain that scarcity did exist, but it is no less so that it might have been prevented; and it required only setting about in good earnest, to have furnished provisions, and every other requisite for an army, to any amount.

15*th*.—We are just now in the horrors of suspense as to the result of the Austrian negotiation—one day we hear that peace is made, the next it is contradicted—meanwhile, the supreme Junta having put off a change of government until they could defer it no longer, have at last formed what they term a *poder*

executivo which is proceeding with great vigour and severity; whether with equal wisdom, time only will show. At all events they are active, and the archbishop, who is the most influential member, by his own personal exertions and example, is the first to encourage others. A general press was made, a day or two ago, of mules and beasts of burden, and the archbishop's *tiro* was the first embargoed; the consequence was, that as many, or more, animals were collected in a few hours than were wanted. The same thing took place with regard to the delivery of plate; and now every person is called upon to give a certain quota—regulated according to the means of each individual—towards defraying the expenses of the state. So far so good, but I fear, on the other hand, they are mistaking ill-judged severity for a wholesome exertion of their long abused power. Palafox, a nephew of Valdes, and many others of the first distinction, have been arrested and confined, some in one convent some in another. If this be not justified by an immediate disclosure of some plot of theirs, calling for so violent a measure, it will produce the very worst consequences.

The commission that was appointed to examine into the charges brought against Castaños, while he held command, have declared that they find nothing against him. I saw him often, and received great civilities from him at Algeziras, and had occasion only to confirm the opinion I at first formed of him. He is as honest-hearted and well-meaning a Spaniard as any in the country, and does not want for cleverness

or information, but he is a very vain, and therefore a weak man. As to his personal courage, his greatest enemies have never called that in question.

17th.—Various have been the movements and the changes that have taken place in the different armies since I left Seville. They have ended in the formation of an army of fifty thousand men in La Mancha, under Orizaga, an officer from whom great things are expected. His head-quarters are still on the other side of the Tagus; his advanced posts within three leagues of Madrid. He was determined to enter or perish in the attempt. I have heard such resolves so often made, and so rarely found them accomplished, that I should not be surprised to hear that he had retreated to the Sierra.

Alburquerque commands twelve thousand Estremadurans, and Del Pasque has occupied Salamanca with, they say, twenty thousand men. Gerona still holds out valiantly; our army remains in *statu quo*. On us, then, still depends the fate of the Peninsula; Lord Wellington *se fait fort* to defend *Portugal* with thirty thousand men, against any force the French can bring to oppose him; and I have yet hope for *this* fine country, because Lord Wellesley seems convinced—and surely there can be no statesman, opposition views out of the question, who will not be of his opinion—that, setting aside all idea of honour and glory, it is to British interest to keep up the game in Spain, by every means in our power, and to the very last moment.

The situation of Spain is not worse now than it

was at this time last year, and we have the great advantage of knowing who are our friends and our enemies, to say nothing of the experience of the last twelve months; experience dearly bought, if we are to make no use of it; cheaply, if turned to the account that it might, and ought to be. Many similar considerations suggest themselves to me at this moment, I hardly know why, unless it be the general tone of despondency pervading every letter and paper from England. The papers, indeed, seem to have exercised a most baneful influence, and to have quite envenomed the public mind. It is too much, to hear the victory of Talavera called in question by the "Times;" a victory as honourable to British arms and British generalship as any they ever achieved. That paper should be offered up as a sacrifice to the manes of the heroes who fell on the Alberche—I have not patience to read it!—

Brig *Nonpariel*, off Falmouth,
Dec. 2nd, 1809.

With my fingers benumbed by your cold climate, and my brains somewhat addled by a twelve days' most boisterous passage from Cadiz, I scrawl a line, my dear mother, to let you know of my arrival. I hope to land at Plymouth in time to post it for this evening's mail, when I shall go on direct to London, where I shall probably find Lord Wellesley already our chief. I should very well like to go to America, but I think that both you and Francis will not be sorry to see me placed in Europe. If, as they tell us, peace is signed with Austria, you may perhaps think

that Spain will not long afford employment for any British agents. However, I trust it may be otherwise; and in a public point of view I build a good deal on the marquis, while, as far as personal considerations go, I believe, from all I have seen of him, that we shall find him as off-hand as Canning, and fully as well disposed towards us.

G. J.

APPENDIX.

No. 1.

*Extracts from the Journal of the Chevalier de Gentz.**

Journal de ce qui m'est arrivé de plus marquant dans le voyage que j'ai fait au quartier-général de Sa Majeste le Roi de Prusse.

Arrivée à Naumbourg.—Parti de Dresde Jendi, 2 Octobre, je suis arrivé au quartier-général de Naumbourg, Vendredi 3. La ville était remplie de monde. Le roi avec toute sa suite militaire, la reine accompagnée de sa grande-maîtresse et de deux dames d'honneur, une quantité de princes et de généraux, et d'officiers de tout grade, et de personnages diplomatique et autres, s'y trouvaient réunis. En fait de troupes, les deux premiers bataillons de la garde-à-pied se trouvaient seuls à Naumbourg; tout le reste de l'armée s'était posté en avant, et le quartier-général devait être transféré à Erfurt le lendemain.

Conversation avec Comte Haugwitz.—Aussitôt que le Comte Haugwitz a su mon arrivée, il m'a fait prier de passer chez lui. Il m'a accueilli de la manière la plus affectueuse. Il m'a dit, "depuis que nous nous sommes vus la dernière fois—c'était le 6 Octobre, 1805, à Vienne—il s'est passé bien des choses." Vous n'avez pas été trop content de moi, je le sais bien; je sais aussi que vous ne pourriez pas l'être. Mais

* These extracts are not translated from the German, but are taken from the original Journal, in French.

lorsque vous serez mieux instruit vous changerez d'opinion. En tout cas, vous n'aurez point à regretter de vous être rendu à mon invitation et d'être venu ici dans une conjoncture aussi intéressante. Mon intention est de vous mettre au fait de tout. J'ai beaucoup de choses à vous demander, mais je ne vous demanderai rien avant que vous ne soyiez bien convaincu de la pureté de mes vues et de la sagesse de notre marche. Le moment décisif est venu. Déjà la guerre des plumes a commencé, celle du canon ne se fera pas attendre, car nous venons d'apprendre que Napoléon est à Wurzbourg. Pour à present j'attends chaque minute un message du Roi qui doit m'appeler à un conseil; mais j'espère qu'avant le soir nous aurons une conversation plus suivie. Un moment aprés il fut effectivement appelé chez le roi.

Ne sachant pas quels étaient proprement les projets qu'on pouvait avoir formés sur moi, je crus prudent d'attendre tranquillement l'invitation ultérieure du Comte Haugwitz, et de ne voir personne jusque-la.

Second entrevue avec le Comte Haugwitz.—Ce ne fut que vers dix heures du soir que le Comte Haugwitz envoya chez moi le conseiller privé Lecoq, son premier secrétaire, pour me faire faire ses excuses et me prier de venir chez lui. Je le trouvai au milien des papiers, singulièrement échauffé et accablé. Il me dit, "vous voyez comme on m'arrange aujourd'hui; je ne serai pas libre avant deux heures du matin; mais nous allons demain à Erfurt, où tout prendra une autre assiette; j'espère que vous ne me refuserez pas de nous y accompagner." Je n'étais pas préparé à cette proposition; je m'étais attendu à être expédié dans un jour ou deux; et dans l'ignorance parfaite sur l'objet dont il sagissait proprement pour moi, je ne me souciais pas trop que mon voyage traînât en longueur. Je témoignai quelque répugnance; je n'hesitai pas à déclarer au Comte Haugwitz qu'a moins, qu'il n'eût besoin de moi pour quelque affaire particulièrement importante je n'aimerais pas à prolonger ma course.

Il me répondit du tou le plus animé, "l'objet pour lequel j'ai désiré de vous voir, est le plus important qu'il soit possible d'imaginer, c'est l'intérêt et le succès de notre entreprise. Il est impossible que vous nous quittiez avant que j'ai entamé seulement ce que j'ai à vous dire. Je réponds d'ailleurs de tout, je sais qu'on sera content à Vienne de ce que vous ferez ici. Jamais vous n'aurez rendu à la cause générale un service plus essentiel. Si nous nous manquons demain à Weimar, nous nous verrons à Erfurt après demain." Ces paroles et l'idée qu'effectivement j'aurais fait le voyage en pure perte, si je ne m'y rendais pas, me determinerent.

4 *Octobre, Départ de Naumbourg.*—Je partis de Naumbourg à sept heures du matin. La route de la à Auerstedt presentait un des spectacles les plus solennels que j'ai rencontrés de ma vie. Le roi et la reine etaient dans une berline fermée, suivis d'une vingtaine de voitures, précédés, entourés de toutes parts d'une quantité de troupes, de pièces d'artillerie, de chariots de train. Le coup-d'œil fût surtout superbe au moment où tout ce cortège passa le pont de la Saline de Koesen et les hauteurs qui dominent cet endroit. La reflexion que ces souverains allaient à la rencontre d'un combat dont le succès pouvait changer la face de l'Europe, mais dont l'issue contraire, en les ruinant eux-mêmes, détruisait la dernière chance de salut pour tant de pays et de peuples, rendait cette marche en même tems imposante et lugubre.

Idée générale de l'entreprise Prussienne.—Je crois que c'est ici le moment de dire quelle était, lors de mon arrivée au quartier-général, l'idée que je m'étais formée de l'entreprise de la Prusse.

J'avais été, comme tout le monde, frappé de la révolution subite que s'etait operée dans le systême de la cour de Berlin; comme tout le monde, j'avais été pendant quelque tems incrédule sur la *sincérité* et la *réalité* de cette revolution; mais déjà plusieurs semaines avant mon départ de Dresde j'avais eu des raisons peremptoires pour mettre fin à mes

doutes à cet égard. Depuis cette époque je m'étais plus d'une fois livré à l'examen de la *sagesse* du projet que je voyais se développer sous mes yeux. Quoique aussi instruit qu'il fût possible de l'être à Dresde, je ne crus pas avoir toutes les données nécessaires pour fixer mon jugement. Cependant en réunissant celles dont je me trouvais en possession j'en vins bientôt à me persuader que le moment choisi pour cette levée de bouclièrs inattendue n'était pas, à beaucoup près, un moment convenable ou propice; que la Prusse en guerre avec l'Angleterre, en guerre avec la Suède, devant prévoir que l'Autriche, dont elle n'avait rien à se promettre sous le rapport d'une réciprocité de services, ne s'exposerait pas à de nouveaux dangers pour partager les premiers coups d'une guerre qui semblait comme tombée des nues, ne pouvait compter au fond que sur la Russie, dont le secours quelque respectable qu'il peût-être, se trouvait considérablement affaibli par la position de l'ennemi à combattre; que n'ayant pas même invoqué ce secours assez tôt pour en jouir à l'ouverture de la campagne, elle entrait sans aucun allié—car je ne comptais pas la Hesse et la Saxe, que je regardais simplement comme des branches collaterales de la puissance Prussienne—elle se précipitait toute seule dans une arène où tant d'autres avaient succombé avant elle; enfin qu'il fallait des motifs plus forts, mais surtout plus pressans, que ceux que je connaissais alors pour justifier une résolution pareille. Voila comme j'envisageais déjà le mérite *politique* de l'expédition. Quant à celui de sa composition *militaire*, il m'était impossible de déterminer à quel point il couvrait ou relevait la défectuosité fondamentale du projet. Je partageais tontefois l'opinion généralement favorable qu'une quantité de juges compétens nourrissaient des moyens militaires de la Prusse.

Pour ce qui était du plan de campagne et de la direction centrale des opérations, ils en étaient trop eloignés eux-mêmes pour me communiquer des notions bien correctes;

c'était principalement sous ce rapport-là que j'avais besoin d'éclaircissemens; mais les premiers que j'obtins au quartier-général, n'étaient pas faits pour me tranquilliser.

Le Général Kalkreuth.—Le Général Kalkreuth, premier en grade après les Maréchaux, avait reçu le commandement de la seconde ligne ou réserve du centre, ou de ce qu'on appelait communément l'armée du roi. L'ancienne réputation de ce général, et les actions brillantes de la première partie de sa vie lui avaient peut-être fait espérer une place plus directement active; et je m'aperçus bientôt que le mécontentement et l'humeur, joints à une tournure d'esprit naturellement caustique et persifflante, influaient sur ses opinions; mais elles ne m'en parurent pas moins mériter la plus grande attention. Il me dit que personne n'avait plus désiré que lui une guerre avec la France, que personne n'en avait plus reconnu la nécessité; mais qu'aujourd'hui personne ne serait plus enchanté qu'il se trouvât un moyen honorable pour en prévenir l'explosion; que de la manière dont les choses étaient préparées, cette guerre ne pouvait pas réussir, et que sans un bonheur presque fabuleux, elle conduirait aux plus tristes résultats.

Il me déclara tout net que le Duc de Brunswic était un homme incapable de commander; qu'il n'avait ni les vues assez étendues, ni le caractère assez vigoureux pour remplir une tâche aussi grande; que sa petitesse, son irresolution, sa fausseté, son hypocrisie, sa vanité, sa jalousie excessive, gâteraient la meilleure affaire; que quelle que fût la bonté des troupes et l'esprit qui animât les officiers, ces avantages ne contre-balanceraient jamais l'inconvénient extrême d'un tel homme, général-en-chef; que l'armée n'avait aucune espèce de confiance dans le Duc, n'en aurait jamais, et ne pouvait pas en avoir; que quant à lui, prêt à faire son devoir et à se sacrifier jusqu'au dernier instant, il ne se dissimulait plus, et me priait de me souvenir de sa prédiction, que si, *avant huit jours*, terme où les opérations devaient avoir commencé,

il ne se présentait pas quelque incident fortuné qui changeât entièrement l'état actuel des choses, "cette campagne finirait, ou par une retraite dans le genre de celle de 1792, ou *par quelque catastrophe mémorable, qui ferait oublier la bataille d'Austerlitz.*"

5 *Octobre—Arrivée à Erfurt.*—Je suis arrivé à Erfurt à midi. J'y ai retrouvé tout ce qui était à Naumbourg, et de plus les chefs et états-majors de tous les corps qui composaient le centre de l'armée. On évaluait à deux milles le nombre des personnes de tout grade attachées au quartier-général, sans compter les troupes et bagages, qui passaient et repassaient sans cesse.

Explication de Comte Haugwitz sur sa conduite dans les derniers tems.—Après avoir diné chez le Comte Haugwitz j'ai eu avec lui une conversation, qui a duré deux heures et demie. Il m'a dit, "Je vois votre étonnement de vous trouver ici; ma proposition, que je vous ai faite par ordre exprès du roi, vous aura suggéré bien des conjectures; le fait est qu'il s'agissait de gagner votre opinion en faveur de notre entreprise. Les objets particuliers pour lesquels je vous demanderai votre avis, quelque importans qu'ils puissent être en eux-mêmes, ne sont cependant que des accessoires; le principal, c'est que vous soyez notre ami, et vous le serez, j'en suis sûr, aussitôt que je me serai expliqué. Vous connaissez les reproches nombreux dont on nous a accablés depuis quelque tems sur la prétendue duplicité de notre conduite. S'il a jamais existé une puissance que nous ayons eu l'intention de tromper—*c'était la France*—la nécessité nous en avons fait la loi; nous avons constamment voulu le bien de toutes les autres. Depuis long-temps nous étions convaincus que *la paix* et *Napoléon* etaient deux objets contradictoires; *un simulacre de paix*, voilà tout ce que nous pouvions maintenir. Cette situation équivoque et forcée s'est prolongée par deux raisons puissantes. D'abord, parce que le roi, trop fortement prononcé contre toute idée de guerre, se

flattait d'année en année que par quelque événement heureux qui culbuterait ce pouvoir colossal aussi rapidement qu'il s'était élevé, nous serions dispensés d'en venir à une lutte difficile et dangereuse, dans laquelle il ne désirait de s'engager qu'à la dernière extrémité; et ensuite, parce que, après tout les malheurs que *nos amis* avaient éprouvés autour de nous, il nous paraissait sage et nécessaire de ménager à l'Europe aux abois une dernière ressource intacte. Cependant vous nous avez vus l'année dernière déterminés et préparés au combat, et nous y serions infailliblement entrés, si la bataille d'Austerlitz et ses suites, et surtout la retraite et la volonté expresse de l'Empereur de Russie n'en avaient par detourné le roi.

Je me suis trouvé à cette époque à Vienne, isolé et abandonné de tout le monde; j'ai signé *sous le couteau* une convention par laquelle je me suis malheureusement attiré la haine de beaucoup de monde; mais voici ce que j'ai fait. Arrivé à Berlin, j'ai prié le roi—plusieurs personnes peuvent l'attester—*de me désavouer et de me renvoyer.* La crainte d'une explosion subite a retenu le roi; il a ratifié ma convention, mais en y portant des modifications essentielles. Le silence alarmant que le gouvernement Français a gardé sur ces modifications, l'a engagé à m'envoyer à Paris. C'est là que j'ai enfin reconnu quelles étaient les véritables dispositions envers nous, qu'on ne nous pardonnerait jamais le Traité du 3 de Novembre; que moins encore on nous pardonnerait notre existence avec une armée considérable et non battue; que Napoléon calculait le moment où il tomberait sur nous avec toutes ses forces; que Talleyrand personnellement attaché au système d'une union amicale entre la France et la Prusse, avait seul reculé ce moment.

Napoléon me déclara dans ma première audience que, comme le roi avait jugé à propos de modifier la convention de Vienne, il la regardait comme non-avenue, et qu'il lui en fallait une autre.

Il me fit faire par Talleyrand et Duroc des propositions tellement extravagantes, que j'aurais honte de vous les répéter; et ce ne fut que par de bien grands efforts que je parvins encore au Traité du 15 Février. Lorsque M. de Lucchesini se chargea de le porter à Berlin nous étions convenus ensemble que si, en arrivant, il trouvait l'armée réunie, il engagerait le roi à refuser sa ratification. Mais il trouva l'armée dissoute; par des motifs *connus à Dieu et peut-être a M. de Hardenberg*, on avait entrainé le roi à mon insçu dans cette mésure precipitée. Il fallut donc céder encore; mais le roi sut des-lors que tout ce qu'il avait gagné, était du tems. Revenu à Berlin, je lui expliquai sans aucun déguisement que je n'avais obtenu par ce voyage qu'un dernier et triste répit, que la paix et la convention de Paris ne pouvaient pas tenir six mois, qu'il fallait se préparer à la guerre et saisir la première occasion, pour prévenir notre *prétendu allié*, qui n'avait d'autre projet que celui de nous asservir et de nous détruire. Le roi en fut enfin pleinement convaincu; c'est à la suite de mes réprésentations que 50,000 hommes de nos troupes furent laissés sur le pied de guerre, malgré toutes les protestations de la partie administrative et militaire. Depuis le mois de Mars le roi n'a plus cessé de se croire chaque jour à la veille de l'explosion. Lorsque la Russie et l'Angleterre ont entamé leurs négociations et avant même que nous eussions la certitude que l'Empereur de Russie refuserait sa ratification au Traité signé par Oubril, que notre parti fut décidément pris. C'est à cette même époque que Lucchesini dechirant les derniers voiles qui couvraient la perfidie du gouvernement Français, nous fit parvenir des éclaircissemens de toute espèce. Son dernier courrier arriva le 7 d'Août, et ce jour aussi l'ordre fut donné de mettre les deux tiers de l'armée sur le pied de guerre, et de la rassembler sans aucun délai. Le plus grand secret, la plus grande dissimulation étaient indispensables. L'Empereur de Russie fut d'abord le seul dépositaire de notre projet; le roi lui écrivit le jour

même que l'ordre fut donné, en lui exposant toute sa situation, et lui faisant part de la totalité de ses plans. Dans ces entrefaites nous reçûmes d'un côté la nouvelle que le Traité de M. Oubril avait été rejeté à St. Petersbourg, de l'autre côté les plaintes du gouvernement Français contre M. de Lucchesini et la demande formelle de son rappel. Ce fut tout ce qui put nous arriver de plus heureux. Nous consentîmes à ce rappel de la meilleure grâce du monde, et M. de Knobelsdorf fut nommé *pour compléter l'illusion.* Dans les derniers jours d'Août le roi eut de l'Empereur de Russie une lettre que ne laissait rien à désirer. Le Comte Goetzen fut envoyé à Dresde pour engager l'Electeur de Saxe ; quant à celui de Hesse nous étions sûr de lui depuis long-tems. Enfin dans les premiers jours de Septembre nos préparatifs étaient assez avancés pour que nous pussions, sans inconvénient, nous en ouvrir avec d'autres puissances. Les communications furent faites à la cour de Vienne, et peu après à celle de Londres. L'arrivée de Knobelsdorf à Paris et le résultat de ses premierès audiences firent enfin éclater la rupture. "Voilà, ajouta-t-il, la véritable marche de cette affaire ; les pièces que je vous remettrai ici, vous en fourniront les preuves et les détails ; et après ce que je viens de vous exposer vous me direz si j'ai eu le droit de prétendre que notre politique à été sage et bien intentionnée, et *que nous n'avons à nons retracter sur rien.*"

J'avais écouté tout ce récit avec l'attention la plus soutenue. Il s'agissait de répondre. Je disais que, comme l'honneur que le roi m'avait fait, en m'appelant dans un moment aussi grave, était non seulement bien inattendu pour moi, mais, vu la place bien peu importante que j'occupais dans ce monde au-delà de toutes mes prétentions, je ne concevais pas d'autre moyen pour y répondre què celui de dire mon opinion avec toute la franchise possible. Il m'interrompit pour me dire qu'il me saurait bien mauvais gré si je ne lui parlais pas absolument comme je pensais. Je lui dis dans les termes

les plus clairs que tout en expliquant une quantité de choses passées par l'aversion insurmontable du roi pour la guerre, j'en avais vu bien d'autres dont, même en leur appliquant cette donnée, je n'avais jamais pu venir à bout; que le roi pouvait avoir eu de bonnes raisons pour ne pas s'engager dans la guerre après que l'Autriche et la Russie y avaient renoncé; mais que tout ce qui s'était fait de sa part depuis la fin de l'année dernière, m'avait affligé et degoûté au plus fort; que je trouvais dans l'idée d'un Traité, et surtout un *Traité d'alliance*, conclu avec l'ennemi commun et reconnu des droits de tous les souverains et de l'indépendance de tous les peuples, dans la capitale même de l'empereur autorisé à regarder comme son allié le souverain qui se portait à cette demarche, quelque chose qui répugnait également à mes sentimens et à mes principes. Que quand au Traité de Paris et à l'occupation definitive du pays de Hanovre j'en avais été, affecté au point, qu'en les considérant même, comme il venait de les présenter dans son recit, sous le point de vue de stratagémes politiques, et de moyens pour gagner du tems, je ne me reconcilierais jamais avec ces mesures; que j'aurais peut-être été un mauvais conseiller, et un ministre maladroit; mais que si j'avais été bien convaincu qu'il n'eût exister d'autre alternative que celle de ces Traités ou de la guerre, j'aurois conjuré le roi de prendre son parti, de passer sur tous les scrupules, et de courir aux armes contre l'oppresseur, plutôt que de partager l'injustice.

Il me répondit, avec beaucoup de calme que "les opinions devaient nécessairement differer sur des problêmes mais aussi difficiles et aussi compliqués." . . . . . mais "Vous voyez ce qui se passe. Notre intention est de faire une guerre vigoureuse. Nous *aurons* aussi des alliés. L'Empereur de Russie s'est déjà prononcé d une manière qui nous autorise à tout espérer de lui. Nous nous flattons que tout s'arrangera avec l'Angleterre. Pour ce qui est de l'Autriche le parti qu'elle adoptera ne nous est pas positivement connu; vous

connaissez Vienne mieux que moi; si vous aviez la-dessus quelque donnée satisfaisante que vous pussiez me communiquer, je vous en serait fort obligé.

Je répondis que si par Vienne il entendait les intentions du cabinet de Vienne, il avait tort de croire que je les connaissais mieux que lui, à moins qu'il n'en sût moins que rien; que je ne savais pas même comment le cabinet de l'empereur envisageait et jugeait l'entreprise à laquelle le Roi de Prusse s'était porté; mais que j'avais trop bonne opinion des combinaisons politiques du cabinet de Berlin, pour ne pas le croire tout autrement instruit que moi sur un objet aussi capital et qui tenait de si près aux conditions irrémissibles du succés. Je m'aperçus que cette réponse l'embarrassait plus qu'aucune chose que j'avais dite dans cette conversation; l'empressement même qu'il avait montré d'obtenir de moi quelque renseignement trahissait assez à quel point il en était dépourvu. Il se contenta donc de faire sonner de nouveau, dans des termes assez vagues et mal assurés, sa confiance entière dans les dispositions amicales de la cour de Vienne; il me dit qu'on était occupé depuis quinze jours du projet d'y envoyer quelque militaire de distinction et qu'on avait soumis à l'empereur d'envoyer de son côté quelque officier de marque; qu'aussi-tôt que l'une et l'autre de ces missions serait en train, on s'ouvrirait avec la cour impériale sur tous les projets présens et futurs.

La conversation s'était prolongée au-delà de deux heures; le Comte me dit alors qu'après cette explication générale, il avait deux propositions spéciales à me faire. D'abord que je l'assistasse pendant quelques jours de mes conseils, et, en cas de besoin de ma plume; et ensuite que, lorsque je serais bien informé de tout je me rendisse à Vienne, "non pas, disait-il, avec une commission quelconque, mais simplement pour parler de ce que vous aurez vu et entendu et pour contribuer à détruire les derniers restes de méfiance, s'il pouvait en exister encore."

Je répondis que, quant à la première proposition, je ne m'y refuserais certainement pas; mais que quant au voyage à Vienne j'étais obligé de le décliner absolument; que je n'avais aucun titre quelconque pour m'ingérer dans des affaires aussi importantes lorsque je n'y étais pas directement appelé; que d'ailleurs le récit fidèle que je ferais en tout cas de tout ce que j'avais appris dans ce voyage, se ferait, également bien par écrit; sans compter que j'éviterais par cette voie les bruits et les conjectures, aux quels mon apparition subite à Vienne ne manquerait pas de donner lieu. Après cela il n'a plus été question du voyage. Le Comte me dit qu'il avait à me demander, avant tout, de me charger de la *révision d'un manifeste*, redigé par M. Lombard, et de la traduction de cette pièce en Allemand. Il m'assura que je trouverais Lombard prêt à accueillir toutes les remarques et toutes les critiques que je pourrais lui communiquer sur son travail, et à y faire tous les changemens que je proposerais.

Rentré chez moi, j'ai lu les papiers que le Comte Haugwitz m'avait remis et j'ai redigé l'article sur les deux cours electorales, tel qu'il à éte imprimé dans la gazette d'Erfurt du 7 Octobre.

Soirée chez M. de Lucchesini—A neuf heures du soir je me suis rendu chez le Marquis de Lucchesini. Comme tout le monde se couchait de bonne heure à Erfurt, il m'avait proposé une fois pour toutes de venir passer les soirées avec lui tête-à-tête. J'ai saisi cette proposition avec empressement. Je savais quel était en général le caractère des discours de Comte Haugwitz; je n'ignorais pas que ceux de M. de Lucchesini ne seraient point des évangiles non plus, mais entre deux versions inexactes les chances s'augmentaient pour arriver à la verité. Notre première conversation fut entièrement consacré à l'histoire de ce qui s'était passé à Paris pour amener la rupture avec la Prusse. Il me conta ensuite l'histoire de son rappel. Le gouvernement Français

avait intercepté une de ses dépêches. Il fit demander le rappel de M. de Lucchesini.

La cour de Berlin fut secrétement enchantée de cet orage, et M. de Knobelsdorf, connu de tout tems pour être un des partisans les plus zélés de Napoléon et du systême pacifique fut choisi exprès pour donner le change. Il s'imagina tout de bon qu'on l'envoyait, à Paris pour rétablir la bonne intelligence moyennant son crédit personnel; il eut la bonhomie de croire que ses instructions étaient un secret pour M. de Lucchesini et il les lui cacha soigneusement. A la première audience, Napoléon s'adressa à M. de Knobelsdorf en ces termes. "Je suis bien aise de vous voir ici; j'aime les hommes et simples et ronds comme vous, mais je suis bien mécontent de votre cour. Qu'est-ce que ces chicanes sur la Confédération du Nord et sur le séjour de mes troupes en Allemagne?" L'autre voulut lui faire comprendre que le roi était loin de proposer à l'empéreur la moindre chose désobligeante, mais qu'il lui paraissait cependant que ce séjour des troupes Françaises devait avoir un terme quelconque. Sur quoi Napoléon, s'emportant terriblement, s'écria, "mais vous ne savez donc pas que je veux avoir Cattaro?—que j'ai besoin de Cattaro?—Pas un homme ne passera le Rhin avant que cela ne soit terminé! il faut que votre roi désarme; qu'il désarme complétement, que toutes vos troupes rentrent dans leur quartiers de paix." Knobelsdorf fut un peu inquiet après cette sortie vigoureuse, mais lorsque le lendemain matin il reçut en present quatre chevaux et une voiture—chose qui n'avait jamais en lieu que pour l'ambassadeur Turc—il se crut de nouveau au pinnacle de la faveur. Il écrivit à sa femme qu'elle pouvait être parfaitement tranquille; qu'on ne pensait pas à la guerre; et lorsqu'il fut question du départ de Napoléon pour l'armée, il demanda bonnement à sa cour s'il devait l'accompagner dans ce voyage.

M. de Lucchesini en partant de Paris eut une audience de congé, très longue et très calme. Bonaparte lui parla sans

cesse "des plans qu'il méditait pour le bonheur de l'humanité," et de ce "qu'on n'avait qu'à le laisser faire pour que l'Europe se trouvât dans l'assiette la plus désirable." En touchant aux négociations avec l'Angleterre, il lui dit, "Je sais bien que ce Lauderdale n'est autre chose qu'un espion que jái a Paris; il y a long-temps que j'aurois renvoyé cet homme; mes ministres ne l'ont pas voulu." M. de L. demanda ensuite à Talleyrand l'explication de ce propos, et il apprit qu'effectivement lui et Champagny avaient déclaré à l'Empereur qu'au moment où une nouvelle guerre continentale allait éclater, il était de toute nécessité de conserver l'apparence d'une négociation avec l'Angleterre pour ne pas jéter le peuple dans le désespoir.

6th Oct.—Entrevue avec M. Lombard.—Je me suis rendu à dix heures du matin chez M. Lombard, auquel l'état de sa santé, ne permettait pas de sortir. Je l'ai trouvé dans une triste situation, perclus des mains et des pieds, pouvant à peine se traîner d'une chaise à l'autre. Son esprit avait conservé son ancienne vivacité, et quant á son crédit et á son pouvoir, ils n'avaient nullement baissé, il était toujours bien plus ministre que M. de Haugwitz, qui ne faisait aucune démarche essentielle, sans que Lombard y eût préalablement consenti; et plus d'une fois j'ai entendu dire celui-ci à son frère Pierre—favori et secrétaire intime du ministre—"dites au Comte Haugwitz que j'ai à lui parler ce soir; n'oubliez pas que le Comte Haugwitz doit venir chez moi demain matin."

Il m'a reçu d'une manière extrêmement amicale. Nous avions été anciennement liés, mais je m'étais eloigné de lui pendant les trois dernières années de mon sejour à Berlin, ayant pris également en horreur ses principes corrompus et la perversité de sa conduite. Il me dit, "Nous voilà donc à la fin d'accord; croyez qu'au fond nous l'étions toujours bien plus que vous ne pensiez. Nous avons différé sur les moyens, mais non pas sur le but." Il me parla ensuite de

son *manifeste*. Après cela, il me remit, comme introduction au manifeste, une lettre qu'il avait écrite au nom du roi á l'Empereur Napoléon, et qui avait été presentée à celui-ci avec l'ultimatum de Knobelsdorf.

Rentré chez moi, je lus la lettre à Napoléon, et j'en fus bien mal édifié. C'etait une pièce d'une longueur assommante, contenant la plupart des griefs et des explications qui se retrouvent dans le manifeste, et écrite d'un ton de familiarité, de patelinage, et souvent d'indécence qui me choquait extrêmement. Je trouvais le roi plutôt compromis que justifié par cette lettre.

A quatre heures je suis retourné chez Lombard. Je m'étais bien promis de ne pas lui déguiser mon opinion sur la lettre à Napoléon, et je lui ai dit à peu près tout ce que j'en pensais. Il l'a pris assez bien, se bornant à m'assurer que je serais plus content du manifeste. La première lecture faite, il me proposa de discuter la pièce article par article.

Le paragraphe qui rappelle l'assassinat de M. le Duc d'Enghien se trouva rédigé à peu près dans les termes qui m'avaient violemment choqué dans la lettre. Il le changer d'après mon conseil.

Il y avait un article où le roi faisait valoir contre Napoléon la démarche faite il y à quelques années pour engager Louis XVIII. à renoncer à son droit à la couronne. Je représentai à Lombard combien la Prusse était intéressée à faire oublier cette odieuse transaction. Il supprima le passage. La partie du manifeste qui contenait la justification de la Prusse sur les Traités de Vienne et de Paris fut celle où je refusais toute concurrence même celle d'une critique de rédaction. Je déclarai à Lombard que je trouvais ces Traités impardonables et inexcusables et que je ne pouvais prendre aucune part quelconque à une apologie dont jamais je ne reconnaîtrais les bases.

Le moment le plus difficile de cette longue séance fut celui où nous discutions la péroraison. Il y avait un passage

où sans avoir nommé l'Autriche on en parlait dans des termes qui n'etaient absolument applicables qu'à elle. Le sens de cette étrange allusion était "que l'empereur seconderait la Prusse de ses voeux, s'il ne pouvait pas le faire de ses efforts." Je représentais à Lombard ce qu'il y avait d'injuste, d'indélicat et de cruel à compromettre gratuitement une puissance qui, par quelque raison que ce fût, ne voulait pas se précipiter dans la lutte.

Il se retrancha derrière l'objection embarrassante, "que le roi l'avait voulu ainsi." Je lui déclarai enfin tout net que si ce passage n'était point supprimé, non seulement je ne me prêterais jamais à la traduction du manifeste, mais que je le renièrais hautement, et de plus je me croirais obligé de quitter incessamment Erfurt, je le quitterais dans la nuit après avoir expliqué au roi par une lettre le motif de mon départ précipité. Il me regarda d'un air de surprise, et après avoir refléchi pendant quelques secondes, il prît brusquement la plume et effaça le tout.

La travail de la révision fini, Lombard me dit que le roi était extrêmement pressé de voir ce manifeste publié et que je leur rendrais un très grand service en accélérant la traduction autant que possible. Je l'entrepris en entrant chez moi, et y ayant consacré toute la nuit je la terminais à huit heures du matin.

7th Oct.—Conjecture sur le motif par lequel on m'avait appelé au quartier-général.—J'ai vu dans la matinée une quantité de personnes qui se trouvaient à Erfurt, et surtout un grand nombre d'officiers de la suite du roi et autres. Je puis dire en toute vérité que chaque homme que je rencontrai dans la rue, m'aborda à peu près avec le même compliment; "Vous êtes ici! Dieu en soit loné! Cette fois-ci nous ne serons donc pas trompés."

En réfléchissant sur ce qu'il y avait de funeste dans une situation où il fallait de pareilles garanties pour calmer les méfiances et les craintes, je commençai en même tems à

soupçonner que l'effet que ma présence semblait produire, pouvait bien avoir été le principal motif par lequel les ministres m'avaient invité ; plusieurs choses que j'ai observées depuis m'ont confirmé dans cette opinion.

Seconde entrevue avec Lombard.—Vers le soir je suis allé chez Lombard, qui outre ses infirmités permanentes, avait eu un accés de fièvre très fort, et venait de demander au roi la permission de retourner à Berlin. Après s'être plaint de ses souffrances physiques, il m'a dit tout-a-coup: "Ah! et si vous saviez tout ce que j'ai éprouvé dans un autre genre depuis quelques années, et surtout dans les derniers six mois! On m'a denoncé et maltraité comme un scélérat; mon nom a couru toute l'Europe comme celui d'un traître vendu à Bonaparte; on a conspiré de toutes parts pour me faire renvoyer et punir; tous les princes de la maison royale, la reine à leur tête se sont ligués contre moi; j'ai manqué de devenir le prétexte d'une véritable insurrection qui aurait moralement détrôné le roi s'il avait montré un peu moins de fermeté. Ceux qui me disaient vendu, savaient trop bien que je ne pouvais pas l'être; vouz avez connu autrefois ma manière de vivre; elle est toujours restée la même; j'ai toujours été pauvre comme un rat d'église; à peine ma femme a-t-elle eu une chambre pour recevoir quelques amis; quant à moi, un mauvais fauteuil et une pipe ont été le maximum de mes besoins. Il vaudrait bien la peine d'être un coquin pour vivre comme un misérable.

Il en est tout de même de Haugwitz. Il a à peine de quoi fournir à la dépense d'une maison bien chétive; il est criblé de dettes. Il fallait toute la rage d'un public outré contre nous, pour inventer une calomnie aussi ridicule. Mais le fait est que depuis deux ans on voulait la guerre.

Il est vrai, et je vous en fais le triste aveu, jai été un moment la dupe du *monstre qui désole la terre.* Lorsque je l'ai vu à Bruxelles en 1803, il m'a gagné bien moins par ses cajoleries que par l'idée qu'il avait su m'inspirer de la

grandeur et de la noblesse de son caractère, par son langage philantropique et pacifique, par l'hypocrisie avec laquelle il parlait de la Prusse et de son attachement particulier pour elle. L'illusion n'a pas duré long-temps; l'année 1803 n'était pas finie, que mon rêve fut passé. Depuis ce moment là je n'ai plus varié, j'ai vu que ce *démon incarné* poursuivait son affreuse carrière j'usqu'à la destruction de tout ce qui existait, et chaque fois que son charlatanisme impudent en a imposé encore à quelques bonnes ames, j'en ai été désolé. Mais je ne pouvais rien faire. Dieu sait que je ne pouvais rien faire, et d'autres pas plus que moi. Je prévois toutes vos objections: le moment est trop sérieux pour faire des demi-confidences, et d'ailleurs, si vous pouviez même me compromettre, je suis au dessus de la crainte, car je sens que je touche au tombeau—vous vous étonnez de ce qu'avec tant de motifs puissans je n'ai pas insisté sur un changement de système! —*Connaissez vous le roi?*—ma justification tout entière est dans cette question.

8th Oct.—Visite chez le Duc de Brunswic—A six heures j'ai fait ma visite au Duc de Brunswic. Je proteste qu'en me dégageant, autant qu'un homme peut la faire, de toute prévention établie contre ce prince, et décidé à le juger comme si je n'avais jamais entendu parler de lui, je l'ai trouvé tel que les autres l'avaient caractérisé, et absolument au-dessous de sa tâche. Il y avait dans toute su manière d'être, dans sa contenance, dans ses regards, dans ses gestes, dans son langage, quelques chose de mal assuré, de louche, d'impuissant; une agitation qui n'annonçait rien moins que la conscience de ses forces; un genre de politesse que semblait demander pardon d'avance des revers qui devait lui arriver; une modestie outrée qui ne pouvait être qu'affectation toute pure, ou exces de crainte de ne pas pouvoir répondre à l'attente publique.

Il s'arrêta d'abord long-temps à me dire des choses flatteuses; ce qui dans une aussi grande occasion, où je l'aurois

cru trop occupé pour penser à des complimens, me parut tout-a-fait déplacé et m'impatienta furieusement. A la fin il entra en matière et ce fut pour lamenter beaucoup sur ce qu'on avait toujours cru pouvoir négocier et transiger avec Bonaparte; lieu common, bien bizarre dans la bouche d'un homme qui plus qu'aucun autre avait prôné et nourri cette erreur.

Il se mit ensuite à parler de l'Autriche, disant que quoique tout-a-fait étranger aux mésure et combinaisons politiques, il soupçonnait cependant qu'on n'avait pas songé assez tôt à entamer une négociation avec cette puissance.

Enfin, il parla de la guerre, mais toujours en homme qui n'aurait rien eu de commun avec elle, qui se serait tout au plus réservé le rôle de juger ce que d'autres y feraient. Je cherchais de tems en tems des tournures pour donner à cette conversation un caractère plus prononcé; mais je ne pus jamais y parvenir. Il me répéta une fois après l'autre d'un ton qui achevait de me déconcerter: "pourvu qu'on ne fasse pas de grandes fautes!" et lorsque enfin je pris la liberté de lui dire: "mais Monseigneur, tout le monde doit espérer qu'on n'en fera pas sous votre direction," il me répondit: "Helas! je puis à peine répondre de moi-même comment voulez-vous que je réponde des autres?" propos qui contrastait bien singulièrement avec sa situation et avec les sentimens qui auraient dû le pénétrer à la veille d'aussi grands événemens.

Arrivée de M. Laforêt à Erfurt.—Il y eut ce jour-la à Erfurt un événement, très insignifiant en lui-même, mais qui semblait plus occuper le quartier-général que ne l'aurait pu faire le gain on la perte d'une bataille. Le ministre de France, Laforêt, arriva tout-à-coup. On lui avait déclaré à Berlin que comme le Général Knobelsdorf avait été retenu à Mayence, on ne lui gurantissait pas qu'il passerait les frontières de la Prusse.

Cependant, aucun ordre n'etait donné pour lui refuser le passage. Son arrivée à Erfurt était, à tout prendre, le

comble de l'effrontérie; tout le monde en convenait; et on n'avait qu'à le lui faire entendre, et à lui signifier poliment l'endroit où on eut jugé convenable qu'il restât. Point du tout —les délibérations solennelles s'ouvrirent. Les ministres, le Duc de Brunswic, le roi lui-même, tout s'agita comme si le problême le plus épineux était venu s'offrir à leurs méditations; cette affaire eut l'air de faire oublier la guerre. Il fut enfin résolu à neuf heures du soir que M. et Madame Laforêt passeraient la nuit à Erfurt, *sauf à délibérer de nouveau le lendemain* sur les mesures définitifs à adopter dans un cas aussi hérissé de difficultés. Après cet incroyable conseil d'état, je me rendis chez M. de Lucchesini.

9 *Octobre—Audience chez la Reine.*—Sa Majesté la reine avait désiré que je lui fusse présenté; à neuf heures j'ai été introduit chez elle. Après tout ce que j'avais vu et entendu, je redoutais, je puis le dire, cette audience. J'avais tort. Au lieu de m'embarrasser, elle m'a plutôt soulagé et relevé; et si la confiance n'avait pas été trop loin de moi, elle l'aurait fait rentrer dans mon cœur.

Depuis un an j'avais entendu une infinité de bien de cette princesse. J'étais preparé à la trouver absolument differente de l'idée qu'on avait eue d'elle autrefois, mais je ne l'étais pas assez à cette réunion de grandes et belles qualités qu'elle déploya dans chaque moment d'un entretien d'environ trois quarts d'heure. Elle s'exprima avec une précision, avec une fermeté, avec une énergie, et en même tems une mesure et une prudence qui m'auroit enchanté dans un homme; et cependant elle répandit sur tout ce qu'elle disait une teinte de sensibilité profonde, qui ne me laissa pas oublier un instant que c'etait une femme que j'admirais. Pas un mot qui ne fût à sa place; pas un sentiment, pas une réflexion qui ne fût d'une harmonie exquise avec le caractère général de ses discours; le tout un assemblage de dignité, de douceur et de charmes, tel que je crus ne l'avoir jamais rencontré. Elle me demanda d'abord ce que je pensais de cette guerre,

et quel était mon espoir, en ajoutant aussitôt: "je ne vous fais pas ces questions pour que vous m'inspiriez du courage; je n'en manque pas, Dieu merci, et je sais d'ailleurs que si vous en aviez mauvaise opinion, ce n'est pas à moi que vous le diriez. Mais j'aime à savoir sur quoi des hommes en état de juger peuvent fonder leurs espérances, pour examiner ensuite si leurs motifs s'accordent avec les miens."

Je lui dis tout ce qui se presentait à mon esprit pour faire ressortir le beau côté de la chose. La reine m'a répondu que pendant long-temps elle avait nourri des doutes bien pénibles sur la manière précisément dont le public, surtout celui des autres pays, envisagerait cette expédition; puisqu'elle ne savait que trop qu'on n'aimait pas la Prusse, et qu'elle comprenait aussi pourquoi on ne l'aimait pas. Elle a ajouté; "vous connaissez le passé mieux que moi, mais le moment n'est-il pas venu pour l'oublier?" Je fus étonné de l'exactitude avec laquelle elle parcourut tous les événemens, cita chaque date, retraça les moindres détails; mais je fus également étonné et vivement pénétré, de l'intérêt, de la sensibilité, de l'emotion avec laquelle elle parla de la Maison d'Autriche. Elle raconta entres autres avec une simplicité touchante, que le jour où elle avait appris les premiers désastres de l'armée Autrichienne, le Prince Royal son fils avait mis pour la première fois l'habit militaire, et qu'en le voyant, elle lui avait dit: "j'espère qu'au jour où tu pourras faire usage de cet habit, la seule pensée qui t'occupera sera celle de venger tes malheureux frères." Elle me demanda si j'avais lu un article du *Publiciste* où elle se trouvait indignement maltraitée. Elle en cita quelques phrases, puis elle dit: "Dieu sait que je n'ai jamais été consultée sur les affaires publiques, et que je n'ai jamais ambitionnée de l'être. Si je l'avais été, je l'avoue, j'aurais voté pour la guerre; je crois qu'elle était indispensable; notre position était devenue si equivoque qu'il fallait en sortir à tout prix; c'est bien moins par *calcul*, c'est

par *sentiment d'honneur*, c'est par *devoir* qu'il fallait prendre ce parti."

Elle parla ensuite sur la partialité qu'on lui reprochait pour les Russes; elle dit qu'elle avait rendu justice à l'ardeur, au dévouement, aux vertus de l'Empereur Alexandre; mais que loin de regarder la Russie comme l'instrument principal de la délivrance de l'Europe, opprimée par un conquérant dont la France était le point de départ, elle n'avait jamais considéré ses efforts que comme un dernier point d'appui pour les autres; intimement persuadée que *le grand moyen de salut se trouvait dans l'union la plus étroite de tout ce qui porte le nom d'Allemand.*

On s'etait beaucoup entretenu de la répugnance que temoignait la reine à quitter le quartier-général. Les voix etaient partagées à ce sujet. Lombard, par example, m'en avait parlé la veille dans des termes extrêmement durs. Quelques-uns toutefois en pensaient différemment; le Général Kalkreuth entre autres m'avait dit à Auerstedt: "protestez, chaque fois que vous en trouverez l'occasion, contre le projet de renvoyer la reine; sa présence est absolument nécessaire." Ce n'etait pas à moi à décider entre ces avis opposés; la seule chose que je puis et que je dois dire; c'est que la conduite de la reine à été pendant tout ce séjour, à l'abri de la plus légère critique. Tout bien examiné, j'aurais voté aussi pour qu'elle restât; rien ne pouvait la remplacer auprès du roi. Ayant tant entendu discuter cette matiére, j'ai saisi une occasion pour dire à la reine: "je sais qu'on est fort occupé à Dresde de l'espoir d'y posséder votre Majesté pour quelques jours." Elle m'a répondu: "je vous avoue que dans d'autres circonstances, un séjour à Dresde m'aurait fait grand plaisir; à present je n'en jouirais pas, ma tête est trop remplie de choses sérieuses. Je ne sais pas au reste ce que je deviendrai. En ceci, comme en tout, je me soumets aux ordres du roi. Je crains de retourner à Berlin, je crains les bruits alarmans auxquels on est toujours en proie à une

grande distance du theâtre des événemens. Vous savez combien la malveillance est active."

Elle avait dit la veille, à M. de Goetzen; "comment pourriez vous me reléguer à Berlin? Vous voulez donc que j'apprenne les nouvelles de la guerre par M. de Bray?"

"Je le dis franchement; autant que cela dépendra de moi; je resterai; le roi m'a heureusement permis de l'accompagner encore demain, je ne partirai que lorsqu'il le voudra."

Elle ne m'avait absolument rien dit pour mon propre compte, ni au commencement, ni dans tout le cours de l'audience, ce que j'ai trouvé d'un tact et d'une dignité parfaite. Ce n'est qu'en me congédiant qu'elle m'a honoré d'une seule petite phrase, mais d'un genre si exquis que je ne l'oublierai jamais. Madame la Duchesse de Hildbourgshausen, sœur de la reine, a assisté à toute l'audience.

Proclamation aux Troupes.—Après avoir diné chez le Comte Haugwitz je fus non seulement témoin, mais acteur moiméme dans une autre scène bien propre à caractériser les personnes qui dirigeaient la pièce. J'avais redigé une "Proclamation aux troupes." Le roi en avait été content, mais ne l'avez pas trouvé assez populaire. Il avait dit au Comte Haugwitz. "*Sehr schöne sachen, aber zu vornehm; ich wünschte, das auch die soldaten es verständen.*" J'ai représenté au Comte Haugwitz que ce que le roi demandait, était une chose inexécutable; qu'une pièce calculée en même tems sur les premières classes de l'armée, et sur la conception du simple soldat était un problème contradictoire; qu'il vaudrait mieux, pour se mettre à la portée de celui-ci, faire une adresse à part, et laisser l'autre comme elle était. Cet avis ne fit pas fortune. Le Comte Haugwitz me sollicita constamment d'essayer de la rendre un peu plus vulgaire.

J'y ai travaillé pendant une heure; j'y ai fait des changemens qui m'ont paru conduire au but, quoique bien persuadé que je n'y parviendrais jamais. Le Comte la presenta au roi

de nouveau. A six heures du soir la pièce me fut rendue toute converte de notes, de corrections, et d'additions que le roi avait écrites, la plupart au crayon, quelques-unes indéchiffrables. Le Comte m'a comblé d'excuses sur ce qu'on me tracassait tant pour cette pièce, ayant l'air de croire que je pourrais en être faché. Il m'a déclaré qu'elle ne pouvait absolument pas rester dans l'état où le roi l'avait mise, et il prétendait donc que je procedasse à une nouvelle rédaction. Après un moment de reflexion j'ai cru devoir me réfuser à cette proposition ; je lui ai dit qu'il me paraissait tout-à-fait contraire au respect que je devais au roi de traiter à la manière indiqué une pièce à laquelle il avait travaillé de main propre. Le Comte était dans un embarras difficile à peindre, et qui m'aurait fait rire si le moment avait été moins serieux. Je lui proposai à la fin de dire au roi que nous n'avions pas pu déchiffrer ses notes, et qu'il daignât faire transcrire la pièce par quelqu'un habitué à lire son écriture ; je nommai le Comte Goetzen. Cette proposition soulagea singulièrement le Comte Haugwitz. Le roi l'adopta ; Goetzen fit de son mieux pour amalgamer les notes du roi avec mon texte ; et il en résulta finalement un ouvrage de marqueterie, qui fut imprimé le lendemain en grande hâte, et qui, malgré sa bigarrure et ses imperfections, aurait pu produire quelque effet, si la marche rapide des événemens ne lui avait pas enlevé jusqu'au tems qu'il eût fallu pour le répandre et pour le lire.

M. Laforêt.—J'ai passé le reste de la soirée chez le Marquis de Lucchesini. Laforêt était toujours a Erfurt : ce n'est que ce soir qu'après tant d'inutiles discussions on s'etait enfin déterminé à l'envoyer *le lendemain* à Langensalza. Je n'ai pas pu m'empêcher de dire au Marquis que cette affaire m'avait beaucoup affecté, non pas par elle même puisque après tout, le séjour de M. Laforêt au quartier-général était tout au plus une chose indécente, mais point une chose dangereuse ; mais à cause de l'irrésolution, de la faiblesse, et

pour tout dire, de la petitesse que le Duc de Brunswic et surtout M. de Haugwitz avaient montrée dans un cas aussi simple.

10 *Octobre—Depart du Roi et la Reine.*—Le roi est parti à chéval à neuf heures du matin; immédiatement après la reine l'a suivi avec deux voitures, auxquelles elle avait réduit toute sa suite. Il n'y avait plus que Mde. de Voss, Mdlle. de Tauentzien, M. de Buch, et deux femmes de chambre. Ils se sont arrêtés plus de deux heures hors de la porte d'Erfurt, pour voir passer les regimens.

Le Comte Haugwitz nous dit que le calme ayant succédé aux tempêtes, nous jouirions ce jour de notre liberté. Il était de la meilleure humeur du monde; d'un moment à l'autre on attendait l'arrivée de Lord Morpeth—que l'on croyait parti de Hambourg le 2 ou le 3—et d'un Général Russe qu'un lettre de Berlin avait dit en route. Quant aux affaires militaires, la rétraite du Général Tauentzien sur Schleitz paraissait au Comte le présage des plus grande succés.

Tout enfin semblait lui sourire; et qui aurait assisté à ce dîner, ne se serait guère imaginé que ce jour, que cette heure-la même, commencait la défaite de l'armée et la chute de la Monarchie Prussienne.

11 *Octobre—Depart de Erfurt.*—A huit heures du matin nous sommes tout partis d'Erfurt et nous sommes entrés à Weimar à onze heures. J'ai été frappé de surprise et d'épouvante par le spectacle qui s'est offerte à mes yeux. Une bagarre comme je ne l'avais pas encore rencontrée; les rues gorgées de troupes, de chevaux, de chariots; au milieu de cela les officiers de tout arme, des généraux, des personnes de la suite du roi, que je n'avais pas attendues ici. On me dit, "nous avons perdu une bataille, le Prince Louis est tué. Le quartier-général est ici; le roi et la reine vient d'arriver; la marche des troupes est *suspendue;* le duc fait former *un camp;* tout est dans la plus grande consternation." A ces mots mes forces m'abandonnent, et l'abîme s'ouvre devant moi.

Je suis à la fin arrivé dans mon logement, excédé d'agitation et de fatigue. J'ai cherché en vain le sommeil; un vacarme horrible s'est prolongé toute la nuit, et l'idée de l'issue epouvantable vers laquelle je voyais avancer cette entreprise, et avec elle les destinées de l'Allemagne, et de l'Europe, m'a jeté dans un fiévre d'angoisse, dans laquelle j'ai soupiré après le lendemain.

12 *Octobre—Départ du Roi et le Duc.*—Je suis sorti à sept heures; j'ai rencontré une quantité d'officiers de ma connaissance, tous également irrités contre le duc et ses mesures. Ce qui a un peu relevé les esprits, c'est qu' à dix heures le roi est parti avec le duc pour conférer avec le Prince de Höhenlohe. Je les ai vus passer sous les fenêtres du Prince héréditaire de Weimar. Le duc avait l'air déconcerté, le roi calme, mais de très mauvaise humeur, tout autre qu'il me paraissait à Erfurt.

Je suis parti de Weimar à cinq heures. En allant à Battstedt, j'ai entendu de loin le bruit du canon; les Français etaient entrés à Naumbourg.

13 *a* 17 *Octobre—Mon rétour à Dresde.*—M'étant procuré au poids de l'or deux mauvais chevaux, j'ai entamé la route d'Allstedt. Arrivé à trois heures dans cet endroit j'ai annoncé l'intention d'aller à Eisleben; mais personne n'a voulu m'y conduire, et j'ai dû me contenter de gagner Sangerhausen où déjà la terreur était entrée avant moi. Tout ce que j'y ai pu obtenir, c'etaient des chevaux de poste pour Mansfeld; car quand j'ai parlé de Halle, j'ai eu l'air d'avoir nommé le chemin de l'enfer. De Mansfeld on m'a mené à Bernbourg, puis à Coethen, où j'ai trouvé deux négocians Anglais qui m'ont dit "que les choses allaient bien pour la Prusse." La ville avait l'air d'un desert; pas un cheval; on m'a dit que j'en trouverais plutôt à Wörlitz. De Wörlitz je suis parti pour Wittenberg. L'allegresse y était générale; quatre lettres de Leipsic annoncaient la défaite totale des Français. Pas un homme à Wittenberg qui en eût douté un instant.

Ensuite j'ai continué ma route sur Torgau où la nouvelle de la victoire des Prussiens était répandue comme partout ailleurs. De Torgau je suis arrivé à Grossenhayn. Là encore ou se berçait de victoires. Enfin je suis arrivé à Dresde. C'est là seulement que les plus épouvantables nouvelles sont venues fondre sur moi, et lorsque j'ai quitté cette ville deux jours après, les portes de l'espérance ont paru se fermer derrière moi, sur l'Allemagne, et sur l'Europe

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No. 2.

Proclamation de l'Empereur et Roi.

Soldats! Vous avez justifie mon attente et répondu dignement à la confiance du peuple Français. Vous avez supporté la privation et la fatigue avec autant de courage, que vous avez montré d'intrépidité et de sangfroid au milien des combats. Vous êtes les dignes défenseurs de l'honneur de ma couronne, et la gloire du grand peuple. Tant que vous serez animés de cet esprit rien ne pourra vous resister. La cavallerie a rivalisé avec l'infanterie et l'artillerie; je ne sais désormais à quelle arme je dois donner la préference. Vous êtes tous de bons soldats. Voici les fruits de nos travaux—une des prémières puissances militaires de l'Europe qui osa naguères nous proposer une honteuse capitulation est anéantie. Les forêts, les defilés, la Saale, l'Elbe, que nos pères n'eussent pas traversés en sept ans nous les avons traversés en sept jours et livré dans l'intervalle quatre combats et une grande bataille. Nous avons précedés à Potzdam, à Berlin la renommée de nos victoires. Nous avons fait 60,000 prisonniers, pris 65 drapeaux, parmi lesquels un des gardes du Roi de Prusse; 600 canons, 3 forteresses, plus de vingt generaux. Cependant plus de la moitié de vous regrettent de n'avoir pas encore tiré un coup de fusil. Toutes

les provinces de la monarchie Prussienne jusqu'à l'Oder sont en notre pouvoir. Soldats! Les Russes se vantent de venir à nous. Nous marcherons à leur rencontre; nous leur épargnerons la moitié du chemin; ils retrouveront Austerlitz au milien de la Prusse. Une nation qui a aussitôt oublié la generosité dont nous avons usé envers elle aprés cette bataille, où son empereur, sa cour, les débris de son armée n'ont dû leur salut qu'à la capitulation que nous leur avons accordée, est une nation qui ne saurait lutter avec succés contre nous.

Cependant, tandis que nous marchons audevant des Russes de nouvelles armées, formées dans l'interieur de l'empire, viennent prendre notre place pour garder nos conquêtes, et un peuple entier s'est lévé indigné de la hontuese capitulation que les ministres Prussiennes dans leur délire nous ont proposé. Nos routes, nos villes frontières sont remplies de conscrits qui brulent de marcher sur vos traces. Nous ne seront plus désormais le jouet d'une paix traitresse, et nous ne poserons plus les armes que nous n'ayons obligé les Anglais, ces éternels ennemis de notre nation, de renoncer au projet de troubler le continent, et à la tyrrannie des mers. Soldats! Je ne puis mieux vous exprimer les sentimens que j'ai pour vous qu'en vous disant que je vous porte dans mon cœur l'amour que vous me montrez tous les jours.

NAPOLÉON.

De notre camp impérial de Potsdam,
Ce 26 *Octobre*, 1806.

No. 3.

Proclamation.

Jean Henri Dabrowski, Général de Division, decoré du Grand Aigle de la Légion d'honneur, Commandeur de l'Ordre Royal de la Couronne de fer.

Joseph Wybiski, representant des villes à la Diéte de 1791.

Polonais!

Napoléon le grand l'invincible entre en Pologne avec une armèe de 300,000 hommes. Sans vouloir approfondir les mystères de ses vues, tachons de mériter sa magnanimité.

Je verrai, nous at-il-dit, je verrai si vous méritez d'être une nation. Je m'en vais à Posen, c'est là que mes premières ideés se formeront sur votre compte.

Polonais! il dépend donc de vous d'exister et d'avoir une patrie. Votre vengeur, votre créateur est là. Accourez de tous cotés au devant de lui comme accourent les enfans éplorés à l'apparition de leur père. Apportez lui vos cœurs, vos bras, remuez tous et prouvez lui que vous êtes prêts de verser votre sang pour recouvrer votre patrie. Il sait que vous êtes désarmés, il vous fournira des armes.

Et vous Polonais! loués par nos oppresseurs de combattre pour eux et contre votre propre intérêt, venez! ralliez vous sous les drapeaux de votre patrie.

Bientôt Kosciusko, appelé par Napoléon le grand vous parlera par ses ordres. En attendant, recevez ce gage de sa haute protection. Souvenez vous que la proclamation, par laquelle on vous appella pour former des légions en Italie, ne vous a pas trahie. Ce sont ces légions qui méritant les souffrages de l'invincible héros de l'Europe, lui ont donné le prémier indice de l'esprit et du caractère Polonais.

DABROWSKI.
WYBISKI.

Fait au quartier-général impérial de Berlin, ce 5 Novembre, 1806.

END OF VOL. II.

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